THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU:

WITH THE

REVERIES OF THE SOLITARY WALKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXXIII.

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU:

WITH THE

RE[illegible]ERS

OF A

SOLITARY WALKER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK V.

IT was, I think, in 1732, I arrived at Chambery, as I have juſt ſaid; and that I commenced my employment of regiſtering land for the king. I had paſſed my twentieth year, and was almoſt one-and-twenty. I was, for my age, well enough formed as to the mind; but my judgment was far from being ſo, and I had great occaſion for thoſe into whoſe hands I fell to learn a proper conduct: for a few years of experience had not yet cured me radically of my romantic viſions; and though I had ſuffered ſo many evils, I knew as little of the world and mankind as if I had not paid for ſuch inſtruction.

I lay at my own houſe, that is at Mamma's; but I did not find a ſecond Annecy: no more gardens, no more brooks, no more landſcapes. The houſe ſhe lived in was dark and diſmal, and my room was the darkeſt and moſt diſmal of the whole houſe. A wall the only proſpect, an alley inſtead of a ſtreet, little air,

little light, little room, iron bars, rats and a rotten floor; theſe things could not form a pleaſant habitation. But I was at her houſe; with her inceſſantly at my deſk or in her chamber, I little perceived the hideouſneſs of my own. I had not time to think of it. It will ſeem ſingular that ſhe ſhould have fix'd on Chambery on purpoſe to live in this diſagreeable houſe: this was a mark of her cleverneſs I ought not to paſs over. She went to Turin with repugnance, well knowing, that, on ſo recent revolutions, and the agitation in which the court then was, ſhe could not be favourably received. Her affair, nevertheleſs, demanded her preſence there; ſhe feared being forgotten or ill uſed. She particularly knew that the Count of ***, intendant general of the finances, did not favour her. He had at Chambery an old houſe, badly conſtructed, and in ſo naſty a poſition it always remained empty; ſhe took it and lived there. This ſucceeded better than a journey; her penſion was not ſtruck off, and ſince that time the Count of *** was always of her friends.

I found my houſehold nearly on the old footing; and the faithful Claude Anet ſtill with her. He was, as I think I have already ſaid, a peaſant of Moutru, who in his childhood gathered ſimples in Jura for making Swiſs tea, and whom ſhe had taken into her ſervice for his knowledge in drugs, finding it convenient to have an herbaliſt among her domeſtics. He was ſo paſſionately fond of the ſtudy of plants, and ſhe ſo much favoured his turn, that he became a real botaniſt; and, had he not

not died young, he had been famed in this ſcience as much as he deſerved to be as an honeſt man. He being ſerious, even grave, and I younger than he, he was to me a kind of tutor, and ſaved me from many follies; for he impoſed reſpect; I dared not forget myſelf before him. He impoſed it equally on his miſtreſs, who was acquainted with his profound ſenſe, his uprightneſs, his inviolable attachment to her, who ſo juſtly returned it. Claude Anet was beyond contradiction an uncommon man, and the only one I have ever ſeen of the ſort. Slow, ſtayed, deliberate, circumſpect in his conduct, reſerved in his manner, conciſe and pithy in his diſcourſe, he was in his paſſion of an impetuoſity he never allowed to appear, but which preyed upon him inwardly, and which never but once in his life hurried him into extravagance; but this once was terrible; 'twas poiſoning himſelf. This tragic ſcene paſſed ſoon after my arrival, and neceſſary enough it was to learn the intimacy of this young fellow with his miſtreſs; for had ſhe not herſelf told me of it, I ſhould never have ſuſpected it. Aſſuredly, if attachment, zeal, and fidelity, could merit ſuch a reward, it was due to him, and what proves he was worthy of it, he never abuſed it. They very ſeldom diſputed, and their diſputes always ended well. They had, however, one which ended ill: his miſtreſs, in her anger, ſaid ſomething affronting to him, which he never could digeſt. He conſulted deſpair only, and finding, ready to his hand, a vial of laudanum, he drank it, then went quietly to bed, thinking

to awake no more. Happily Madam de Warens, uneaſy, herſelf agitated, wandering about the houſe, found the vial empty, and gueſſed the reſt. In flying to his aſſiſtance her ſcreams drew me after her; ſhe confeſſed every thing to me, implored my help, and was, with a deal of trouble, ſo fortunate as to make him throw up the opium. Witneſs of this ſcene, I admired my ſtupidity at never in the leaſt ſuſpecting the connections ſhe acquainted me of. But Claude Anet was ſo diſcreet that the moſt penetrating might have been deceived. Their reconciliation was ſuch that myſelf was extremely affected at it; and ſince this time, adding reſpect to the eſteem I had for him, I became, in ſome meaſure, his pupil, and did not find myſelf worſe for it.

I learnt, however, not without pain, that another could live with her in cloſer intimacy than myſelf. I never even thought of deſiring this place, but it hurt me to ſee it filled by another; it was very natural. However, inſtead of hating him who had joſtled me, I really felt the attachment I had for her extend to him. All I deſired was that ſhe might be happy, and ſince ſhe had occaſion for him to make her ſo, I was ſatisfied at his being happy likewiſe. For his part, he entered perfectly into the views of his miſtreſs, and contracted a ſincere friendſhip for the friend ſhe had choſen. Without affecting the authority his poſt gave him over me, he naturally took that his judgment had over mine. I dared do nothing he ſeemed to diſapprove, and he diſapproved only what was wrong. We thus lived in an union

union which made us all happy, and which nothing but death was able to deſtroy. One proof of the excellence of this amiable woman was, that all thoſe who loved her, loved each other. Jealouſy, rivalſhip even, gave way to the ruling ſentiment ſhe inſpired, and I never ſaw any of thoſe who ſurrounded her wiſh each other ill. Let thoſe who read me ſtop their reading a moment at this encomium, and if they find, on recollection, any other woman of whom the ſame things can be ſaid, let them adhere to her for the repoſe of their days.

Here begins an interval of eight or nine years, from my arrival at Chambery until my departure for Paris in 1741, during which time I ſhall have few adventures to write, becauſe my life was as ſimple as pleaſant, and this uniformity was preciſely what I moſt wanted to finiſh the forming my character, which continual troubles prevented from fixing. 'Twas during this precious interval my education, mixed and without connection, having taken a conſiſtence, was the cauſe that I have never ceaſed to be amidſt the ſtorms which awaited me. The progreſs was inſenſible and ſlow, attended by few memorable events; but it deſerves, nevertheleſs, to be followed and unfolded.

At firſt I was employed in little more than my office; the conſtraint of a deſk left no room for other thoughts. The little time I was at liberty was ſpent with the dear Mamma, and not having even any for reading, the thought did not reach me. But when my

buſineſs, becoming a kind of daily round, occupied my mind leſs, uneaſineſs found its way again, ſtudy was once more neceſſary, and, as if this deſire was always irritated by the difficulty of ſatisfying it, it would have become a paſſion, as it did when with my maſter, had not other inclinations, interpoſing, diverted it from that.

Although our operations did not demand an arithmetic very tranſcendent, it demanded enough to embarraſs me ſometimes. To vanquiſh this difficulty, I bought arithmetical books, and I learnt well; for I learnt alone. Practical arithmetic extends farther than is thought, if you would have an exact preciſion. There are operations of an extreme length, in which I have ſometimes ſeen good geometricians loſe themſelves. Reflection joined to practice gives clear ideas; then you find out abridged methods whoſe invention flatters ſelf-ſufficiency, whoſe exactneſs ſatisfies the mind, and which render pleaſant a work of itſelf unprofitable. I went ſo deeply into it, there was not a queſtion ſolvable by arithmetical calculation that embarraſſed me; and now that every thing I knew wears daily from my memory, this acquirement ſtill remains in part, after an interruption of thirty years. A few days ago, in a journey I made to Davenport, being preſent with my landlord at an arithmetical leſſon of his children, I did without errors, with an incredible pleaſure, a work the moſt complicated. It ſeemed to me, on ſetting down my figures, I was ſtill at Chambery, in my

my happy days. This was coming far back on my ſteps.

Waſhing the maps of our geometricians had alſo given me a taſte for drawing. I bought colours, and ſet myſelf to drawing flowers and landſcapes. 'Twas a pity I found in myſelf few talents for this art; my inclination was entirely diſpoſed to it. Amidſt my crayons and pencils I had paſſed whole months without going out of doors. This employment engaging me too much, they were obliged to force me from it. It is thus with every fancy I give into; it augments, becomes a paſſion, and I ſoon ſee nothing but the amuſement in which I am occupied. Years have not cured me of this fault; they have not even abated it; and now that I am writing this you have an old dotard, infatuated by another uſeleſs ſtudy, of which I underſtand nothing, and which thoſe who have given their youthful days to, have been obliged to abandon at the age I am beginning it.

At that time it might have been in its place; the opportunity was fine, and I had ſome temptation to benefit by it. The ſatisfaction I ſaw in the countenance of Anet coming home loaded with new plants, ſet me two or three times on the point of going to herbalize with him. I am almoſt aſſured, had I gone once only, I had been caught, and ſhould, perhaps, this day be an excellent botaniſt; for I know no ſtudy ſo well aſſociated to my natural taſtes as that of plants: the life I lead theſe ten years in the country, is ſcarcely any other than that of a continual herbaliſt, in reality with-

out object or progreſs; but having at that time no idea of botany, I almoſt deſpiſed, and was even diſguſted at it; I conſidered it only as the ſtudy of an apothecary. Mamma, who was fond of it, made herſelf no other uſe of it; ſhe ſought none but common plants to employ them in her drugs. Thus botany, chemiſtry, and anatomy, confounded in my brain under the denomination of medicine, ſerved only to furniſh matter for pleaſant ſarcaſms the whole day, and draw on me, from time to time, a box on the ear. Beſides, a different and too oppoſed a taſte grew up in me by degrees, and abſorbed every other—I mean muſic. I was certainly born for this art; for my fondneſs for it was from my childhood, and it is the only one I conſtantly loved at every age. What is moſt aſtoniſhing, is, that the art for which I was born ſhould have nevertheleſs coſt me ſo much pains to learn it, and with a ſucceſs ſo ſlow, that, after practiſing my whole life, I never could attain to ſing with certainty on opening a book. What rendered this ſtudy more agreeable to me was, my being able to follow it with Mamma. Though in other reſpects our taſtes differed, muſic was the point of union I loved to make uſe of. She was not averſe to it; I was then almoſt as far advanced as ſhe; in two or three trials we decyphered an air. Sometimes ſeeing her buſied round her furnace, I ſaid to her, Mamma, here is a charming duet, that ſeems inclined to ſpoil your drugs. Why faith, ſays ſhe, if thou doſt make me burn them, I'll make thee eat them. Thus in diſputing I drew her to her harpſichord; the

the furnace was forgot; the extract of junipers or wormwood was calcined; ſhe ſmeared it over my face; and all this was delightful.

You ſee, with a little leiſure I had things enough to fill it up. One amuſement more, however, found room, which gave a price to all the others.

We lived in ſo cloſe a dungeon, it was neceſſary ſometimes to get a little air on earth. Anet engaged Mamma to hire a garden in the ſuburbs for plants. To this garden was added a ſnug box, pretty enough, which was furniſhed according to order. A bed was ſent; we often dined, and I ſometimes lay there. Inſenſibly I was infatuated with this little retirement; I put a few books and many prints in it; I ſpent a part of my time in ornamenting it, and preparing thoſe things that might agreeably ſurpriſe Mamma when ſhe came there. I left her, that I might employ my thoughts on her, that I might think of her with more pleaſure; another caprice I neither excuſe nor explain, but which I acknowledge, becauſe it was ſo. I remember Madam de Luxembourg ſpeaking to me in raillery of a man who left his miſtreſs to write to her. I told her I could have been that man, and might have added, I had been ſuch a one ſometimes. I never, however, found in Mamma's company the neceſſity of leaving it to love her more; for in a tête-à-tête with her I was as perfectly free as alone, which I never found in any other's company, man or woman, how ſtrong ſoever my affection might be. But ſhe was ſo often ſurrounded, and by peo-

ple ſo little agreeable to me, that indignation and their tireſome company drove me to my aſylum, where I had her as I pleaſed, without fear of being followed by the importunate.

Whilſt thus divided between buſineſs, pleaſure, and inſtruction, I lived in the ſweeteſt repoſe; Europe was not ſo quiet. France and the Emperor had mutually declared war with each other: the King of Sardinia entered into the quarrel, and the French army filed into Piedmont, to enter the Milaneſe territories. One of their columns came through Chambery, and, among the reſt, the regiment of Champain, whoſe colonel was the Duke of la Trimouille, to whom I was introduced, who promiſed me many things, and who certainly never more thought of me. Our little garden was exactly at that end of the ſuburbs by which the troops entered, in ſuch a manner that I was fully ſatisfied with the pleaſure of ſeeing them paſs; and I was as deſirous for the ſucceſs of this war, as if it had nearly concerned me. Till then I never took in my head to think of public affairs, and I began to read news-papers for the firſt time, but with ſo much partiality to France, that my heart beat for joy at their moſt trifling advantages, and that the reverſe afflicted me as if it had fallen on me. Had this folly been paſſing, I had not thought it worth notice; but it is ſo rooted in me without any reaſon, that, when I afterwards acted at Paris the anti-deſpot and the proud republican, I felt, in ſpite of myſelf, a ſecret predilection for the very nation I ſaw ſervile, and for the govern-

government I affected to oppoſe. The pleaſanteſt of all was, that, being aſhamed to own an inclination ſo contrary to my maxims, I dared not own it to any one; and I rallied the French on their defeats, whilſt my heart was more grieved at them than theirs. I am certainly the firſt, who, living with people that treated him well, and whom he adored, took on him, in their own country, a borrowed air of deſpiſing them. In fine, this inclination has proved itſelf ſo diſintereſted, ſo ſtrong, ſo conſtant, ſo invincible in me, that, even ſince my leaving the kingdom, ſince government, magiſtrates, authors, have outvied each other againſt me, ſince it is become genteel to load me with injuſtice and abuſe, I have not been able to cure myſelf of my folly. I love them in ſpite of myſelf, though they uſe me ill.

I long ſought the cauſe of this partiality; I have been able to find it only in the occaſion which gave it birth. A riſing taſte for literature attached me to French books, to the authors of thoſe books, and to the country of thoſe authors. At the inſtant the French army was filing off under my eyes, I was reading Brantome's great Captains: my head was full of the Cliſſons, Bayards, Lautrecs, Colignys, Montmorencys, and Trimouilles; and I loved their deſcendants as the heirs of their merit and great courage. In each regiment that paſſed I thought I ſaw thoſe famous black bands who formerly had done ſo many exploits in Piedmont. In fine, I applied to that I ſaw the ideas I gathered from books;

my ſtudies continued, and, ſtill taken from the ſame nation, nouriſhed my friendſhip for her, and at laſt grew to a blind paſſion which nothing has been able to overcome. I have had occaſion, ſeveral times, in the ſequel, to remark in my travels, that this impreſſion was not peculiar to me, and that, more or leſs active, in every country, on that part of the nation who were fond of literature and cultivated learning, it balanced the general hatred the conceited air of the French inſpires. Their romances, more than their men, attract the women of every country; their dramatic *chef-d'œuvres* create a fondneſs in youth for their theatres. The reputation of that of Paris draws to it crowds of ſtrangers, who come back enthuſiaſts. In fine, the excellent taſte of their literature captivates the ſenſes of every man who has any; and in the ſo unfortunate war they have juſt ended, I ſaw their authors and philoſophers maintain the glory of France ſo tarniſhed by their warriors.

I was, therefore, an ardent Frenchman, and that rendered me a news-monger. I went with the throng of bubble-gulpers to wait in the ſquare the arrival of the poſt; and, more ſot than the aſs of the fable, I was very uneaſy to know whoſe pack-ſaddle I ſhould have the honour to carry: for it was at that time pretended we ſhould belong to France, and Savoy was to be given in exchange for Milan. I muſt, however, own I had ſome cauſe of uneaſineſs; for, had this war ended badly for the allies, Mamma's penſion was in great danger. But I had full confidence in my good

good friends; and for once, in ſpite of the ſurpriſe of M. de Broglio, this confidence was not vain, thanks to the King of Sardinia, whom I never thought of.

While they were fighting in Italy, they were ſinging in France. The operas of de Rameau began to make a noiſe, and again raiſed up his theoretic works, which were within the reach of but few on account of their obſcurity. By chance I heard of his treatiſe on harmony; I had no reſt till I had purchaſed this book. By another hazard I fell ill. The illneſs was inflammatory; it was ſharp and ſhort; but my convaleſcence was long, it was a month before I was able to go out. During this time I ſketched, I devoured my treatiſe on harmony; but it was ſo long, ſo diffuſe, ſo badly diſpoſed, I found it would take me a conſiderable time to ſtudy and unravel it. I ſuſpended my application, and recreated the ſight with muſic. The cantatas of Bernier, in which I exerciſed myſelf, were never from my mind. I learnt four or five by heart; among the reſt, that of the *Amours dormans*, which I have never ſeen ſince that time, and which I ſtill retain almoſt entirely, as well as *L'Amour piqué par une Abeille*, a very pretty cantata by Clerambault, which I learnt in nearly the ſame time.

To complete me, there came from Valdoſte a young organiſt, named Abbé Palais, a good muſician, a good-natured man, who accompanied extremely well with the harpſichord. I get acquainted with him; we become inſeparable. He was pupil to an Italian monk, a great organiſt. He talked of his elements: I com-

I compared them with thoſe of my Rameau: I ſtuffed my head with accompanyings, concord, and harmony. 'Twas neceſſary to form the ear to all theſe: I propoſed to Mamma a little concert every month; ſhe conſented. I am ſo full of this concert, that night or day I was employed on nothing elſe; but that really employed me, and very much, to get the muſic, the muſicians, the inſtruments together, make out the parts, &c. Mamma ſang; father Caton, whom I have already ſpoken of, and whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of, ſang likewiſe; a dancing maſter, named Roche, and his ſon, played the violin; Canavas, a muſician from Piedmont, employed at the Regiſtry, who is ſince married at Paris, played the violoncello; the Abbé Palais accompanied the harpſichord: I had the honour of conducting the muſic, without forgetting the wood-cleavers beetle. The charms of all this may be gueſſed! Not altogether as at M. de Treytoren's, but pretty near it.

The little concert at Madam de Warens's, newly converted, and living, ſaid they, on the King's charity, made the devout ones murmur; but for many genteel people it was an agreeable amuſement. I put at their head, on this occaſion, one who would not be readily gueſſed, a monk; but a monk of merit, and even amiable, whoſe misfortunes did in the end extremely affect me, and whoſe memory, connected with that of my youthful days, is yet dear. I am ſpeaking of father Caton, a Franciſcan friar, who, together with the Count d'Ortun, got the muſic of the poor little

little cat ſeized at Lyons: this is not the beſt action of his life. He was a bachelor of Sorbonne: he lived a long while at Paris amidſt the beſt families, and was particularly very friendly received at the Marquis of Antremont's, then Ambaſſador from Sardinia. He was tall and well made, a full face, full eyes, black hair, which without affectation formed a ringlet on the ſide of his forehead, a countenance at the ſame time noble, open, modeſt, a ſimple but good preſence, having neither the hypocritical nor the impudent carriage of a monk, nor the imperious appearance of a man of faſhion, though he was very much ſo, but the aſſurance of a gentleman, who, without bluſhing at his gown, does honour to himſelf, and knows his place is in genteel company. Though father Caton had not the learning of a doctor, he had a great deal as a man of ſociety; and, not being very forward to ſhew his parts, he uſed them ſo advantageouſly as to appear more than they were. As he had been accuſtomed to company, his application was rather to agreeable talents than ſolid knowledge. He had ſenſe, made verſes, converſed well, ſung better, had a good voice, played the organ and harpſichord. Leſs would have made him courted; he was ſo; but it cauſed him ſo little to neglect the duties of his order, that he obtained, though he had competitors extremely jealous, the election for a Definitor of his province, or, as it is called, one of the grand collars of the order.

This father Caton became acquainted with Mamma

Mamma at the Marquis of Antremont's. He heard of our concerts, he wiſhed to be of them; he was ſo, and rendered them brilliant. We were ſoon connected by our common taſte for muſic, which in each of us was a lively paſſion, with this difference, that he was really a muſician, and I only a blotter. We went with Canavas, and the Abbé Palais, to play at his room, and ſometimes at his organ on holidays. We often dined at his little table; for, which is more ſurpriſing in a monk, he was generous, ſumptuous, and ſenſual without rudeneſs. On our concert days he ſupped at Mamma's. Theſe ſuppers were extremely gay, very agreeable; words and ſentences were given, duets were ſung: I was quite free, I had wit and flights; father Caton was charming company; Mamma was adorable; the abbé Palais, with his bull's voice, was the plaſtron. Delightful moments of gay youth, what a while have you and I been parted!

As I ſhall have no occaſion to ſpeak again of our old father Caton, let me here, in a few words, finiſh his doleful hiſtory. The reſt of the monks, jealous, or rather furious at ſeeing his merit, and an elegance of manners which had nothing of the monaſtic crapulence, deteſted him, becauſe he was not, like them, deteſtable. The heads entered into a combination againſt him, and ſtirred up the little underling monks that wanted his place, who before dared not look towards him. They gave him a thouſand affronts; got his place; turned him out of his chamber, which he had furniſhed

furniſhed with taſte, though with ſimplicity; confined him I know not where: in fine, theſe miſcreants heaped on him ſo many wrongs, that his honeſt heart, with juſtice lofty, could reſiſt no longer; and, after having been the delight of the moſt amiable ſocieties, he died with grief on an old couch, thruſt into ſome cell or dungeon, lamented and bewailed by every good man who knew him, and who ſaw no other fault in him than being a monk.

With this ſort of life, I got ſo forward in a very ſhort time, that, entirely drowned in muſic, I found myſelf in no ſituation to think of other things. I no longer went to our office but with an ill will; conſtraint and aſſiduity to buſineſs made it to me a puniſhment not to be ſupported, and it brought me at laſt to wiſh to quit my employment, to give myſelf up entirely to muſic. It may eaſily be gueſſed this folly did not paſs without oppoſition. To leave an honourable poſt, and a certain revenue, to run after uncertain pupils, was a little too ſenſeleſs to pleaſe Mamma. Even ſuppoſing my future progreſs as great as I figured to myſelf, 'twas very modeſtly confining my ambition, by reducing my life to that of a muſician. She who formed none but magnificent projects, and who did not take me altogether at M. d' Aubonne's word, with pain ſaw me ſeriouſly occupied in a talent ſhe thought ſo frivolous, and often reminded me of this provincial proverb, much better adapted to Paris: *He who ſings well, and well dances, does that which not much advances.* She ſaw me, on the other hand, carried away by an irreſiſtible

ſiſtible inclination; my paſſion for muſic became enthuſiaſm; it was therefore to be feared, that my employment, ſuffering by my inattention, might draw on me a diſmiſſion, which it was better I myſelf ſhould prevent. I likewiſe repreſented to her, that this employment would not laſt long; that I wanted a mode of ſubſiſtence; that I was more likely to ſucceed in that my inclination led me to, and which ſhe had choſen for me, than to be at the mercy of patronage, or to make new experiments which might ſucceed indifferently, and leave me, after having paſſed the age of being taught, without a remedy. In fact, I extorted her conſent, rather by the power of importunity and careſſes, than by reaſoning, which ſatisfied her. I inſtantly ran to thank, haughtily, M. Coccelli, Director General of the Regiſtry, as if I had done the moſt heroic action, and voluntarily left my employment without cauſe, without reaſon, without pretext, with as much and more joy than I entered on it not quite two years before.

This ſtep, as fooliſh as it was, drew on me in the country a ſort of reſpect which was uſeful to me. Some thought I had a fortune I had not; others, ſeeing me devoted entirely to muſic, judged of my talents by the ſacrifice I made, and ſuppoſed that with ſo great a paſſion for the art, I muſt poſſeſs it in a ſuperior degree. In blindman's kingdom ſquinters wear crowns; I there paſſed for an experienced maſter, becauſe they had none but poor ones. Having, nevertheleſs, a taſte in ſinging, favoured

voured beſides by youth and perſon, I had ſoon more female ſcholars than replaced my ſalary of ſecretary.

It is certain, that, for an agreeable life, you could not paſs more rapidly from one extremity to the other. At the office, employed eight hours a day in the moſt diſagreeable buſineſs, with people ſtill more diſagreeable; ſhut up in a pitiful office, ſtinking with the breath and ſweat of ſo many clowns, moſt of them not combed and very dirty; I ſometimes felt myſelf oppreſſed even to dizzineſs by attention, ſtench, conſtraint, and wearineſs. Inſtead of this, I am immediately thrown amongſt the beau monde, admitted, ſent for to the firſt families; every where a kind and gracious reception, an air of welcome: amiable young girls, neatly dreſſed, wait my arrival, receive me officiouſly; I ſee none but charming objects, ſmell nothing but roſe and orange flower waters; we ſing, we converſe, we laugh, we divert ourſelves; I go from there only to do the ſame elſewhere: it muſt be agreed, that, as to advantage, one could not heſitate a moment in the choice. I ſo much approved of mine, I never once repented; neither do I repent at this inſtant, when I weigh in the balance of reaſon the actions of my life, and when I am freed of thoſe motives, ſenſeleſs enough, which governed me.

This is almoſt the only time, that, liſtening to my inclinations only, I was not deceived in my expectations. The unaffected reception, the eaſy temper, the complying humours, of the inhabitants of the country, rendered an intercourſe

intercourſe with the world amiable to me; and the ſatisfaction I then had in it, proves to me beyond a doubt, that, if I cannot live amongſt mankind, 'tis leſs my fault than theirs.

'Tis a pity the Savoyards are not rich, or, perhaps, 'twould be a pity they were; for as they are, they are the beſt and the moſt ſociable people I am acquainted with. If there is a little city in the world, where the comforts of life are taſted through an agreeable intercourſe, 'tis Chambery. The nobility of the province have no more fortune than will ſupport them; they have not enough to aſpire after ambition, and not being able to give themſelves up to it, they follow, from neceſſity, the counſel of Cyneas. Their youth they devote to a military life; then return, and peaceably grow old at home. Honour and reaſon preſide at this diviſion. The women have beauty, but could do without it; they poſſeſs all that makes beauty valuable, or that ſurpaſſes it. It is ſingular, that, my ſituation introducing me into the company of young women, I don't remember to have ſeen one at Chambery who had not charms. You will ſay I was diſpoſed to think ſo: that may be; but it required no effort of mine. I cannot really recal, without pleaſure, the remembrance of my young ſcholars. Why can't I, whilſt I am naming the moſt amiable, call them back with myſelf to that happy youth, when we ſpent days together as ſweet as they were innocent! The firſt was Mademoiſelle de Mellarede, my neighbour, ſiſter to the pupil of

of M. Gaime. She was a black-eyed girl, and very lively; but her vivacity was very careſſing, full of grace, and without giddineſs. She was rather thin, as moſt girls of her age are; but her ſparkling eyes, fine ſhape, and attractive air, wanted no *embonpoint* to make her pleaſing. I went there in the morning; ſhe was generally in a diſhabille, without any other head dreſs than her hair careleſsly turned up, adorned with ſome flower, which was put on at my arrival, and taken off at my departure. I fear nothing ſo much as a pretty woman in an undreſs; I ſhould have dreaded her an hundred times leſs in her dreſs. Mademoiſelle de Menthon, whom I attended in the afternoon, was always dreſſed; ſhe made as ſoft an impreſſion on me, but in a very different manner. Her hair was of an aſh-coloured white: ſhe was extremely delicate, extremely timid, and extremely fair; a clear, juſt, and ſoft voice, but which dared not diſplay itſelf. She had a mark on her boſom from a ſcald of boiling water, which a blue corded handkerchief did not well hide. This mark ſometimes drew my attention that way, which was ſoon drawn to ſomething elſe beſides the ſcar. Mademoiſelle de Challes, another of my neighbours, was a girl grown up, tall, a fine cheſt, fleſhy; very clever. She was not then a beauty; but might be cited as graceful, even tempered, and good natured. Her ſiſter, Madam de Charly, the fineſt woman in Chambery, no longer learnt muſic, but had her daughter taught, who was yet very young, but whoſe riſing beauty promiſed

to

to equal her mother's, had ſhe not unfortunately been a little carroty. I had, at the Viſitation, a little French lady, whoſe name I have forgot, but who merits a place in the liſt of my preferences. She had taken the ſlow drawling tone of the nuns, and with this drawling tone ſhe ſaid very ſmart things, which did not ſeem to belong to her character. As to the reſt, ſhe was lazy, did not love to be at the trouble of ſhewing her wit, and it was a favour ſhe did not grant every one. It was not till after a month or two's negligence ſhe choſe this expedient to make me more aſſiduous; for I never could determine to be ſo. I was pleaſed with my leſſons when at them, but did not like to be obliged to go or be governed by the clock: at all times conſtraint and ſubjection are, to me, inſupportable; they would make me hate pleaſure itſelf. They ſay, that, with the Mahometans, a man paſſes, at day-break, through the ſtreets, to order huſbands to do their duty to their wives; I ſhould make a bad Turk at thoſe hours.

I had alſo a few ſcholars of the ſecond rank, and one amongſt the reſt who was the indirect cauſe of a change of correſpondence I ſhall ſpeak of, as I have promiſed to tell all. She was a grocer's daughter, whoſe name was L***, the true model of a Greek ſtatue, whom I ſhould cite as the fineſt girl I ever ſaw, was there a real beauty without life or ſoul. Her indolence, her coldneſs, her inſenſibility, were carried to a degree almoſt incredible. It was equally impoſſible to pleaſe as to anger her; and I am perſuaded, that, had an attempt

tempt been made on her, ſhe had let it be done, not by inclination, but through ſtupidity. Her mother, who would not run the riſk of it, never left her a moment. By having her taught to ſing, ſending her a young maſter, ſhe did all in her power to ſtir her up; but it did not ſucceed. Whilſt the maſter ogled the daughter, the mother ogled the maſter, and that did not ſucceed much better. Madam L*** added to her natural vivacity all her daughter ſhould have had. She had a little ſharp rough face, pitted with the ſmall-pox; ſmall eyes, extremely piercing, and a little red, becauſe they were almoſt always ſore. Every morning, on my arrival, I found my coffee and cream always ready; and the mother never failed welcoming me with a kiſs well applied to the lips, and which, from curioſity, I would have wiſhed to have given the daughter, to ſee how ſhe would have taken it. However, the whole was done ſo ſimply, and with ſo little conſequence, that when M. L*** was there the ogles and kiſſes went on in the ſame manner. He was a good honeſt fellow; the real father of his daughter, whom his wife did not deceive, becauſe there was no occaſion for it.

I gave into all theſe careſſes with my uſual blockiſhneſs, taking them good-naturedly, as marks of ſincere friendſhip. They were, however, ſometimes troubleſome, for the fiery Mrs. L*** was nothing leſs than very urgent; and if, in the courſe of the day, I had paſſed by the ſhop without ſtopping, there would have been a ſtir about it. I was obliged, if in

in a hurry, to go round by another ſtreet, well aſſured it was not ſo eaſy to get out of her houſe as to go into it.

Madam L*** took too much notice of me not to have ſome taken of her. Her attention touched me greatly: I ſpoke of it to Mamma, as of a thing without myſtery, and had there been any, I had equally told her of it; for to keep any kind of ſecret from her was, to me, an impoſſibility; my heart was open to her as to God. She did not ſee the affair with the ſame ſimplicity as I did. She ſaw advances where I ſaw nothing but friendſhip: ſhe judged that Madam L***, making a point of honour of leaving me leſs ſtupid than ſhe found me, would arrive, by ſome means or other, at making herſelf underſtood; and, beſides that it was not juſt any other woman ſhould take charge of her pupil, ſhe had motives more worthy of her to ſecure me from the traps my age and profeſſion expoſed me to. At the ſame time another was laid of a different kind, which I eſcaped; but which let her ſee, that the dangers which inceſſantly threatened me rendered every preſervative in her power neceſſary.

The Counteſs of M***, mother of one of my ſcholars, was a woman of much wit, and was ſaid to have as much ill nature. She was the cauſe of many diſputes, and, amongſt others, one whoſe conſequences had been fatal to the Houſe of d'A***. Mamma had been ſufficiently connected with her to know her character: having very innocently inſpired an inclination in one on whom Madam de M*** had pre-

tenſion,

tenſion, ſhe was charged by her with the crime of this preference, though ſhe was neither ſought nor accepted; and Madam de M*** endeavoured, from that time, to play her rival many tricks, of which not one ſucceeded. I ſhall relate one of the oddeſt by way of ſample: they were together in the country with ſeveral gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and amongſt them the candidate in queſtion; Madam de M*** one day ſaid to one of the gentlemen, that Madam de Warens was but a formal creature, without taſte, dreſſed badly, and covered her neck like a tradeſwoman. As to the laſt article, ſays the gentleman, who was a pleaſant fellow, ſhe has her reaſons; for I know ſhe has a great ugly rat marked on her breaſt, but ſo natural, that you would think it was running along. Hatred, like love, renders us credulous. Madam de M*** reſolved to make ſomething of this diſcovery; and one day, when Mamma was at cards with the ungrateful favourite of the lady, this laſt took the opportunity of going behind her rival, and turning her chair half over, ſhe artfully drew off her handkerchief; but, inſtead of a great rat, the gentleman ſaw a very different object, which it was not eaſier to forget than perceive. This did not at all anſwer the lady's intention.

I was not a perſon fit to occupy the thoughts of Madam de M***, who would have none but bright ſparks about her. However, ſhe ſhewed me ſome attention; not for my perſon, for which, certainly, ſhe cared not a fig, but for the wit it was ſuppoſed I had, which

might have rendered me uſeful to her inclinations. Hers were ſatirical enough. She was fond of compoſing ſongs and verſes on thoſe who diſpleaſed her. If ſhe had thought my talents ſufficient to aſſiſt her in her verſes, and that I had complaiſance to write them, between her and me Chambery had ſoon been turned upſide down. The ſource of theſe libels would ſoon have been traced; Madam de M*** would have got out of the hobble by ſacrificing me, and I had been ſhut up, perhaps, the remainder of my days, to teach me to act the Phœbus with the ladies.

Luckily nothing of all this happened. Madam de M*** kept me to dinner two or three times, to make me chatter, and found I was a ſtupid fellow. I felt it myſelf, and trembled, envying the talents of my friend *Venture*, when I ought to have thanked my blockiſhneſs for ſaving me from ſuch perils. I remained the ſinging-maſter of Madam de M***'s daughter, nothing farther; but I lived in tranquillity, and was always welcome in Chambery. That was better than being a wit to her, and a ſerpent to the reſt of the country.

Be that as it may, Mamma ſaw, that to keep me from the dangers of youth, it was time to treat me as a man; and ſo ſhe did, but in the moſt ſingular manner any woman thought of on a like occaſion. I found her looks more grave, and her converſation more moral than uſual. To the frolickſome gaiety with which ſhe generally mixed her inſtruction, all at once ſucceeded a regular voice, which was neither familiar nor ſevere, but which ſeemed

ſeemed to prepare an explanation. Having vainly ſought in myſelf the reaſon of this change, I aſked it her; this was what ſhe expected. She propoſed a walk in the little garden for the morrow; we were there early. She had taken her meaſures that we might be alone the whole day: ſhe made uſe of it to prepare me for the kindneſs ſhe intended ſhewing me, not like other women, by managing and ogling me, but by a converſation full of ſentiment and reaſon, more adapted to inſtruct than ſeduce me, and which ſpoke more to my heart than my ſenſes. However excellent and uſeful her diſcourſe to me might be, and tho' it was neither cold nor tireſome, I did not pay it the attention it deſerved; nor did I imprint it in my memory, as I ſhould have done at other times. Her introduction, her method of preparing, made me uneaſy: whilſt ſhe was talking, thoughtful and inattentive, in ſpite of myſelf, I thought on what ſhe ſaid leſs than on what ſhe intended to ſay, and as ſoon as I underſtood her, which was not very eaſy, the novelty of the idea, which ſince I lived with her never once ſtruck me, immediately employed my thoughts ſo much, it did not leave me maſter of giving the leaſt attention to what ſhe ſpoke of. I thought of her only, and did not liſten to her.

Wanting to make young people attentive to what you would tell them, in ſhewing them at the end an object which much concerns them, is an error teachers are very apt to fall into, and which I myſelf have not avoided in my Emilius. A young man, ſtruck with the ob-

ject before him, is entirely employed on it, and takes large ſtrides over your preliminary diſcourſe, to graſp at once the end to which, in his opinion, you lead him too ſlowly. If you would render him attentive, don't let him penetrate you before-hand, and in this Mamma was very aukward. By a ſingularity which was part of her ſyſtematical temper, ſhe took the very vain precaution of propoſing conditions; but, as ſoon as I ſaw the price, I thought no more of them, and haſtened to conſent to every thing. I even much doubt, whether, in ſuch a caſe, there is on the earth a man frank enough, or who has fortitude, to dare heſitate; or a ſingle woman, who, if he did, could forgive him. From a conſequence of this humour, ſhe added to this agreement the graveſt formalities, and gave me eight days to think of it, of which I falſely aſſured her I had no occaſion; for, to fill up the meaſure of ſingularity, I was glad of them, ſo much did the novelty of theſe ideas ſtrike me, and ſo total a confuſion did I feel in mine, that it required time to arrange them!

You would think theſe eight days were to me eight ages. No ſuch thing; I ſhould have been glad if they had laſted ſo long. I am at a loſs to deſcribe the ſituation I was in, filled with a kind of dread mixed with impatience, fearing what I deſired, ſo much as at times heartily to wiſh ſome honourable means of avoiding happineſs. Let any one repreſent to himſelf my warm and laſcivious conſtitution, my blood inflamed, my heart intoxicated with love, my vigour, my health, my age; think

that

that in this ſtate, greedy with deſire for women, I had not yet come near one; that imagination, neceſſity, vanity, and curioſity, united to devour me with the ardent wiſh of being a man, and to appear one; add, above all, for it ſhould not be forgot, that my lively and tender attachment for her, far from cooling, had daily encreaſed; that I was never eaſy but with her; that I never left her but to think of her; that my heart was full, not only of her kindneſs and her amiable character, but of her ſex, her face, her perſon, in a word, of herſelf, under every view in which ſhe could be dear to me: and let it not be imagined, that, for the ten or twelve years I was younger than her, ſhe was grown old, or appeared ſo to me. Since the five or ſix years I felt the ſoft tranſports on her firſt ſight, ſhe was really very little altered, and did not ſeem to me to be ſo at all. She has always appeared charming to me, and was ſtill ſo to every one. Her waiſt only was grown a little thicker. There remained the ſame eye, the ſame ſkin, the ſame neck, the ſame features, the ſame fine flaxen hair, the ſame gaiety, every thing the ſame even to her voice, the clear voice of youth, which always made on me ſo great an impreſſion, that to this day I cannot hear without emotion the ſound of a girl's fine voice.

In fact, the moſt I had to fear in waiting for the poſſeſſion of ſo lovely a perſon, was anticipation, and not being able ſufficiently to govern my deſires and my imagination to be maſter of myſelf. You will ſee, that, in an

advanced age, the thought only of a trifling favour which awaited me from the beloved perſon, fired my blood to a degree of rendering impoſſible the going over with impunity the ſhort ſpace that ſeparated me from her. How, and by what prodigy, in the flower of my youth, had I ſo little deſire to the firſt poſſeſſion? How could I ſee the hour approach with more pain than pleaſure? How, inſtead of delights which ſhould have intoxicated me, did I feel almoſt repugnance and fear? There is not the leaſt doubt of my having flown from this happineſs with all my heart, could I have done it with decency. I promiſed extravagancies in the hiſtory of my affection for her; this is certainly one which was little expected.

The reader, already ſhocked, judges that, having been poſſeſſed by another, ſhe had debaſed herſelf in my eyes, by dividing her affection, and that a ſentiment of diſeſteem had cooled thoſe ſhe had before inſpired: he is miſtaken. This diviſion, it is true, gave me great pain, as well from natural delicacy, as becauſe, in fact, I thought it unworthy herſelf or me; but as to my feelings for her, it did not change them; and I can ſwear, that never did I love her more tenderly than when I ſo little deſired to poſſeſs her. I was too well acquainted with the chaſtity of her heart, and her frozen conſtitution, to think for a moment the pleaſures of ſenſe had any part in this abandoning herſelf: I was perfectly ſure, that her attention to tearing me from dangers otherwiſe inevitable, and to keep me entirely to

myſelf

myſelf and my devoirs, made her break through one which ſhe did not regard in the ſame point of view as other women, which we ſhall hereafter ſay more of. I pitied her, and pitied myſelf. I had an inclination to tell her, No, Mamma, it is not neceſſary; I can anſwer for myſelf without it: but I dared not; firſt, becauſe it was a thing not to be ſaid, and that at the bottom I knew it was not true; and that, in fact, a woman was neceſſary to keep me from other women, and ſecure me from temptation. Without wiſhing to poſſeſs her, I was glad ſhe prevented me from wiſhing to poſſeſs others; ſo much did I look on every thing which could divert me from her as a misfortune.

The long habit of living together, and living innocently, far from weakening my feelings for her, ſtrengthened them, but at the ſame time had given them another turn, which rendered them more affectionate, tenderer perhaps, but leſs ſenſual. By continually calling her Mamma, continually uſing with her the familiarity of a ſon, I had been accuſtomed to think myſelf ſo. I believe this is the true cauſe of the little deſire I had to poſſeſs her, though ſhe was ſo dear to me. I very well remember my firſt feelings, without being more lively, were more voluptuous. At Annecy I was infatuated; at Chambery I was no longer ſo. I always loved her as paſſionately as it was poſſible; but I loved her more for herſelf and leſs for me, or rather I ſought my happineſs more than pleaſure in her company: ſhe was more to me than a ſiſter, more than a

mother, more than a friend, even more than a miſtreſs, and that was the cauſe ſhe was not a miſtreſs. In fine, I loved her too much to covet her: this is the cleareſt of any thing I have in my ideas.

The day, rather dreaded than awaited, at laſt came. I promiſed every thing, and kept my promiſe. My heart confirmed my engagements, without wiſhing the reward. I obtained it nevertheleſs; I found myſelf, for the firſt time, in a woman's arms, and the woman I adored. Was I happy? No. I taſted pleaſure. I don't know what invincible ſadneſs poiſoned its charms. I was as if I had committed inceſt. Two or three times preſſing her with tranſport to my arms, I poured on her breaſt a torrent of tears. As for her, ſhe was neither happy nor unhappy; ſhe was careſſing and calm. As ſhe was little ſenſual, and did not wiſh for ſenſual pleaſures, ſhe had not its delights, nor has ever felt its ſtings.

I repeat it; all her faults proceeded from error, never from her paſſions. She was of a good family; her heart was uncorrupt; ſhe loved good manners; her inclinations were upright and virtuous, her taſte delicate: ſhe was born to an elegance of morals ſhe always loved and never followed; for, inſtead of liſtening to her heart, which led her right, ſhe obeyed her reaſon, which led her wrong. When falſe principles had led her aſtray, her true feelings always contradicted them; but, unhappily, ſhe piqued herſelf on philoſophy, and the morals ſhe had inculcated infected thoſe her heart dictated.

M. de

M. de Tavel, her firſt lover, was her teacher in philoſophy, and the principles he inſtilled in her were thoſe which were neceſſary to ſeduce her. Finding her true to her huſband and her duty, reſerved, reaſoning and inattackable through the ſenſes, he attacked her by his ſophiſms, and arrived at expoſing her duties, to which ſhe was ſo attached, as the prating of a catechiſm invented only to amuſe children; the union of the ſexes as an act the moſt indifferent in itſelf; conjugal faith as binding in appearance, whoſe only morality regarded opinion; the repoſe of a huſband as the only rule of a wife's duty; ſo that ſecret infidelity, without exiſtence for the offended perſon, was likewiſe ſo for the conſcience: in fine, he perſuaded her, that the thing in itſelf was nothing, that it took its exiſtence from ſcandal only, and that every woman who appeared prudent was effectually ſo. 'Twas thus the ſcoundrel arrived at corrupting the reaſon of a child, whoſe heart he could not corrupt. His puniſhment was a conſuming jealouſy, perſuaded ſhe treated him as he had taught her to treat her huſband. I don't know that he was miſtaken. The miniſter P * * * paſſed as his ſucceſſor. Thus much I know, the cold conſtitution of this young woman, which ſhould have guarded her from ſuch a ſyſtem, was the very thing prevented her from quitting it afterwards. She could not conceive how a thing could be treated with importance, which was of none to her. She never honoured with the name of virtue an abſtinence which gave her no pain.

She had, therefore, never made an ill uſe of theſe falſe principles for herſelf; but ſhe made an ill uſe of them for others, and that from almoſt as falſe a maxim, but more agreeable to the goodneſs of her heart. She always believed nothing ſo much attached a man to a woman as poſſeſſion; and although ſhe loved her friends but with friendſhip, 'twas a friendſhip ſo tender, ſhe made uſe of every means in her power to attach them to her more ſtrongly. The moſt extraordinary is her almoſt always having ſucceeded. She was really ſo amiable, that the greater the intimacy with her, the more you found new ſubjects for loving her. Another thing worthy remark; after her firſt weakneſs, ſhe ſeldom favoured any but the unfortunate: ſhining ſparks had all their trouble for nothing, but the man ſhe began by pitying, muſt have had very few amiable qualities if ſhe did not end in loving him. When her choice was not worthy her, far from its proceeding from low inclinations, which never reached her noble heart, 'twas ſolely from her character, too generous, too humane, too compaſſionate, too tender, which ſhe did not always govern with diſcernment.

If a few falſe principles led her aſtray, how many amiable ones had ſhe not which ſhe never departed from? By how many virtues did ſhe not redeem her weakneſſes, if errors can be called by this name, where ſenſe had ſo little ſhare. The ſame man who deceived her in one point, excellently inſtructed her in a thouſand others; and her paſſions not being warm, and always permitting her to follow

low her underſtanding, ſhe did right when his ſophiſms did not lead her away. Her motives were praiſe-worthy even in her faults; through miſtake ſhe might do ill, but it was out of her power to wiſh to do ill. She abhorred duplicity and lies: ſhe was juſt, equitable, humane, diſintereſted, faithful to her word, to her friends, to duties ſhe acknowledged to be ſuch, incapable of vengeance or hatred, and could not even conceive the leaſt merit in pardoning. In fine, to return to that which was leaſt excuſeable in her, without eſteeming her favours of any price, ſhe never made a baſe traffic of them; ſhe beſtowed them plentifully, but never ſold them, though ſhe was very often at the laſt penny; and I dare advance, that if Socrates could eſteem Aſpaſia, he would have reſpected Madam de Warens.

I know before-hand, that, in giving her a character of tenderneſs and a cold conſtitution, I ſhall be accuſed of contradiction, as uſual, and with as much reaſon. Nature might have been to blame, and they ought not, perhaps, to have met; I only know that ſo it was.

All thoſe who were acquainted with Madam de Warens, whereof a great number ſtill exiſt, know that thus ſhe was. I dare add ſhe knew but one ſole pleaſure; it was giving it thoſe ſhe loved. Every one, however, has a right to argue on it at pleaſure, and learnedly to prove it falſe. My function is to tell truth, but not to make it believed.

I learnt, from time to time, what I have juſt ſaid, in converſations which followed our

union, and which only rendered it delightful. She was right when ſhe thought her complaiſance might be uſeful to me for my inſtruction; I drew great benefit from it. She had till then talked to me only as to a child. She began to treat me as a man, and to talk of herſelf. Every thing ſhe ſaid concerned me ſo much, I found myſelf ſo touched by it, that, turning it in my mind, I applied her confidence to my advantage more than I had done her leſſons. When we really feel the heart ſpeak, ours opens to receive its overflowings, and never will all the morality of a pedagogue equal the tender and affectionate prattle of a ſenſible woman for whom you have an attachment.

The intimacy in which I lived with her, having enabled her to judge more advantageouſly of me than before, ſhe judged, that, in ſpite of my aukward look, I was worth the trouble of putting forward in the world, and that could I once reach it I ſhould make my road. On this idea ſhe undertook, not only to form my judgment, but my exterior, my manners, to render me amiable as well as eſtimable; and if it is true that ſucceſs in the world can be allied to virtue, which is what I don't believe, I am certain, at leaſt, there is no other road than that ſhe had taken, and would have led me: for Madam de Warens knew mankind, and underſtood, in a ſuperior degree, the art of treating with them without falſehood or imprudence, without deceiving or angering them. But this art was in her character more than her leſſons; ſhe better knew

knew to practiſe than teach it, and I was of all men the leaſt apt to learn it. Thus all ſhe did in this reſpect was almoſt thrown away, as well as her attention in procuring me dancing and fencing maſters. Though light and well enough made, I could not learn to dance a minuet. I had ſo far got a habit, on account of my corns, of walking on my heels, Roche could not break me of it, and never, with my nimble appearance, could I leap over a middling ditch. It was worſe at the fencing-ſchool. After three months leſſons, I was ſtill at the mark, unable to fence; nor ever had a hand ſupple enough, or an arm ſtrong enough, to hold a foil, whenever my maſter choſe to make it fly. Add to this, I had a mortal hatred to the exerciſe, and for the maſter who endeavoured to teach me. I could not have believed a man could be ſo proud of the art of killing a man. To bring his vaſt genius within my reach, he expreſſed himſelf by compariſons from muſic, which he did not underſtand. He found a ſtriking analogy between tierce and quart, and the muſical intervals of the ſame name. When he intended a feint, he told me to take care of the dieſis, becauſe formerly the dieſis was called a *feint*: when he had made my foil fly, he ſaid, with a ſneer, that was a *ſtop*. In fine, I never in my life ſaw a pedant ſo inſupportable as this poor creature with his plume and his plaſtron.

I therefore made little progreſs in my exerciſes, which I ſoon quitted from pure diſguſt; but I did better in a more uſeful art, that

that of being contented with my lot, without deſiring one more brilliant, for which I began to ſee I was not made. Entirely given up to the deſire of making Mamma's days happy, I grew ſtill happier in her company; and when I was obliged to leave her to run to town, in ſpite of my paſſion for muſic, I began to feel the conſtraint of my leſſons.

I don't know whether Claude Anet perceived the intimacy between us. I have reaſon to believe it was not hid from him. He was a young fellow who could ſee clearly, but diſcreetly; who never ſpoke contrary to his thoughts, but did not always ſpeak them. Without taking the leaſt notice to me that he knew it, by his conduct he ſeemed to me to be acquainted with it; and this conduct did not certainly proceed from meanneſs of ſpirit, but, having given into the principles of his miſtreſs, he could not diſapprove of her acting in conſequence of them. Although he was as young as ſhe, he was ſo ſtaid and ſo grave, he regarded us almoſt as two children worthy indulgence, and we regarded him, each of us, as a reſpectable man, whoſe eſteem we would merit. It was not till after her unfaithfulneſs to him I was acquainted with the whole attachment ſhe had for him. As ſhe knew I thought, felt, or breathed by her only, ſhe let me perceive how much ſhe loved him, that I might love him likewiſe; ſhe dwelt leſs on her friendſhip than her eſteem for him, as it was the ſentiment I could more fully partake of. How many times has ſhe not made us embrace each other

other with tears, telling us we were both neceſſary to the happineſs of her life: but let not thoſe women who read this, illnaturedly ſmile; with the conſtitution ſhe had, this neceſſity was not equivocal; 'twas ſolely that of her heart.

Thus was eſtabliſhed amongſt us three a ſociety without perhaps an example on earth. All our wiſhes, our cares, our hearts, were one. None of them paſſed beyond this little circle. The habit of living together, and living excluſively, became ſo great, that if, at our meals, one of the three was wanting, or that a fourth came in, all was confuſion, and, in ſpite of our particular connections, the tête-à-têtes were leſs charming than our reunion. That which prevented conſtraint amongſt us was our extreme reciprocal confidence, and that which prevented dulneſs was our being always employed. Mamma, always projecting, and continually active, left neither of us very idle; we had each of us ſeparately enough to fill up all our time. In my opinion, idleneſs is no leſs the peſt of ſociety than ſolitude. Nothing contracts the mind, nothing engenders trifles, tales, backbitings, ſlander, and falſities, ſo much as being ſhut up in a room oppoſite each other, reduced to no other occupation than the neceſſity of continually chattering. When every one is employed, they ſpeak only when they have ſomething to ſay; but if you are doing nothing, you muſt abſolutely talk inceſſantly, and this of all conſtraints is the moſt troubleſome and the moſt dangerous. I dare go even farther,

farther, and maintain, that, to render a circle truly agreeable, every one muſt be not only doing ſomething, but ſomething which requires a little attention. To make knots is to make nothing; and it is as neceſſary to amuſe a woman who is making knots, as when ſhe holds her arms acroſs. But when ſhe is embroidering, 'tis another thing; ſhe is ſufficiently employed to fill up the intervals of ſilence. The moſt ſhocking and ridiculous is, to ſee, during that time, a dozen aukward fellows get up, ſit down, go, come, turn on their heels, take up an hundred times the apes on the chimney, and tire their Minerva to ſupport an inexhauſtible flow of words: a fine occupation! Theſe people, do what they can, will always be a burthen to others and to themſelves. When I was at Motiers, I ſat down with my neighbours to make laces: ſhould I once more mix with the world, I will carry in my pocket a cup and ball, to play with it the whole day, to diſpenſe with talking when I have nothing to ſay. If every one did ſo, mankind would be leſs wicked, their friendſhip more certain, and I believe more agreeable. In fine, let wags laugh if they will; I maintain that the only morals within the reach of the preſent age is the cup and ball moral

However, avoiding dulneſs was not left entirely to ourſelves; troubleſome viſitors cauſed us too much by their numbers to leave us ſo when alone. The uneaſineſs they gave me was not decreaſed; the whole difference conſiſted in my having leſs time to think of it.

Poor

Poor Mamma had not got rid of her old fancy of projects and ſyſtems. On the contrary, the more her domeſtic wants became preſſing, the more, to provide for them, ſhe gave into her viſions. The leſs preſent reſources were to be had, the more ſhe expected in future. The progreſs of years only encreaſed this paſſion in her; and ſtill, as ſhe loſt her taſte for the pleaſures of youth and the world, ſhe replaced them by ſecrets and projects. The houſe was not cleared of quacks, manufacturers, ſeekers of the philoſophers ſtone, jacks of all trades, who, diſtributing fortune by millions, ended in wanting half a crown. None went from her empty, and that which aſtoniſhed me was, that ſhe could ſuffice ſo long to ſo much profuſion, without draining the ſource, and tiring her creditors.

The plan which moſt employed her at the time I ſpeak of, and which was not one of her moſt unreaſonable ones, was to form at Chambery a royal garden of botany, with a penſioned Demonſtrator: the perſon intended for this place may be eaſily gueſſed. The poſition of this city, in the centre of the Alps, was extremely favourable to botany; and Mamma, who made one project eaſy by another, added to it a college of pharmacy, which really ſeemed extremely uſeful in ſo poor a country, where apothecaries are almoſt the ſole phyſicians. The Proto-phyſician Groſſi's retiring to Chambery, after the death of king Victor, ſeemed greatly to favour this idea, and perhaps ſuggeſted it to her. Be that as it may, ſhe ſet about cajoling Groſſi, who was not,

not, however, very cajolable; for he was the moſt cauſtic and the moſt brutal gentleman I have ever been acquainted with. You may judge of him by two or three ſtories I ſhall give you by way of ſample.

He was once in conſultation with ſome other phyſicians, and, amongſt them, one who had been ſent for from Annecy, and who uſually was the ſick perſon's phyſician. This young man, but yet little learned for a phyſician, dared to be of a different opinion to Mr. The Proto. This laſt, in anſwer, aſked him, when he returned home, which road he took, and what carriage he ſhould go in? The other, having ſatisfied him, aſked him, in his turn, whether there was any thing he could do for him. Nothing, nothing, ſaid Groſſi, only I will go to ſome window to ſee an aſs go by on horſeback. He was as avaricious as rich and hard-hearted. One day a friend of his wanted to borrow ſome money of him on good ſecurity. My friend, ſays he to him, ſqueezing his arm, and at the ſame time grinning, ſhould St. Peter come down from Heaven to borrow of me ten piſtoles, and the Trinity would be bound for the payment, I would not lend him the money. Being invited to dine one day with the Count Picon, Governor of Savoy, and extremely devout, he came before the hour; his Excellency, being occupied at his prayers, propoſed the ſame amuſement to him. Not knowing what to ſay, he makes a wry face. and falls on his knees. But he had ſcarcely ſaid two *Ave-Marias*, when, not being able to hold any longer, he gets up in a hurry, takes

takes his cane, and goes off without a word. Count Picon runs after him, and cries out, Stay, M. Groſſi, ſtay; they have got below an excellent red partridge on the ſpit. Count! ſays he, and turns round, if you had an angel roaſted I would not ſtay. This was the character of the Proto-phyſician Groſſi, whom Mamma undertook and ſucceeded in taming. Tho' extremely occupied, he often uſed to call on her, had a friendſhip for Anet, ſeemed to think him intelligent, ſpoke of him with eſteem, and, what would not be expected from ſuch a bear, affected to treat him with conſideration, to wipe off the impreſſion of the paſt: for though Anet was not now on the footing of a ſervant, it was known he had been one, and nothing leſs than the example and authority of the Proto-phyſician was neceſſary to authorize that tone which otherwiſe would not have been reliſhed. Claude Anet, with a black coat, a well-dreſſed wig, a grave and decent carriage, a prudent and circumſpect conduct, a knowledge pretty extenſive in medicinal and botanical matters, and favoured by the head of the faculty, might reaſonably hope to fill with applauſe the place of Demonſtrator royal in plants, if the propoſed inſtitution took place; and Groſſi really reliſhed the plan, had adopted it, and to propoſe it to government waited only until peace ſhould permit it to think of uſeful things, and give opportunity to aſſiſt them with the neceſſary ſupplies.

But this project, whoſe execution had probably thrown me into botany, for which it ſeems to me I was born, failed by one of thoſe unexpected

unexpected ſtrokes which overturn the beſt-concerted plans. I was fated to become, by degrees, an example of human miſeries. One would think Providence, which invited me to theſe great trials, diſpelled with its hand every thing that could prevent me from falling into them. In a trip A net made to the top of the mountains to look for genipi, a ſcarce plant which grows only on the Alps, and which M. Groſſi wanted, the poor fellow ſo far heated himſelf as to bring on a pleuriſy, of which the genipi could not cure him, though it is, they ſay, ſpecifical; and with all the art of Groſſi, who was certainly an able man, the infinite care taken of him by his kind miſtreſs and me, he died the fifth day, under our hands, after the moſt cruel ſufferings, during which he had no other exhortations than mine, but which were given with affectionate zeal and anguiſh, ſuch as, had he been in a ſituation of underſtanding them, muſt have been of ſome conſolation to him. Thus I loſt the moſt ſolid friend I ever had; a man valuable and ſcarce, in whom nature ſupplied the place of education, who cheriſhed in ſervitude all the virtues of illuſtrious men, and to whom nothing more perhaps was wanting to ſhew himſelf ſuch, than life and a place.

The next day I talked of him to Mamma with a lively and ſincere affliction; and, all at once, in the midſt of the converſation, I had the baſe and unworthy thought of my ſucceeding to his cloaths, and particularly a neat black coat. I thought ſo, and conſequently ſaid ſo; for with her it was to me the ſame thing.

thing. Nothing ſo plainly ſhewed her the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained, as this ſordid, odious word; diſintereſtedneſs and a noble ſoul being the qualities the deceaſed had eminently poſſeſſed. The poor creature, without anſwering, turned her head away and cried bitterly. Dear and precious tears! They were felt and ran all to my inward ſoul; they waſhed from it every trace of baſe and diſhoneſt ſentiments; none ever entered there ſince that time.

This loſs was as prejudicial as painful to Mamma. From this inſtant her affairs inceſſantly declined. Anet was an exact, orderly young man, who took care there was regularity in his miſtreſs's houſe. They dreaded his vigilance, and there was leſs waſte. She herſelf dreaded his cenſure, and contracted her diſſipations. His attachment was not ſufficient for her; ſhe would have his eſteem; and ſhe feared the juſt reproach he ſometimes dared to caſt at her, telling her ſhe deſtroyed the goods of others as well as her own. When he was no more, I was forced to take his place, for which I had as little aptitude as inclination; I filled it ill. I was not careful, very timid, and grumbling to myſelf only, I let all go on as it would. Beſides, though I had gained the ſame confidence, I had not the ſame authority. I ſaw the diſorder; I trembled at it; complained, but was not liſtened to. I was too young and too haſty to claim a right to reaſon; and when I took on me to act the reformer, Mamma gave me careſſing boxes on the ear, called me her little Mentor,

and

and obliged me to return to the part for which I was better ſuited.

The deep ſenſe of the diſtreſs her unmeaſurable expences muſt ſooner or later bring her to, made the ſtronger impreſſion on me, as, being now the inſpector of her houſe, I judged myſelf of the diſproportion of the debtor and creditor ſide of the queſtion. I date from this period the inclination I have always found to avarice ſince that time. I never was fooliſhly prodigal but by fits; but till then I gave myſelf little trouble about how little or how much money I had. I began to give this attention, and be careful of my purſe. I became mean from a noble motive; for I really thought to keep a little reſource for Mamma in the cataſtrophe I foreſaw. I feared her creditors might ſeize her penſion, or that it might be entirely taken off; and I imagined, according to my narrow views, that my little hoard might greatly aſſiſt her. But to do it, and particularly to preſerve it, I muſt hide it from her; for it would not have been ſafe, when ſhe was at the laſt expedient, that ſhe ſhould be acquainted with my little treaſure. I therefore ſought ſly places here and there to thruſt a few guineas into as a depoſit, intending to encreaſe the depoſit inceſſantly, until the inſtant I threw it into her lap. But I was ſo aukward in the choice of my hiding-holes, that ſhe always diſcovered them; and to let me know ſhe had found them, ſhe took out the gold, and put in a larger ſum in different coin. I poſted, quite aſhamed, to bring back my little treaſure to the common purſe; but

ſhe

ſhe never failed laying it out to my advantage in cloaths, or other things, as a ſilver-hilted ſword, watch, or ſome ſuch thing.

Well convinced that I ſhould never ſucceed in accumulating, and that it would be but a ſlender reſource for her, I ſaw, in fine, I had no other againſt the misfortune I dreaded than to put myſelf in a ſituation of providing for her ſubſiſtence, when, ceaſing to ſupport me, ſhe might ſee herſelf in want of bread. Unhappily, making my projects ſubſervient to my inclinations, I perſiſted in fooliſhly ſeeking my fortune in muſic, and finding ideas and tunes riſe in my brain, I thought that as ſoon as I ſhould begin to get money by it, I ſhould become a man of note, a modern Orpheus, whoſe notes would attract all the money of Peru. The queſtion was, as I began to read muſic paſſably, how to learn compoſition. The difficulty lay in getting ſome one to teach me; for with my Rameau only I could not expect to attain it alone, and after the departure of Mr. le Maitre, there was not one in Savoy who underſtood the leaſt of harmony.

Here you will ſee another of thoſe inconſequences with which my whole life is filled, and which have ſo often led me from my object, even when I thought I was going directly to it. Venture had ſaid a great deal to me of the Abbé Blanchard, who taught him to compoſe; a man of merit and great talents, then muſic-maſter to the cathedral of Beſançon, and now to that of Verſailles. I took it in my head to go to Beſançon to take a leſſon of the Abbé Blanchard: the idea appeared ſo reaſonable

reaſonable to me, I perſuaded Mamma to think ſo likewiſe. She ſets to work to equip me, and with the profuſion ſhe did every thing. Thus continually planning how to prevent a bankruptcy, and to repair in future the work of her diſſipation, I was at that inſtant putting her to an expence of eight hundred livres: I accelerated her ruin to put me in a ſituation to prevent it. However ſilly this conduct might be, the illuſion got entirely hold of me, and even of her. We were both equally perſuaded, I that I was uſefully labouring for her good, and ſhe that ſhe was uſefully labouring for mine.

I expected to find Venture ſtill at Annecy, and to aſk him for a letter to the Abbé Blanchard. He was gone. I was obliged to content myſelf as my only inſtructor, with a four-part maſs of his compoſing, and which he had left with me. With this recommendation I go to Beſançon, by way of Geneva, where I ſaw my relations, and through Nion, where I ſaw my father, who received me as uſual, and undertook to ſend my portmanteau, which was coming after me, as I was on horſeback. I arrive at Beſançon. The Abbé Blanchard receives me well, promiſes to inſtruct me, and offers me his ſervices. We were juſt beginning, when I learn from my father that my portmanteau had been ſtopped, and confiſcated at Rouſſes, a barrier of France, on the frontiers of Switzerland. Affrighted at this news, I make uſe of the acquaintance I had made at Beſançon, to know the motive of this confiſcation; for being certain of its having

having nothing prohibited, I could not conceive on what pretext they could ſeize it. I learnt it at laſt: it muſt me told, for 'tis a curious affair.

I went to ſee at Chambery an old man from Lyons; a very good ſort of man; his name was Duvivier; who had been employed in the Chancery under the Regent; and who, for want of employment, came to aſſiſt at the Regiſtry of the lands. He had lived well; had talents, ſome knowledge, was mild, polite, knew muſic, and, as we were of the ſame room, we preferred each other's company to that of the unlicked bears who ſurrounded us. He had correſpondents at Paris, who ſupplied him with theſe trifles, theſe ephemeral novelties, which have a day's run one can't tell why, which die one can't tell how, without any ones ever thinking of them after they have ceaſed talking of them. As I ſometimes took him to dinner to Mamma's, he in ſome ſort made his court to me, and, to make himſelf agreeable, he endeavoured to give me a taſte for theſe inſipid things, for which I had ſo great a diſguſt I never in my life read one when alone. Unfortunately, one of theſe curſed papers was left in the waiſtcoat-pocket of a new ſuit I had worn but two or three times, in order to prevent its ſeizure by theſe Commis. The paper was a Janſeniſt parody, flat enough, of the beautiful ſcene of Racine's Mithridates. I had not read ten verſes, and left it through forgetfulneſs in my pocket. This cauſed the ſeizure of my whole equipment. The Commis placed at the top of the

inventory of my portmanteau. a magnificent verbal proceſs, where, imagining the writing came from Geneva to be printed and diſtributed in France, they gave ſcope to holy invectives againſt the enemies of God and the church, and to praiſes of their pious vigilance who had ſtopped the execution of this infernal project. They doubtleſs found likewiſe my ſhirts ſmell of hereſy; for, by virtue of this terrible paper, all was confiſcated without my ever having had reaſon or news of my poor little bundle. The Farmers-general, people who were applied to, demanded ſo many documents, informations, certificates, memorials, that, loſing myſelf a thouſand times in this labyrinth, I was conſtrained to abandon all together. I have often regretted I did not keep the verbal proceſs of the barrier of Rouſſes. It was a piece which might figure with diſtinction amidſt thoſe whoſe collection accompanies theſe papers.

This loſs obliged me to return to Chambery immediately, without having done any thing with the Abbé Blanchard; and, all things weighed, ſeeing misfortune attend all my undertakings, I reſolved to keep entirely to Mamma, to ſhare her fortune, and not make myſelf in vain uneaſy for an hereafter in which I ſaw I could do nothing. She received me as if I had brought her treaſures, replaced by degrees my little wardrobe, and my misfortune, bad enough for both of us, was almoſt as ſoon forgot as it happened.

Although this accident cooled me as to my ſchemes of muſic, I did not, nevertheleſs, neglect

neglect to ſtudy continually my Rameau, and by repeated efforts I arrived at laſt at underſtanding him, and making a few trials at compoſing, whoſe ſucceſs encouraged me. The Count of Bellegarde, ſon to the Marquis of Antremont, was returned from Dreſden, after the death of King Auguſtus. He had lived a great while at Paris, was very fond of muſic, and paſſionately ſo of Rameau's. His brother, the Count of Nangis, played the violin, Madam the Counteſs of la Tour, their ſiſter, ſang a little. Theſe things brought muſic in faſhion at Chambery, and a ſort of public concert was begun, of which they intended to have given me the direction, but ſoon perceived it ſurpaſſed my ſtrength, and ſettled it otherwiſe. I nevertheleſs gave ſome trifling pieces in my manner, particularly a cantata, which greatly pleaſed. It was not a good piece, but it was filled with new tunes, and things of effect, which were not expected from me. Theſe gentlemen could not believe, that, reading muſic ſo ill, I was capable of compoſing it paſſably, and did not doubt but I had honoured myſelf with the goods of my neighbours. To verify it, M. de Nangis came to me one morning with a cantata of Clerambault he had tranſpoſed, as he ſaid, for the conveniency of his voice, and to which another baſs was neceſſary, the tranſpoſition rendering that of Clerambault impracticable on the inſtrument. I anſwered it was a conſiderable labour, and could not be done immediately. He thought I ſought to put him off, and preſſed me to do at leaſt the baſs of a recitative. I therefore

did it, ill undoubtedly, becauſe in all things, in order to ſucceed well, I muſt have eaſe and liberty; but I did it at leaſt according to rule, and, as he was preſent, he could not doubt my knowledge of the elements of compoſing. Thus I did not loſe my ſcholars, but I cooled a little on muſic, ſeeing they had a concert, and did not chuſe me.

It was about this time, peace being concluded, the French army repaſſed the mountains. Several officers came to viſit Mamma; among the reſt the Count de Lautrec, Colonel of the regiment of Orleans, ſince Plenipotentiary at Geneva, and afterwards Marſhal of France, to whom ſhe preſented me. On what ſhe ſaid to him, he ſeemed to take much notice of me, and promiſed me many things, which he never thought of till the laſt year of his life, when I had no occaſion for him. The young Marquis of Sennecterre, whoſe father was then Ambaſſador at Turin, paſſed at the ſame time through Chambery. He dined at Madam de Menthon's; I dined there likewiſe that day. After dinner they talked of muſic; he knew it well. The opera of Jeptha was then new; he talked of it, it was brought him. He made me tremble on propoſing that we ſhould execute this opera; and, on opening the book, he dipped into this celebrated piece with a double chorus:

La Terre, l'Enfer, le Ciel même,
Tout tremble devant le Seigneur.

He ſays to me, how many parts do you take? I ſhall take, for my ſhare, theſe ſix. I was not then acquainted with French petulancy; and

and although I had ſometimes given out partitions, I did not comprehend how the ſame perſon could, at the ſame time, do ſix parts, or even two. Nothing has perplexed me ſo much in the exerciſe of muſic, as ſkipping thus lightly from one part to another, and keeping at the ſame time the eye on a whole partition. From my manner of acting in this affair, M. de Sennecterre muſt have been tempted to think I did not know muſic. It was, perhaps, to verify this doubt, that he propoſed my noting a tune he wanted to give Mademoiſelle de Menthon. I could not deny him. He ſung the tune; I pricked it, without even making him repeat it often. He afterwards read, and found it, as it really was, very correctly noted. He ſaw the trouble I was in; he took pleaſure in making the moſt of this trifling ſucceſs. It was a thing, however, extremely ſimple. At the bottom I knew muſic well; I wanted nothing but the vivacity of the firſt glance, which I never poſſeſſed in any thing, and which I acquired in muſic but by conſummate practice. Be it as it may, I was ſenſible of his obliging attention in wiping from the mind of others, and from mine, the little ſhame it had cauſed me. Ten or twelve years afterwards, meeting in different companies at Paris, I was ſeveral times tempted to remind him of this trifling anecdote, to ſhew him I ſtill remembered it. But he had loſt his ſight ſince that. I was afraid of renewing his ſorrow, in recalling to him the uſe he knew how to make of it; ſo I was ſilent.

I draw near the moment which begins to connect my paſt exiſtence with the preſent. A few acquaintances of thoſe times prolonged to theſe, are become precious to me. They have often made me regret the happy obſcurity of thoſe who called themſelves my friends, and loved me for myſelf, from pure kindneſs, not for the vanity of being connected with a man of ſome reputation, or from the ſecret deſire of ſeeking occaſion to do him miſchief. 'Tis here I date my firſt acquaintance with my old friend Gauffecourt, who is ſtill mine, in ſpite of the efforts people have made to take him from me. Still mine! No. Alas! I have juſt loſt him. But he ceaſed to love me only when he ceaſed to live, and our friendſhip ended only when he died. M. de Gauffecourt was one of the moſt amiable men that ever exiſted. It was impoſſible to ſee him without eſteeming him, or to live with him without an abſolute attachment. I never in my life ſaw a countenance more open, more careſſing, that had more ſerenity, which marked ſo much ſentiment and underſtanding, or inſpired more confidence. However reſerved a man might be, he could not, from firſt ſight, help being as familiar as if he had known him twenty years; and I, who had ſo much trouble to be without reſtraint among new faces, was ſo with him from the firſt moment. His tone of voice, his accent, his converſation, perfectly accompanied his phyſiognomy. The ſound of his voice was clear, full, and powerful; a fine baſs voice, ſharp and ſtrong, which filled the ear, and ſounded to the heart. It

is impoſſible to be poſſeſſed of milder and more equal mirth, a truer and more ſimple grace, talents more natural or cultivated with more taſte. Join to theſe an affectionate heart, but a little too affectionate to all; an officious character, with little choice, ſerving his friends with zeal, or rather making himſelf the friend of thoſe he could ſerve, and cunningly managing his own affairs, in ardently managing thoſe of another. Gauffecourt was the ſon of a watchmaker only, and had been a watchmaker himſelf; but his perſon and merit called him to another ſphere, into which he ſoon entered. He became acquainted with M. de la Cloſure, the French Reſident at Geneva, who took him to his friendſhip. He procured him, at Paris, other uſeful acquaintances, by whom he obtained the ſupplying Valais with ſalt, worth twenty-thouſand livres a year. His fortune, brilliant enough, was bounded here as to mankind; but on the ſide of women it was very different, he had his choice, and did as he thought proper. The moſt extraordinary and the moſt honourable for him of all was, that, having connections with all conditions, he was beloved by all, his friendſhip coveted by every one, without ever being envied or hated, and I believe he died without ever having had in his life one enemy. Happy man! He came every year to the baths of Aix, where good company from the neighbouring country reſorted. Connected with all the nobility of Savoy, he came from Aix to Chambery, to viſit the Count of Bellegarde, and his father,

the Marquis of Antremont, at whoſe houſe Mamma made and procured me his acquaintance. This acquaintance, which ſeemed to have no view, and was many years interrupted, was renewed on an occaſion I ſhall mention, and became a true attachment. This is enough to authorize me to ſpeak of a friend with whom I was ſo cloſely connected; but, had I no perſonal intereſt in his memory, he was ſo amiable a man, and of ſo happy a turn, that, for the honour of the human ſpecies, I think it right to preſerve it. This ſo bewitching a man had, however, like others, his faults, as will be ſeen hereafter; but, if he had not had them, he had perhaps been leſs amiable. To make him as intereſting as poſſible, it was neceſſary he ſhould have ſomething to be pardoned in him.

Another friendſhip of the ſame time is not extinct, and ſtill lulls me with that kind of temporal happineſs which with difficulty dies from the heart of man. M. de Conzié, a gentleman of Savoy, then young and amiable, had a fancy to learn muſic, or rather to be acquainted with one who taught it. With judgment and taſte for polite learning, M. Conzié joined a mildneſs of character which rendered him extremely complying, and I myſelf was much ſo with thoſe in whom I found it. This connection was ſoon formed. The ſeeds of literature and philoſophy, which began to ferment on my brain, and waited only a little cultivation and emulation entirely to unfold themſelves, found them in him.

M. de

M. de Conzié had little diſpoſition for muſic; this was lucky for me: the hours of leſſon were ſpent in quite other things than ſol-faing. We breakfaſted, we chatted, we read new things, and not a word of muſic. Voltaire's correſpondence with the Prince Royal of Pruſſia then made a noiſe; we often entertained ourſelves on theſe celebrated men, whereof one, lately on the throne, already announced himſelf ſuch as he would ſoon ſhew himſelf; and the other, as much in diſcredit as he is now admired, made us ſincerely lament the misfortunes which ſeemed to purſue him, and which we ſo often ſee are the portion of great talents. The Prince of Pruſſia had been rather unſucceſsful in his youth, and Voltaire ſeemed born to be never ſo. Our concern for them extended to every thing which related to them. Nothing Voltaire wrote eſcaped us. The reliſh I had for theſe writings inſpired me with a deſire of writing with elegance, and of endeavouring to imitate the beautiful colouring of this author, with whom I was enraptured. Some time afterwards his philoſophical letters appeared: though they certainly are not his beſt works, it was thoſe which moſtly drew me towards ſtudy; and this riſing taſte has not been extinguiſhed ſince that time.

But the time to give myſelf entirely up to it was not yet come. There ſtill remained an humour a little inconſtant, a deſire of coming and going, which was more reſtrained than extinguiſhed, which was fed by the courſe of Madam de Warens's houſe, too

noiſy for my ſolitary humour. The jumble of ſtrange faces which daily flowed in from all parts, and the perſuaſion I was in of theſe fellows ſeeking no more than to dupe her, each one in his way, made my habitation a place of torments. Since I had ſucceeded Claude Anet in the confidence of his miſtreſs, I followed up more cloſely the ſtate of her affairs; I perceived a progreſs towards evil which affrighted me. I an hundred times remonſtrated, begged, preſſed, conjured, and always in vain. I threw myſelf on my knees, ſtrongly repreſenting the cataſtrophe which threatened her, ſharply exhorting her to reform her expences, to begin by me, rather to ſuffer a little whilſt ſhe was yet young, than, by continually increaſing her debts and her creditors, to expoſe herſelf in her old-age to oppreſſion and miſery. Senſible of the ſincerity of my zeal, ſhe relented with me, promiſing me the fineſt things in the world. Did a ſpunger come in? that inſtant all was forgot. After a thouſand proofs of the inutility of my remonſtrances, what remained to be done, but turning my eyes from the evil I could not prevent? I withdrew from the houſe whoſe door I could not keep. I took little journeys to Nion, Geneva, Lyons, which drowning the ſecret pains, increaſe at the ſame time the cauſe by my expences. I can ſwear I could have ſuffered all retrenchments with joy, had Mamma really benefitted by the ſaving; but certain that what I refuſed myſelf went to knaves, I abuſed her indulgence to partake with them, and, like the dog which

which comes from the ſhambles, I took off a morſel from the piece I could not ſave.

Pretexts were never wanting for any of theſe excurſions, and Mamma herſelf had ſupplyed me with more than neceſſary, as ſhe had, every where, ſo many connections, negotiations, affairs, commiſſions to ſend by ſome ſure hand. She was glad to ſend me, I was glad to go; this could not fail to form a pretty errant life. Theſe journeys brought within my reach a few acquaintances who were afterwards agreeable or uſeful: among others, at Lyons, that of M. Perrichon, which I reproach myſelf for not having ſufficiently cultivated, conſidering the kindneſs he ſhewed me; that of the good-natured Pariſot, which I ſhall ſpeak of in its place: at Grenoble, that of Madam Deybens, and of Madam la Preſidente de Bardonanche, a woman of great ſenſe, and who had taken me to her friendſhip, could I have made it convenient to ſee her oftener: at Geneva, that of M. de la Cloſure, the French Reſident, who often talked to me of my mother, from whom, in ſpite of death and time, his heart was not detached; that of the two Barrillot's, whoſe father, that called me his grandſon, was moſt amiable company, and one of the worthieſt men I ever knew. During the troubles in the Republic, theſe two citizens took a contrary part: the ſon that of the citizens; the father, that of the magiſtrates: and when they took up arms in 1737, I ſaw, being then at Geneva, the father and ſon go out armed from the ſame houſe, one for the Town-houſe,

the other for his quarters, ſure to meet within two hours afterwards facing each other, expoſed to blowing each other's brains out. This dreadful ſight made ſo lively an impreſſion on me, I ſwore never to imbrue my hands in civil war, and never to ſupport internal liberty by force of arms, neither perſonally nor by conſent, if ever I returned to my rights of citizen. I render myſelf the juſtice of having kept my oath on ſo trying an occaſion; and it will be found, at leaſt I think ſo, that this moderation was of ſome value.

But I had not yet reached the firſt fermentation of patriotiſm which Geneva in arms excited in my heart. It may be judged how far I was from it, by a moſt ſerious fact I was charged with, which I forgot to put in its place, and which ought not to be omitted.

My uncle Bernard had been ſeveral years gone to Carolina, to build the city of Charlestown, of which he had given the plan. He died there ſoon afterwards; my poor couſin was likewiſe dead in the King of Pruſſia's ſervice: thus my aunt loſt her ſon and huſband almoſt at the ſame time. Theſe loſſes warmed her friendſhip a little for the neareſt relation left her, which was myſelf. When I went to Geneva, I ſlept at her houſe, and amuſed myſelf in ferreting up and turning over the books and papers my uncle had left. I found many curious pieces and letters of which ſurely they little thought. My aunt, who made nothing of theſe waſte papers, would have let me carry all off, if I had choſen it.

I con-

I contented myſelf with two or three books commented by the hand of my grandfather Bernard the miniſter, and, among others, the poſthumous works of Rohault, in quarto, whoſe margin was filled with excellent ſcolia, which gave me a fondneſs for mathematics. This book remained with thoſe of Madam de Warens; I have ever ſince been ſorry I did not keep it. To theſe books I joined five or ſix manuſcripts, and one only printed, which was of the famous Micheli Ducret; a man of great talents, learned, enlightened, but too reſtleſs, cruelly treated by the magiſtrates of Geneva, and who died lately in the fortreſs of Arberg, where he had been ſhut up many years, for having, they ſaid, been concerned in the conſpiracy of Berne.

This memoir was a criticiſm, judicious enough, on the grand and ridiculous plan of fortification which has been partly executed at Geneva, to the mockery of every man of the art, who was not acquainted with the private end the council propoſed in the execution of this magnificent undertaking. M. Micheli, having been excluded from the Chamber of Fortification, for blaming this plan, thought, as member of the Two Hundred, and even as a citizen, he could give his advice more at length: this he did by this memoir, which he had the imprudence to put in print, but not publiſh; for he only had the number of ſets printed he ſent to the Two Hundred, which were all intercepted at the poſt by order of the under council. I found this memoir among the papers of my uncle, with the anſwer

ſwer he had been charged to give; I took both away. I made this journey ſoon after I left the office for regiſtering the lands, and remained connected with the advocate Coccelli who conducted it. Some time after, the director of the cuſtom-houſe took it in his head to beg I would be godfather to a child, and Madam Coccelli was godmother. The honour turned my brain; and, proud ſo nearly to belong to the advocate, I endeavoured to act the man of importance, to ſhew myſelf worthy the glory.

In this notion I thought I could not do better than to ſhew him my memoir in print of M. Micheli, which was really a ſcarce thing, to prove to him I belonged to the eminent people of Geneva who knew the ſecrets of the ſtate. However, from a half reſerve, of which I ſhould be troubled to give a reaſon, I did not ſhew him my uncle's anſwer to this memoir; perhaps becauſe it was a manuſcript, and that the advocate muſt have nothing but print. He, however, ſo well ſaw the value of the writing I had the ſtupidity to entruſt him with, I could never get it or ſee it any more; but being well convinced of the inutility of my efforts, I made a merit of the buſineſs, by transforming the robbery into a preſent. I have not the leaſt doubt of his having made, at the court of Turin, the beſt of this piece, more curious however than uſeful; and that he has taken great care to get himſelf repaid, by ſome means or other, the money it coſt him to obtain it. Happily, of all future contingents, one

one of the leaſt probable is, that ſome day or or other the King of Sardinia will beſiege Geneva*: but as there is no impoſſibility in the thing, I ſhall always reproach my fooliſh vanity for having ſhewn the greateſt defects of this place to its moſt ancient enemy.

I ſpent two or three years in this manner between muſic, magiſtery, projects, journeys, inceſſantly floating between one thing and the other, ſeeking to fix without knowing at what, but inclining however by degrees towards ſtudy, viſiting men of learning, hearing converſations on literature, ſometimes taking on me to talk of it likewiſe, and taking rather the jargon of books than the knowledge they contained. In my trips to Geneva, I called on my old good friend M. Simon as I went by, who greatly ſtirred up my riſing emulation by news quite freſh from the republic of letters, from Baillet, or Colomiers. I likewiſe very often ſaw at Chambery a Dominican profeſſor of phyſic; a good kind of a monk, whoſe name I have forgot, and who often made little experiments which greatly amuſed me. I wanted by his example to make ſome ſympathetic ink. For this purpoſe, having filled a bottle more than half with quick-lime, orpiment, and water, I corked it well. The ebullition began almoſt inſtantly with extreme violence. I ran to uncork the bottle, but was not time enough; it flew in my face like a bomb. I ſwallowed

* Had Rouſſeau lived a few months longer, he had ſeen this event happen.

the

the orpiment and the lime; it had nearly killed me. I was blind more than ſix weeks, and thus learnt never to meddle with experimental phyſic, without knowing its elements.

This adventure happened very unluckily for my health, which for ſome time was ſenſibly changed. I can't tell how it was, that, being well formed as to the cheſt, and running to no exceſs of any kind, I decayed viſibly. I am pretty ſquare, have a large breaſt, my lungs ſhould move at eaſe: I had, nevertheleſs, ſhort breath; felt myſelf oppreſſed; ſighed involuntarily, had palpitations, ſpit blood; a lingering fever came on of which I never got quite rid. How can a man in the prime of life fall into ſuch a ſtate, without having any inteſtine vitiated, without having done the leaſt thing to deſtroy his health?

The ſword wears the ſheath they ſay ſometimes. This is my hiſtory. My paſſions kept me alive, and my paſſions killed me. What paſſions you will aſk me? Why trifles, the moſt childiſh things in the world, but which engaged me as much as the poſſeſſion of Helen, or the throne of the univerſe, would have done. Firſt, women. When I had one, my ſenſes were eaſy, but my heart never was. The neceſſities of love devoured me in the boſom of enjoyment. I had a tender mother, a lovely friend, but I wanted a miſtreſs. I figured her to myſelf as ſuch; I repreſented her a thouſand ways, to make a variety to myſelf. Had I thought I held Mamma in my

my arms when I held her there, my embraces had not been leſs cloſe, but every deſire had been extinguiſhed; I had ſobbed with tenderneſs, but had not enjoyed. Enjoyed! Is this charm for man? Ah! had I once only in my life taſted in their fulneſs all the delights of love, I don't imagine my frail exiſtence could have ſufficed; I had died in the act.

I therefore was burning of love without an object, and perhaps 'tis thus it exhauſts the more. I was uneaſy, tortured with the ſituation of my poor Mamma's affairs and her imprudent conduct, which could not fail to work her total ruin in a little time. My cruel imagination, which always meets misfortune, inceſſantly ſhewed me, that in all its exceſs, and all its conſequences, I ſaw myſelf, before-hand, forcibly ſeparated by want from her to whom I had conſecrated my days, and without whom I could have no enjoyment. 'Twas thus my mind was continually agitated. Deſires and fear alternately conſumed me.

Muſic was to me a paſſion leſs tranſporting, but not leſs conſuming, from the ardour with which I gave myſelf up to it, from the obſtinate ſtudy of the obſcure books of Rameau, from my invincible determination of loading my memory with them, which ſtill refuſed, by continual runnings about, by the immenſe compilations I heaped up, often paſſing whole nights in copying. And why ſtop at permanent things; while every folly which paſſed through my unconſtant brain, the fugitive inclinations

inclinations of a ſingle day, a journey, a concert, a ſupper, a propoſed walk, a romance to read, a comedy to ſee, any thing the leaſt premeditated in pleaſure or buſineſs, became ſo many violent paſſions, which by their ridiculous impetuoſity gave me real torment. Reading the imaginary misfortunes of Cleveland, ſometimes in fury and often interrupted, cauſed me, I believe, as much bad blood as my own.

There was a Geneveſe, named M. Bagueret, who had been employed under Peter the Great at the Court of Ruſſia; one of the meaneſt fellows and the greateſt fools I ever ſaw, always full of projects as fooliſh as himſelf, which brought millions down like rain, and to whom cyphers coſt but little. This man, being come to Chambery for ſome ſuit at the ſenate, took poſſeſſion of Mamma of courſe, and for his treaſures in cyphers he ſo generouſly threw about, drew her poor ſhillings from her piece by piece. I did not like him, he ſaw it; with me that is not difficult: there was no kind of baſeneſs he did not make uſe of to cajole me. He took it in his head to propoſe teaching me cheſs, which he played a little. I tried almoſt againſt my will; and having well or ill learnt the march, my progreſs was ſo rapid, that at the firſt ſitting I gave him the rook he had given me at the beginning. I wanted no more; I become a madman after cheſs. I buy a cheſsboard; I ſhut myſelf up in my room; I paſs nights and days in perſiſting to learn by heart every game, to force them into my head right

or

or wrong, in playing alone, without ceaſing or end. After two or three months of this charming exerciſe and every imaginable effort, I go to the coffee-houſe, hagged, yellow, and almoſt ſtupid. I try, I again play with M. Bagueret; he beats me once, twice, thrice: ſo many combinations were jumbled in my brain, and my imagination was ſo deadened, I ſaw nothing but clouds before me. Every time I exerciſed myſelf in ſtudying the game by Philidor's or Stamma's books, the ſame thing happened, and, after having ſpent myſelf with fatigue, I found I played worſe than at firſt. But whether I left off playing, or whether in playing I would recover a little breath, I never advanced one hair from the firſt ſitting, and always found myſelf at the ſame point as when I left off. I might exerciſe myſelf a thouſand ages, I could give Bagueret the rook, but nothing more. This was employing time well, you will ſay! and I employed a good deal ſo. I ended this firſt trial only when I had not ſtrength to ſupport it longer. When I left my chamber to ſhew myſelf, I looked like one from the grave, and, had I continued this life, I ſhould not have remained from it long. It muſt be agreed to be difficult, particularly in the heat of youth, that ſuch a brain ſhould keep the body always in health.

The change in mine affected my humour, and moderated the heat of my fancies. Finding myſelf weakened, I became more tranquil, and cooled in my paſſion for travelling. More ſedentary, I was laid hold of, not by care, but melancholy;

melancholy; the vapours ſucceeded paſſion, my languor became dulneſs; I wept and ſighed with little cauſe; I found life leaving me before I had taſted it; I bewailed the ſtate in which I was leaving poor Mamma, and that I ſaw her falling into; I can truly ſay, that to leave her, and in an uncomfortable ſituation, was all I regretted. In fine, I fell quite ill. She nurſed me as never mother nurſed a child; this was of ſervice to her too, by diverting her from her projects, and keeping off projectors. How ſweet a death, had death come then! Though I had taſted little of the bleſſings of life, I had felt few of its curſes. My peaceful ſoul might depart without the cruel knowledge of man's injuſtice, which mars both life and death. I had the conſolation of ſurviving in my beſt moiety; it was ſcarcely dying. Without the uneaſineſs her fate cauſed me, I ſhould have died with the ſame eaſe I ſhould have ſlept; and even theſe uneaſineſſes had an object ſo affectionate and tender, it allayed in ſome meaſure their bitterneſs. I told her, You are truſtee to all I poſſeſs; act ſo as to make me happy. Two or three times, when I was at the worſt, I got up in the night, and crawled to her room, to give her advice on her conduct, I may ſay exact and ſenſible, but in which the intereſt I took in her fate was more apparent than any thing elſe. As if tears were my food and medicine, I gained ſtrength by thoſe I ſhed near her and with her, ſeated on her bed, and holding her hands in mine. Hours glided away in theſe nocturnal converſations, and I returned better than I came:

came: contented and calm from the promiſes ſhe made me, in the hopes ſhe had given me, I ſlept with tranquillity of mind, and reſignation to Providence. Would to God, after ſo many reaſons for hating life, ſo many ſtorms which have agitated mine, and which make it but a troubleſome burthen, death, which muſt terminate it, may be as little unwelcome as it would have been at that time!

By dint of care, vigilance, and incredible trouble, ſhe ſaved me, and certain it is that ſhe alone could ſave me. I have little faith in the medicine of phyſicians, but a great deal in that of true friends: things on which our happineſs depends are always better performed than any other. If there is in life a delightful ſentiment, 'tis that we experience in being each other's again. Our mutual attachment did not increaſe, it was not poſſible; but it had ſomething of I don't know what more cordial, more touching, from its great ſimplicity. I became entirely her work, entirely her child, and more than if ſhe had been my own mother. We began, without thinking of it, never to ſeparate more from each other; to render, in ſome ſort, our exiſtence common: and, reciprocally feeling we were not only neceſſary, but ſufficient to each other, we accuſtomed ourſelves to think of nothing foreign to us, and abſolutely to limit our happineſs and deſires to this mutual, and perhaps ſole poſſeſſion amongſt the human ſpecies, which was not, as I have ſaid, that of love, but a more eſſential poſſeſſion, which, without depending on ſex, age, face, or ſenſes, depends

pends on all that makes us to be ourſelves, and which we cannot loſe but in ceaſing to be.

What prevented this precious criſis from producing the happineſs of the reſt of her days and mine? Not I, I render myſelf the conſoling juſtice. Neither did ſhe; at leaſt, her will did not. It was written that invincible nature ſhould ſoon recover its empire. But this fatal return did not operate all at once. There was, thanks to Heaven, an interval; ſhort, but precious interval! which did not end by my fault, and which I ſhall not reproach myſelf of having badly employed.

Though recovered from my great illneſs, I had not regained my ſtrength. My lungs were not healed; a remnant of the fever hung about me, and kept me weak. I had no inclination to any thing but ending my days with her who was ſo dear to me, to contain her in her prudent reſolutions, to make her feel in what conſiſted the true charms of a happy life, to render hers ſuch as much as depended on me. But I ſaw, I felt even, that, in a dull and diſmal houſe, the continual ſolitude of a tête-à-tête would become dull likewiſe. A remedy to this was preſented as of itſelf. Mamma had ordered me milk, and would have me take it in the country. I conſented, provided ſhe went with me. Nothing more was neceſſary to determine her; the only queſtion was to chuſe the place. The ſuburb garden was not properly in the country; encompaſſed by houſes and other gardens,

dens, it had not the charms of a country retreat. Beſides, after the death of Anet, we had left this garden from œconomy, having plants no longer at heart, and other views making us little regret this corner.

Taking immediate advantage of the diſguſt I found in her for the town, I propoſed leaving it entirely, and fix ourſelves in an agreeable ſolitude, in ſome little houſe far enough to defeat the deſigns of troubleſome viſitors. She would have done it, and this expedient, which her good angel and mine ſuggeſted, had probably aſſured us a life of happineſs and tranquillity, until the moment death ſhould ſeparate us. But this was not the ſtate we were called to. Mamma muſt experience every anguiſh of indigence, and every inconvenience in life, after having paſſed her days in abundance, to make her quit it with leſs regret; and I, by the union of all kinds of misfortunes, was to be an example to whoever, inſpired by the ſole love of juſtice and public good, dare, ſupported only by innocence, openly tell mankind the truth, without the prop of faction, without having formed a party for his protection.

An unhappy fear detained her. She dreaded quitting this old houſe, for fear of angering the proprietor. Thy plan of retreat is charming, ſaid ſhe, and much to my taſte; but in this retreat one muſt live. In quitting my priſon I am in danger of loſing my bread; and when there is no more to be had in the wood, we muſt return to ſeek it in the town. That we may not be neceſſitated to come back, don't

don't let us entirely quit it. Let us pay the Count of **** this penſion, that he may leave me mine. Let us ſeek ſome corner far enough from town to live in peace, and near enough to return to it whenever it may be neceſſary. This was done. Having looked round a little, we fixed at Charmettes, on the eſtate of M. de Conzié, cloſe to Chambery, but as retired and ſolitary as if it had been at an hundred leagues from it. Between two pretty high hills is a little valley, north and ſouth, at the end of which runs a water amongſt ſtones and trees. Along this valley, on the ſide of the hill, are a few ſtraggling houſes, very agreeable to thoſe who are fond of a retreat a little wild and retired. Having looked at two or three of theſe houſes, we at laſt choſe the prettieſt, belonging to a gentleman of the army, M. Noiret. The houſe was very convenient: in the front, a garden forming a terrace, a vineyard above, and an orchard below it, oppoſite a little wood of cheſnut-trees, a fountain handy; higher up the hill, meadows for feeding cattle; in fine, every neceſſary for the little country houſekeeping we propoſed. As near as I can recollect the time and date, we took poſſeſſion about the end of the ſummer of 1736. I was in tranſports the firſt night we lay there. O Mamma! ſaid I to this dear friend, embracing and drowning her in tears of joy and melting tenderneſs, this is the abode of happineſs and innocence. If we don't find both here, we muſt ſeek them no where.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, vinea, et tecto vicinus aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret.

I CANNOT add, *auctius atque Dî melius fecere:* no matter, I wanted no more; I did not even wiſh to be the proprietor: the enjoyment of it was ſufficient to me; I have long ſaid and thought the proprietor and poſſeſſor are often two different people, putting huſbands and gallants out of the queſtion.

Here begins the ſhort happineſs of my life; now come the peaceable, but rapid moments which give me a right to ſay I have lived. Precious and regretted moments! Ah, begin again your lovely courſe; glide more gently through my memory, if poſſible, than you really did in your fugitive ſucceſſion. What ſhall I do to prolong to my wiſh this recital ſo touching and ſo ſimple; to tell over and

over the ſame things, and not tire my readers by repeating them more than I myſelf was tired by inceſſantly recommencing them! Beſides, did this conſiſt in facts, in actions, in words, I might deſcribe and render them ſome-how; but how ſay that which was neither done, nor thought, but taſted, but felt, without my being able to expreſs any other object of my happineſs but this feeling only. I roſe with the ſun, and was happy; I walked and was happy; I ſaw Mamma and was happy; I quitted her and was happy; I ran over the woods, the hills, ſtrayed through the valleys, I read, reſted, worked in the garden, gathered fruit, aſſiſted in the houſe, and happineſs followed me to every place; it was not, in any thing aſſignable, it was all within me, it could not leave me a ſingle inſtant.

Not the leaſt thing which happened to me during this lovely period, nothing I did, ſaid, or thought, has eſcaped my memory. The years which precede or follow it preſent themſelves at intervals; I recollect them unequally and confuſedly; but this I entirely remember, as if it ſtill exiſted. My imagination, which in my youth was always before-hand, and now retrogrades, compenſates, by this ſweet recollection, the hope I have for ever loſt. I ſee nothing in futurity that can tempt me; reflecting only on the paſt can ſooth me; and this reflection ſo lively and ſo real in the period I ſpeak of, often makes my life comfortable in ſpite of my misfortunes.

I ſhall give one example only of theſe recollections, which will enable one to judge of their

their force and reality. The firſt day we went to ſleep at Charmettes, Mamma was in a ſedan chair; I followed her on foot. It was a riſing road, ſhe was pretty heavy, and, fearing to fatigue the chairmen, ſhe got out about half way thither, to walk the other half. Going along, ſhe ſaw ſomething blue in the hedge, and ſays, Here's ſome perwinkle yet in bloom! I had never ſeen any perwinkle; I did not ſtoop to examine it; I am too ſhort-ſighted to diſtinguiſh herbs on the ground when I ſtand upright. I juſt glanced at this as I paſſed along. Near thirty years had paſſed before I ſaw any perwinkle again, or that I took notice of it. In 1764, being at Creſſier with my friend M. Du Peyrou, we went up a little mountain, at whoſe ſummit there is a pretty hall, juſtly called Belle Vue. I was then beginning to herbalize a little. Looking, as I aſcended, amidſt the buſhes, I joyfully cry out, *Ah, there is ſome perwinkle!* and in effect it was ſo. Du Peyrou perceived the tranſport, but was ignorant of the cauſe: I hope he will learn it, when one day or other he reads this book. The reader may judge, from the impreſſion of ſo trifling an object, what all thoſe cauſe me which have relation to this period.

The country air did not, however, reſtore my former health. I languiſhed, and became worſe. I could not ſupport milk, I was obliged to leave it. Water was then in faſhion as the only remedy; I followed it, and with ſo little diſcretion, that I had nearly been cured, not of my complaints, but of life. Every

morning at riſing I went to the fountain with a large tumbler, and ſucceſſively drank, in walking about, the value of two bottles. I left off wine at my meals. The water I drank was a little raw and difficult to paſs, as are generally waters from the hills. To be brief, I managed ſo well, that in leſs than two months I totally deſtroyed my ſtomach, ſo ſtrong till then. No longer digeſting, I underſtood there were no farther hopes of a cure. At the ſame time, an accident happened to me, as ſingular in itſelf as in its effects, which will end but with me.

One morning that I was not worſe than uſual, fixing a ſmall table on its foot, I felt all over my body a ſudden and almoſt inconceivable revolution. I cannot better compare it than to a kind of tempeſt, which took riſe in my blood, and in an inſtant reached every member. My arteries began beating with ſo great a force, that I not only felt them beat, but heard them too, and particularly that of the carotides. A vaſt noiſe in the ears attended it; and this noiſe was treble, or rather quadruple, that is, a dull hollow buzzing, a clearer murmur like running water, a whiſtling extremely ſharp, and the beating I have juſt mentioned, whoſe ſtrokes I could eaſily count, without feeling my pulſe, or touching my body with my hands. This internal noiſe was ſo great, it deprived me of the quickneſs of hearing I had before, and rendered me not quite deaf, but hard of hearing, as I am ſince that time.

You may judge of my ſurpriſe and terror. I thought

I thought myſelf dead; I went to bed; the phyſician was called; I told him my caſe with horror, judging it without remedy. I believe he thought ſo too, but he acted the doctor: he gave me a long ſtring of reaſonings, of which I comprehended nothing; and then, in conſequence of his ſublime theory, he began, *in anima vili*, the experimental cure he thought proper to try. It was ſo painful, ſo diſguſtful, and operated ſo little, I ſoon grew tired of it; and in a few weeks, ſeeing I grew neither better nor worſe, I got up, and returned to my ordinary manner of living, with my beating arteries and my buzzings, which from that time, that is, during thirty years, never left me a minute.

Till then I was a great ſleeper. The total privation of ſleep, added to theſe ſymptoms, and which has conſtantly accompanied them till now, completed the perſuaſion I was in of having but a few days to live. This perſuaſion took off for a time my care for a recovery. Not being able to prolong my life, I reſolved to make as much as I could of it; this I was enabled to do by a ſingular favour of nature, which in ſo melancholy a ſtate exempted me from pain, that I expected it would have brought on. I was troubled with the noiſe, but did not ſuffer: it was accompanied by no other habitual inconvenience than want of ſleep in the night, and at all times a ſhort breath, which did not reach an aſthma, nor was ever felt but when I ran or exerted myſelf a little.

This accident, which might have killed

the body, killed only the paſſions; and I every day thanked heaven for the happy effects it produced on my mind. I may ſafely ſay I began to live only when I thought myſelf dead. Eſteeming the things, to which I was going to bid farewel, at their true value, I began to employ my mind in more noble cares, as anticipating on thoſe I ſhould ſoon have to attend, and which I had till then much neglected. I had often burleſqued religion in my manner, but I had never been entirely without religion. It was leſs painful to me to return to a ſubject ſo melancholy to many people, but ſo ſweet to thoſe who make it an object of conſolation and hope. Mamma was more uſeful to me on this occaſion than all the theologians in the world would have been.

She who brought every thing to ſyſtem, did not fail to bring religion within a ſyſtem likewiſe; it was compoſed of ideas truly extravagant, ſome ſound, ſome fooliſh, of ſentiments relative to her character, and prejudices proceeding from education. Believers generally make God as they are themſelves: good people make him good, the wicked make him miſchievous; choleric and ſpiteful bigots ſee nothing but hell, becauſe they would be glad to damn every body; mild and friendly ſouls believe little of it, and one of the aſtoniſhments I can't get the better of is, to perceive the good Fenelon ſpeak of it, in his Telemachus, as if he really believed it: but I hope he told a lye; for, in fact, however veridical a man may be, he muſt lye a little ſometimes if he is a biſhop. Mamma did

did not do ſo with me; and her ſoul, without ſpleen, which could not imagine a vindicative and continually angry God, ſaw nothing but clemency and mercy where bigots ſee nothing but juſtice and puniſhment. She often ſaid, that there would be no juſtice in God in being equitable towards us; for not having given us that which muſt make us ſo, it would be demanding more of us than he has given. The moſt whimſical of all was her believing in purgatory, but not in hell. This proceeded from her not knowing how to diſpoſe of the wicked, as ſhe could neither damn them nor place them with the good until they were become ſo; it muſt be owned the wicked are, both in this world and the next, extremely troubleſome.

Another extravagance. This ſyſtem deſtroys the doctrine of original ſin and redemption, ſhakes the foundation of vulgar Chriſtianity, and that Catholiciſm cannot ſubſiſt. Mamma, however, was a good Catholic, or pretended to be one; and certain it is, her pretenſions were founded on faith. The ſcriptures ſeemed to her to be too literally and too harſhly explained. All we read of eternal torments appeared to her comminatory or figurative. The death of Jeſus Chriſt ſeemed an example of charity, truly divine, to teach men to love God and each other. In a word, faithful to the religion ſhe had embraced, ſhe ſincerely admitted every profeſſion of faith; but when ſhe came to the diſcuſſion of each article, it appeared ſhe believed quite differently from the Church, though ſtill ſubmit-

ting to it. She had on that head a ſimplicity of heart, a frankneſs more eloquent than cavillings, and which often embarraſſed even her confeſſor; for ſhe hid nothing from him. I am a good Catholic, ſaid ſhe to him, and will always be ſo; I adopt, with all the powers of my ſoul, the deciſions of our Holy Mother the Church. I am not miſtreſs of my faith, but am of my will. I give it up without reſerve. What more do you aſk?

Had there been no chriſtian morality, I believe ſhe had followed it; ſo much was it adapted to her character. She did all that was commanded; but ſhe had equally done ſo, had it not been commanded. In things indifferent ſhe was fond of obeying, and, had ſhe not been permitted, preſcribed even, to eat meat, ſhe had faſted between God and herſelf, without prudence having any thing to do with the matter. But all this morality was ſubordinate to the principles of M. Tavel, or rather ſhe pretended to ſee nothing contrary to them. She could have lain every day with twenty men, and have had a conſcience at eaſe, without even having more ſcruples than deſires. I know that your great devotees are not more ſcrupulous on this point; the difference is in their being ſeduced by their paſſions, and ſhe by her ſophiſms only. In the moſt pathetic converſations, and, I may add, the moſt edifying, ſhe has fallen on this point without changing either air or tone, and without believing ſhe contradicted herſelf. She would have, if neceſſary, interrupted them for a time, and took them up again with the ſame ſerenity

as

as before; ſo much was ſhe heartily perſuaded the whole was only a maxim of ſocial order, which every ſenſible perſon might interpret, apply, except according to the ſpirit of the thing, without the leaſt danger of offending God. Tho' I aſſuredly did not, on this point, think with her, I own I dared not oppoſe it, aſhamed of the very unpolite part I muſt have acted in ſupport of my argument. I ſhould have been glad to have eſtabliſhed theſe rules for others, and excepted myſelf; but, beſides that her conſtitution ſufficiently prevented the abuſe of her notions, I know ſhe was no changeling, and that claiming an exception for myſelf was claiming it for all thoſe who pleaſed her. However, I add here, occaſionally, this inconſequence to the reſt, though it never had much effect on her conduct, and at that time none; but I promiſed to expoſe exactly her principles, and will keep my word: I now return to myſelf.

Finding in her every maxim neceſſary to eaſe me of the terrors of death and futurity, I dived with ſecurity into this ſource of confidence. I attached myſelf more than ever to her. I wiſhed to convey into her the life I found was juſt leaving me. From this additional attachment to her, the perſuaſion I was in of having a ſhort time to live, my profound ſecurity on my future ſtate, reſulted an habitual ſtate extremely calm, and even ſenſual; for that deadening every paſſion which bears too far our hopes and fears, it enabled me to enjoy without uneaſineſs or trouble my few remaining days. One thing contributed to

render them more agreeable; it was the attention I gave to foſtering her taſte for the country by every amuſement I could collect. By giving her a fondneſs for her garden, poultry, pigeons, cows, I grew fond of them likewiſe; and theſe trifling occupations, which filled up the day without troubling my tranquillity, were of more ſervice than milk, or any other remedy, for the preſervation of my poor carcaſe, and its recovery too, as far as that could be done.

The vintage and gathering in the fruits diverted us the reſt of the year, and we grew more and more inclined to this ruſtic life amidſt the good people who ſurrounded us. We ſaw winter approach with regret, and returned to town as if we had been going into exile. I, particularly, who doubted of ſeeing another ſpring, thought I bid for ever adieu to Charmettes. I did not leave it without kiſſing the ground and the trees, and looking ſeveral times back as we drew from it. Having long left my ſcholars, having loſt a taſte for the amuſement and ſociety of the town, I no longer went out, or ſaw any body, except Mamma, and M. Salomon, lately become her phyſician and mine, an honeſt man, a man of ſenſe, and a great Carteſian, who talked well on the ſyſtem of the world, and whoſe agreeable and inſtructive converſation did me more good than all his preſcriptions. I could never ſupport the ſilly, ſottiſh fillings-up of converſation; but uſeful and ſolid converſations always gave me great pleaſure, and I never refuſed them. I very much reliſhed M. Salomon's;

mon's; methought I anticipated with him the great knowledge my ſoul would acquire when diveſted of its fetters. The inclination I had for him extended to the ſubjects he treated, and I began to ſeek thoſe books which might help me the beſt to underſtand him. Thoſe which mixed devotion with knowledge were the moſt agreeable to me; ſuch were, peculiarly, thoſe of the Oratory and of Port-Royal. I ſat down to read, or rather devour them. One of them fell into my hands, by Father Lami, intitled, *Entretiens ſur les Sciences.* It was a ſort of introduction to the knowledge of the books which treat of them. I read it over and over an hundred times; I reſolved to make it my guide. In fine, I felt myſelf carried away by degrees, in ſpite of the ſtate I was in, or rather by this ſtate, towards ſtudy, with an irreſiſtible force; ſtill looking on each day as my laſt, I ſtudied with as much ardour as one who thought to live for ever. It was ſaid it did me great hurt; I think it did me great good, not only to my mind but to my body; for this application, of which I was ſo fond, became ſo delightful, that, not thinking of my illneſs, I was much leſs affected by it. It is, however, certain, nothing procured me real eaſe; but ſharp pain having left me, I accuſtomed myſelf to weakneſs, no ſleep, to think inſtead of act, and, in fine, to look on the ſucceſſive and lingering decay of my carcaſe as a progreſs inevitable which nothing but death would ſtop.

This opinion not only withdrew me from every vain care for life, but delivered me from

the trouble of medicine, to which I was, till then, obliged to ſubmit againſt my will. Salomon, convinced his drugs could not ſave me, ſpared me their draught, and contented himſelf with amuſing the uneaſineſs of my poor Mamma, by a few of thoſe indifferent preſcriptions which keep up the patient's hopes and the doctor's credit. I quitted the ſtrict regimen, and returned to the uſe of wine, and the whole courſe of life of a man in health, according to the meaſure of my ſtrength, ſober in all things, but abſtaining from nothing. I went out too, and began to ſee my friends again, particularly M. de Conzié, whoſe acquaintance pleaſed me much. In fine, whether it ſeemed noble to learn to my laſt breath, or whether ſome hidden hope of life was at the bottom, the expectation of death, far from relaxing my reliſh for ſtudy, ſeemed to animate it, and I hurried to collect a little knowledge for the other world as one who thought to find no more there than he carried with him. I took a liking to the ſhop of a bookſeller whoſe name was Bouchard, where a few people of learning reſorted; and the ſpring which I thought I never ſhould ſee, approaching, I look out a few books for Charmettes, in caſe I ſhould have the good fortune to return there.

I had this good fortune, and made the beſt of it. My joy on ſeeing the firſt buds is inexpreſſible. To ſee another ſpring was to me a reſurrection into paradiſe. The ſnow had ſcarce begun to melt, but we crept from our dungeon and went immediately to Charmettes,

to

to hear the firſt note of the nightingale. Then I thought of death no more; and really it is ſingular I never was very ill in the country. I have felt great pain, but never ſo as to keep my bed. I often ſaid, finding myſelf worſe than ordinary, When you ſee me at death's door, carry me under a ſhady oak; I give you my word, I ſhall be better.

Tho' feeble, I returned to my ruſtic functions, but in a manner proportioned to my ſtrength. I was greatly vexed at not being able to do the garden alone; but on digging five or ſix ſpades, I was out of breath, the ſweat ran down me, and I could do no more. When I ſtooped, my beatings redoubled, and the blood came into my face with ſuch force, I was obliged haſtily to ſtand up. Reſtrained to leſs fatiguing cares, I undertook, among others, that of the pigeon-houſe, and took ſo great delight in it I often ſpent ſeveral hours together there, without being tired a moment. Pigeons are very timid, and very difficult to tame. I, however, found means to inſpire mine with ſo much confidence, they followed me every where, and let me take them whenever I choſe it. I could not ſtir into the garden or court, without having two or three of them inſtantly on my arms and head; and at laſt, though I took ſo much pleaſure in them, this retinue became ſo troubleſome, I was obliged to deprive them of their familiarity. I always took ſingular pleaſure in taming animals, particularly thoſe which are fearful and wild. It ſeemed delightful to me to inſpire them with a confidence

dence I never abuſed. I wanted them to love me in liberty.

I ſaid I carried books with me. I made uſe of them; but in a manner much leſs to inſtruct than weary me. The falſe notion I had of things, perſuaded me, that to read a book profitably, a man ſhould have all the knowledge it ſuppoſes; far from thinking that often the author has it not himſelf, but fiſhed it from other books as he wanted it. With this fooliſh notion I was ſtopped every inſtant, forced inceſſantly to run from book to book, and ſometimes, before I reached the tenth page of that I was ſtudying, I was obliged to run over libraries. Nevertheleſs, I was ſo determined on this extravagant method, I loſt an infinite deal of time, and had almoſt puzzled my brains to a degree of not being able to perceive or underſtand any thing. I happily ſaw I was taking a wrong road, which led me into an immenſe labyrinth; I got out of it before I was quite loſt.

When a man has a little true reliſh for the ſciences, the firſt thing he finds in his purſuit is their connection, which cauſes them mutually to attract, aſſiſt, and enlighten each other, and that one cannot do without the other. Tho' the human mind is not ſufficient to all, and muſt always prefer one as the principal, yet if it has not ſome notion of the others, it often finds itſelf in obſcurity even with that it has choſen. I knew that what I had undertaken was good and uſeful in itſelf, and that nothing but a change of method was neceſſary. Beginning with the Encyclo-

pedia,

pedia, I went on, dividing it into branches; I ſaw the contrary was neceſſary, take them each one ſeparately, and follow them each one by itſelf to the point at which they unite. Thus I came back to the ordinary ſyntheſis; but I came back as a man who knows what he is doing. In this, meditation ſerved me in lieu of underſtanding, and a very natural reflection aſſiſted me in conducting me aright. Whether I lived or died, there was no time to loſe. To know nothing, and want to know every thing at five-and-twenty, was engaging to make good uſe of one's time. Not knowing at what point fate or death might put an end to my zeal, I wanted at all events to acquire notions of every thing, as well to ſound my natural diſpoſition, as to judge by myſelf of that which moſtly deſerved cultivation.

I found, in the execution of this plan, another advantage I had not thought of; that of making good uſe of a great deal of time. I could not be born for ſtudy; for a long application fatigues me to a degree of making it impoſſible to employ myſelf half an hour together with force on the ſame ſubject, eſpecially by following the ideas of another; for it has ſometimes happened to me to follow my own longer, and that with pretty good ſucceſs. When I have followed a few pages of an author which muſt be read with attention, my imagination deſerts him, and is loſt in a cloud. If I am obſtinate, I weary myſelf in vain; a dimneſs comes over me, and I can ſee nothing. But let different ſubjects

ſucceed

ſucceed each other, even without interruption, one is a relaxation to the other, and, without the neceſſity of diſcontinuing, I purſue them with more eaſe. I benefitted by this obſervation in the plan of my ſtudies, and ſo intermixed them, I employed myſelf the whole day without the leaſt fatigue. It is true, rural and domeſtic occupations uſefully diverted me; but in my encreaſing fervour I ſoon found means to take from them for ſtudy, and employed myſelf in two buſineſſes at once, without dreaming that each was the worſe for it.

In ſo many trifling details which delight me, and with which I often tire my reader's patience, I uſe however a diſcretion he would not think of, did not I take care to acquaint him. Here, for inſtance, I remember with delight all the different trials I made to diſtribute my time in ſuch a manner as to find at the ſame time as much pleaſure and utility as poſſible; and I can ſay, the time I ſpent in retirement, and always ill, was that of my days in which I was leaſt idle and leaſt ſorrowful. Two or three months thus paſſed in trying the bent of my genius, and enjoying, in the fineſt ſeaſon of the year, and in a place it rendered enchanting, the charms of a life whoſe price I ſo well knew, thoſe of a ſociety as free as it was gentle, if the name of ſociety can be given to ſo perfect an union, and thoſe of knowledge and learning I propoſed to acquire; for they were to me as if I already poſſeſſed them; or, rather, it was ſtill better, ſince the pleaſure of learning them formed a great part of my happineſs.

I muſt

I muſt paſs over theſe trials which were to me ſo many enjoyments, but too ſimple to be explained. Once more, true happineſs is not to be deſcribed, it is felt, and ſo much the more felt as it cannot be deſcribed, becauſe it is not the reſult of a collection of acts, but a permanent ſtate. I often repeat things, but ſhould repeat them oftener, did I ſay the ſame things whenever they ſtruck me. When at laſt my manner of life, often varied, had taken an uniform courſe, this was nearly the mode of dividing it.

I roſe every morning before the ſun. I paſſed through a neighbouring orchard into a very pretty road to Chambery. There, ſtill walking on, I ſaid my prayer, which did not conſiſt in a vain mumbling of the lips, but in a ſincere raiſing the thoughts to the Author of this lovely nature whoſe beauties were under my eye. I never loved praying in my room; the walls and other trifling works of man ſeemed to thruſt themſelves between God and me. I love to contemplate him in his works, whilſt my ſoul is lifted up to him. My prayers were pure, I dare advance it, and therefore worthy to be heard. I begged for myſelf, and her from whom my wiſhes were never ſeparated, but an innocent and quiet life, exempt from vice, pain, and want, the death of the juſt, and their lot in futurity. However, this act paſſed more in admiration and comtemplation than in petitions; for I knew, that, with the Diſpenſator of real bleſſings, the beſt means of obtaining thoſe which are neceſſary for us, is, not ſo much to aſk for them, as to deſerve them. I returned from

from my walk by a round-about road, employed in conſidering with affection and voluptuouſneſs the rural objects by which I was ſurrounded, the only ones with which the eye and heart are never tired. I examined at a diſtance if Mamma was up; if I ſaw her windows open, I leaped with joy, and ran towards them. When they were ſhut, I went into the garden to wait her ſtirring, reflecting on what I had learnt the eve, or gardening. The window opens, I run to embrace her in her bed, often half awake; and this embracing, as pure as it was tender, drew, from its innocence only, a charm which the voluptuouſneſs of the ſenſes never felt.

We generally breakfaſted on milk and coffee. It was the part of the day we were moſt ourſelves, and where we could chatter at our eaſe. Theſe ſittings, in general pretty long, have given me a great reliſh to breakfaſts; and I infinitely prefer the cuſtom of England and Switzerland, where the breakfaſt is a real repaſt which aſſembles every one, to that of France, where each one breakfaſts alone in his room, or oftener does not breakfaſt at all. After an hour or two's chat, I went to my books till dinner. I began with ſome author on philoſophy, as the logic of Port-Royal, Locke's Eſſay, Mallebranche, Leibnitz, Deſcartes, &c. I ſoon perceived theſe authors were in an almoſt perpetual contradiction with each other, and I formed the chimerical project of reconciling them, which greatly fatigued me, and cauſed the loſs of a deal of time. I confuſed my brain, and did not

not get forward. In fine, renouncing this method likewiſe, I took a much better, to which I attribute all the progreſs I may have made in ſpite of my trifling capacity; for it is certain I never had much for ſtudy. In reading each author, I made it a rule to adopt and follow all his notions, without mixing my own or thoſe of another with them, and without ever quarrelling with him. I ſaid to myſelf, Let us begin by forming a magazine of notions true or falſe, but clear, until my head ſhall be ſufficiently furniſhed to be able to compare and chuſe. This method is not without inconveniencies; I know it; but it anſwered my purpoſe as to my object of inſtruction. At the end of ſeveral years ſpent in thinking exactly with others, without reflection, in a manner, and almoſt without reaſoning, I found I had a good ſtock of knowledge to ſuffice to myſelf, and think without another's help. Then, when travelling and buſineſs deprived me of the means of conſulting books, I amuſed myſelf by calling over and comparing what I had read, weighing each thing in the balance of reaſon, and ſometimes judging my maſters. I did not find, that beginning to exerciſe my judicial faculties late had cauſed them in the leaſt to loſe their vigour; and when I had loſt my own ideas, I was not accuſed of having been a ſervile diſciple, and ſwear *in verba magiſtri*.

I paſſed from thence to elementary geometry; for I never went farther, determining to overcome my ſhort memory by means of going an hundred and an hundred times over the ſame thing,

thing, and inceſſantly recommence the ſame rout. I did not reliſh Euclid, who rather ſeeks the ſtring of demonſtrations than the connection of ideas; I preferred the geometry of Father Lami, who from that time became one of my favourite authors, whoſe works I ſtill read over again with pleaſure. Algebra followed, and it was ſtill Father Lami I took for a guide: when I was a little forwarder, I took the ſcience of Father Reynaud's Calculation, and afterwards his Analyſis Demonſtrated, which I only ran over. I never went far enough ſufficiently to underſtand the application of algebra to geometry. I was not fond of this method of operation without ſeeing what one is about; it ſeemed to me, that to reſolve a problem in geometry by equation, was playing a tune by turning round an handle. The firſt time I found, by calculation, that the ſquare of a binomical figure was compoſed of each of its parts, and of the double product of one by the other, although my multiplication was right, I would not believe it till I had made the figure. Not but I had a great taſte to algebra, conſidered as to abſtract quantity; but, applied to dimenſion, I muſt ſee the operation on the lines, otherwiſe I comprehended nothing more of it.

After this came Latin. It was my moſt painful ſtudy, and in which I never made great progreſs. I firſt applied myſelf to the Latin method of Port-Royal, but fruitleſsly. Their barbarous verſes ſickened me, and could not reach my ear. I loſt myſelf in ſo great a jumble of rules; for in learning the laſt, I forgot

forgot that which preceded it. The ſtudy of words is not for a man without memory, and it was preciſely to force my memory to capacity I was obſtinate in continuing this ſtudy. I was obliged to abandon it at laſt. I could conſtrue well enough to read an eaſy author by the help of a dictionary. I followed this rout, and found it did very well. I applied to tranſlation, not in writing but mental, and kept to it. By time and exerciſe I attained reading off-hand pretty well the Latin authors, but never was able to ſpeak or write that language; which has often confuſed me, when I was, I don't know how, enrolled among men of letters. Another inconvenience in conſequence of this method of learning is, I never knew proſody, much leſs the rules of verſification. Deſiring, however, to feel the harmony of the language in verſe and proſe, I have made many attempts to attain it; but am convinced that without a maſter it is almoſt impoſſible. Having learnt the compoſition of the eaſieſt of all verſe, which is an hexameter, I had the patience to ſcan almoſt all Virgil, and meaſure feet and quantity: when I was in doubt of a ſyllable's being long or ſhort, 'twas my Virgil I conſulted. This, as may be imagined, led me into many errors, becauſe of the alterations permitted by the rules of verſification. But if there is any advantage in ſtudying alone, there is likewiſe great inconveniencies. I know it better than any one.

Before noon I quitted my books, and if dinner was not ready, I paid a viſit to my friends the

the pigeons, or worked in the garden till that hour. When I heard myſelf called, I ran very happy, and provided with a good appetite; for it is worthy notice, that, however ill I might be, my appetite never failed. We dined very agreeably, chattering on our affairs, till Mamma could eat. Two or three times a week, when it was fine, we went behind the houſe to take coffee in a little cabin, cool and buſhy, which I had garniſhed with hops, that gave us great pleaſure during the heat; we ſpent a ſhort hour there, examining our vegetables and flowers, and in converſations relative to our manner of life, which cauſed us the more to feel its ſweetneſs. I had another little family at the end of the garden; 'twas bees. I ſeldom failed, and often Mamma with me, to pay them a viſit; I was much delighted with their labour; I was infinitely amuſed in ſeeing them return from plundering, their little thighs ſometimes ſo loaded they could hardly move. At firſt, my curioſity made me indiſcreet, and I was ſtung two or three times; but we afterwards got ſo well acquainted, that, however near I went, they did not trouble me, and, however full the hives might me, ready to ſwarm, I was ſometimes encompaſſed by them, they came on my hands and face, without one of them ever ſtinging me. All animals miſtruſt man, and can't be blamed; but are they once ſure he won't injure them, their confidence becomes ſo great, he muſt be more than a barbarian that abuſes it.

I returned to my books; but my occupations of the afternoon deſerved much leſs the name

name of labour and ſtudy than of recreation and amuſement. I never could bear the application of the cloſet after dinner, and in general all trouble hung heavy during the heat of the day. I employed myſelf, however, but without conſtraint, and almoſt without rule, in reading without ſtudying. The things I followed moſt punctually were hiſtory and geography, and, as they did not demand the application of the mind, I made as much progreſs in them as my bad memory permitted. I wanted to ſtudy Father Pétau, and deſcended into the obſcure manſions of chronology: but I grew diſguſted at the critical parts which have neither bottom nor banks; and I was inclined to prefer the exact meaſure of time, and the motion of the celeſtial bodies. I ſhould have even taken a taſte to aſtronomy, had I had any inſtruments; but I muſt be contented with a few elements taken from books, and a few rough obſervations made with a teleſcope, only to know the general ſituation of the heavens; for my dim ſight did not permit me to diſtinguiſh the planets clearly with the naked eye. I recollect an adventure on this ſubject whoſe remembrance has often made me laugh. I bought a celeſtial planiſphere to ſtudy the conſtellations. I placed this planiſphere on a frame; the night and the heavens were ſerene; I went into the garden to fix my frame on four ſtakes of my height; the planiſphere turned downwards, and to light it that the wind did not blow out my candle, I put it into a bucket on the ground between the four ſtakes; then looking alternately

alternately at the planiſphere with my eye, and the planets with my teleſcope, I exerciſed myſelf in a knowledge of the ſtars and diſcerning the conſtellations. I think I have mentioned the garden of M. Noiret forming a terrace; you could ſee from the road every thing which paſſed. One evening ſome peaſants going by pretty late, ſaw me, in a groteſque attire, employed at this operation. The glimmering light which gave down on my planiſphere, of which they did not ſee the cauſe, becauſe the candle was hid from them by the ſides of the bucket, the four ſtakes, the large paper beſmeared with figures, the frame and the motion of my teleſcope they ſaw go backwards and forwards, gave to the whole affair an air of conjuration which terrified them. My dreſs was not adapted to remove their fears: a flapped hat over my cap, and a hood of Mamma's ſhe had obliged me to put on, offered to their view the image of a true ſorcerer, and as it was near midnight they did not in the leaſt doubt but the aſſembly of devils was commencing. Not very curious to ſee more of it, they ran off extremely alarmed, awakened their neighbours to inform them of their viſion; and the ſtory ran about ſo faſt, that the next day every one in the neighbourhood knew that the nocturnal aſſembly of witches was held at M. Noiret's. I don't know what this rumour might have produced, had not one of the peaſants, witneſs to my conjurations, carried his complaints the next day, to two Jeſuits who viſited us, and, without knowing the real affair,

fair, proviſionally undeceived them. They told us the ſtory, I told them the cauſe, and we laughed heartily. It was however reſolved, for fear of a relapſe, that I ſhould, in future, make my obſervations without light, and conſult the planiſphere in the houſe. Thoſe who have read, in the *Lettres de la Montagne*, my magic of Venice, will find, I am ſure, I had of long ſtanding a mighty calling to ſorcery.

This was my courſe of life at Charmettes, when I was not employed in any rural occupation; for that had always the preference, and in any thing which did not exceed my ſtrength I worked like a labourer: it is true, indeed, my extreme weakneſs left me on this article little more than the will. Beſides, I would do two things at once, for which reaſon neither of them was done well. I had put it into my head to gain memory by force; I ſtill perſiſted in learning a deal by heart. In order to this, I always carried a book with me, which with incredible trouble I ſtudied and called over as I worked. I don't know why the obſtinacy of theſe vain and continual efforts did not render me ſtupid. I certainly have learned Virgil's eclogues over and over twenty times, of which I don't know a ſingle word. I loſt or miſ-ſorted a multitude of books, from the habit I had of carrying them every where with me, to the dove-houſe, the garden, the orchard, or the vineyard. Employed on other things, I put my book at the foot of a tree or hedge; forgot to bring it from any place I had laid it; and often, in a

fortnight after, I have found it rotten or eaten by piſmires or ſnails. This ardour for learning became paſſion which made a blockhead of me, inceſſantly occupied as I was mumbling ſomething between my lips.

The writings of Port-Royal and the Oratory, being thoſe I moſtly read, had almoſt made me half a Janſeniſt, and, in ſpite of all my confidence, their tough theology ſometimes terrified me. The terrors of hell, that till then I very little dreaded, troubled my ſecurity by degrees, and, had not Mamma given eaſe to my mind, this frightful doctrine had at laſt quite diſordered me. My confeſſor, who was likewiſe hers, contributed his ſhare in keeping me ſteady. It was Father Hemet, a Jeſuit, a good and ſage old man, whoſe memory I ſhall always revere. Though a Jeſuit, he had the ſimplicity of a child, and his morality, leſs relaxed than mild, was preciſely neceſſary to balance the melancholy impreſſions of Janſeniſm. This good man, and his companion father Coppier, came often to ſee us at Charmettes, though the road was very rough and pretty long for people of their age. Their viſits were of great ſervice to me: I hope God will return it their ſouls; for they were then too old to preſume them ſtill alive. I went alſo to ſee them at Chambery; I grew by degrees familiar in their houſe; their library was at my ſervice. The remembrance of theſe happy times is connected with the Jeſuits ſo as to make me love one for the other; and though their doctrine always

always appeared dangerous, I never could find in me ſincerely to hate them.

I ſhould like to know whether there paſs in the minds of other men the like puerile notions which ſometimes paſſed in mine. Amidſt my ſtudies, and a life as innocent as man could lead, and in ſpite of all they ſaid to me, the fear of hell nevertheleſs often agitated me. I queſtioned myſelf thus: In what ſituation am I? Was I to die now, ſhould I be damned? According to my Janſeniſts, the thing was indubitable; but according to my conſcience, it appeared otherwiſe. Always in fear, and floating in this cruel uncertainty, I had recourſe, to get out of it, to the moſt laughable expedients, for which I would willingly ſhut a man up, was I to ſee him do the ſame. One day, muſing on this melancholy ſubject, I exerciſed myſelf mechanically in throwing ſtones at the trunks of the trees, and that with my uſual addreſs, that is, without hitting one of them. All at once, in the middle of this pretty exerciſe, I took it in my head to invent a kind of prognoſtic to calm my uneaſineſs. I ſay to myſelf, I will go now and throw this ſtone at the tree which faces me: if I hit it, ſign of ſalvation; if I miſs it, ſign of hell. In ſaying thus I throw my ſtone with a trembling hand, and with a horrible beating of the heart, but ſo fortunately, it went ſtraight to the body of the tree; which in fact was not very difficult; for I had taken care to chuſe it very large and very near. Since this I have never doubted of ſalvation. I

don't know in recalling this action whether I ſhould laugh or lament over myſelf. You great and eminent men, you laugh of courſe, congratulate yourſelves, but don't inſult my wretchedneſs, for I ſwear to you I feel it ſufficiently.

As to the reſt, theſe alarms, inſeparable perhaps from devotion, were not permanent. I was commonly pretty eaſy, and the impreſſion the idea of an approaching death made on my mind, was not ſo much melancholy as a peaceable languor, which had its delights too. I have lately found, among ſome old papers, a ſort of exhortation I made to myſelf, where I congratulated myſelf on dying at an age in which we have courage to face death, before we have experienced the ills of body or mind. How well I reaſoned! A miſgiving made me fear life for its ſufferings. It ſeemed I foreſaw the fate which awaited my old-age. I was never ſo near wiſdom as at this happy period. Without great remorſe for the paſt, delivered from the care of futurity, the ruling ſentiment of my mind was to enjoy the preſent. Devotees have in general a little ſenſuality, extremely keen, which makes them ſavour with delight the innocent pleaſures permitted them. Worldlings impute it to them as a crime, I don't know why, or rather I do know. It is becauſe they envy others the enjoyment of pleaſures for which they have loſt all taſte. I had this taſte, and found it pleaſing to ſatisfy it in ſurety of conſcience. My heart as yet new gave into all with the pleaſure of a child, or rather,

if

if I dare ſay ſo, with the voluptuouſneſs of an angel; for really theſe tranquil enjoyments have the ſerenity of thoſe of Paradiſe. Dinners dreſſed on the graſs at Montagnole, ſuppers in the harbour, gathering in the fruits, vintage, peeling flax in the evening with our people, theſe things were to us ſo many holidays, in which Mamma took as much pleaſure as myſelf. More ſolitary walks had ſtill greater charms, becauſe the mind could expand itſelf more freely. We took one amongſt other which forms an epocha in my memory, one St. Lewis's Day, whoſe name Mamma bore. We ſet out together, by ourſelves, early in the morning, after maſs a Carmelite came to ſay for us at break of day in a chapel adjoining the houſe. I propoſed going on the oppoſite ſide to that we were on, which we had not yet ſeen. We ſent our proviſions before us, for the race was to laſt the whole day. Mamma, though a little round and fat, did not walk ill; we went from hill to hill, and from copſe to copſe, ſometimes in the ſun, and often in the ſhade; repoſing from time to time, and forgetting ourſelves for hours together; chatting of ourſelves, our union, the mildneſs of our fate, and making prayers for its duration which were not heard. Every thing ſeemed to conſpire to the happineſs of this day. It had lately rained, no duſt, and brooks which finely purled. A gentle wind diſturbed the leaves, the air was pure, the horizon without a cloud; ſerenity reigned in the heavens as in our minds. Our dinner was dreſſed at a peaſant's, and divided with his

family, who heartily bleſſed us. What good kind of people theſe poor Savoyards are! After dinner we got under the ſhade of ſome large trees, where, whilſt I gathered ſome bits of dry wood to make the coffee, Mamma amuſed herſelf herbalizing amongſt the buſhes, and with the flowers of a noſegay that in going along I had picked her up: ſhe remarked to me, in their ſtructure, a thouſand curious things which greatly delighted me, and ought to have given me a reliſh for botany; but the time was not yet come; I was taken off by too many other ſtudies. An idea which ſtruck me diverted me from flowers and plants. The ſituation of mind I was in, all we ſaid and did that day, every object which ſtruck me, brought to my remembrance the ſort of dream which, quite awake, I had at Annecy ſeven or eight years before, of which I gave an account in its place. The affinity was ſo ſtriking, that in reflecting on it I was moved to tears. In tranſports of tenderneſs I embraced my lovely friend. Mamma, Mamma, ſaid I to her with fondneſs, this day has been long promiſed me, and I ſee nothing which can ſurpaſs it. My happineſs, thanks to you, is now at its meridian; may it never more decline! May it laſt as long as I conſerve the wiſh for it! it will finiſh but with me.

Thus my happy hours glided away, and ſo much the happier, as I perceived nothing that could trouble them; I expected their end, in fact, only with mine. Not that the ſource of my cares was abſolutely ſtopped; but I ſaw it take another courſe, which I directed, as well as

as I could, towards uſeful objects, in order that it might carry its remedy with it. Mamma was naturally fond of the country, and this inclination did not cool in me. By little and little ſhe inclined to rural cares; ſhe loved the cultivation of land, and had ſome knowledge of it, which ſhe made uſe of with delight. Not contented with that which belonged to the houſe ſhe had taken, ſhe ſometimes hired a field, ſometimes a meadow. In fine, carrying her enterprizing humour to objects of agriculture, inſtead of remaining unemployed in her houſe, ſhe took the road to becoming a great farmer. I was not fond of ſeeing her thus extend her views, and oppoſed it with all my might; certain ſhe would be continually cheated, and that her liberal and prodigal humour would always carry the expence beyond the produce. However, I conſoled myſelf by thinking that this produce would not at leaſt be uſeleſs, and would help her to live. Of all the undertakings ſhe could form, this appeared to be the leaſt ruinous; and without looking on it, as ſhe did, as an object of profit, I ſaw it as a continual occupation which would ſhield her againſt worſe buſineſs and ſharpers. In this notion I ardently deſired to recover as much health and ſtrength as would be neceſſary to mind her buſineſs, to be overſeer of her labourers, or her head-labourer; and, naturally, the exerciſe it cauſed me, taking me from my books, and diverting me from my condition, muſt have made it eaſier.

The following winter, Barillot, returning

from Italy, brought me a few books, amongſt them the Bontempi and la Cartella per Muſica of Father Banchieri, which gave me a reliſh for the hiſtory of muſic and the theoretical reſearches on this charming art. Barillot remained ſome time with us, and as I was of age ſome months ſince, it was agreed I ſhould go the following ſpring to Geneva, to receive my mother's heritage, or at leaſt that part which belonged to me, till it could be known what was become of my brother. It was put in execution, as had been reſolved. I went to Geneva; my father came there alſo. For a long while he had come there again as he pleaſed, without their oppoſing it, though he had not juſtified himſelf of the accuſation; but as they eſteemed his courage, and reſpected his probity, they feigned having forgot the affair, and the magiſtrates, employed on the grand project which appeared ſoon after, would not rouſe the citizens before the time, in renewing mal-a-propos their ancient partiality.

I feared meeting difficulties as to the change of my religion; they did not make one. The laws of Geneva are in this reſpect leſs rigid than thoſe of Berne, where, whoever changes his religion, loſes not only his freedom, but his eſtate. Mine was not therefore diſputed, but was reduced, I don't know how, to a very triſle. Though they were almoſt ſure of the death of my brother, there was no legal proof: I was not ſufficiently entitled to claim his ſhare, and left it without regret to aſſiſt my father, who enjoyed it till his death. As ſoon as the formality of juſtice was got through, and

and I had received my money, I laid ſome of it out on books, and ran to carry the reſt to Mamma. My heart beat with joy on the road, and the moment I put this money into her hands was a thouſand times more charming than that which brought it into mine. She received it with the ſimplicity of noble minds, which, doing things of that ſort without effort, ſee them without admiration. Almoſt all this money was laid out on me, and that with the ſame ſimplicity. Its uſe had been the ſame, had it come from any other quarter.

I did not, however, recover my health. I, on the contrary, decayed viſibly. I was as pale as death, and as thin as a ſkeleton. My beating of the arteries was terrible, my palpitations more frequent; I was continually oppreſſed, and my weakneſs became, at laſt, ſo great, I moved with trouble; I could not haſten my ſteps without ſtifling, I could not ſtoop without giddineſs, I could not lift the lighteſt thing; I was reduced to the moſt torturing inaction, to a ſtirring man like me. It is certain the vapours made a part of all this. Vapours is the diſeaſe of happy minds; 'twas mine: the tears I often ſhed without ſubject, the violent dread at the noiſe of a leaf or bird, the unequal humour in the calm of a happy life, all theſe things proved the heavineſs of an eaſy being, which makes, in a manner, ſenſibility grow dotiſh. We are ſo little made for happineſs here below, it is neceſſary the mind or body ſhould ſuffer, if not both; and the good condition of one generally hurts the other. Had I been able deli-

ciouſly to enjoy life, my decaying frame prevented it, without the poſſibility of knowing the true ſeat of the cauſe of the diſorder. In proceſs of time, in ſpite of declining age and real and very ſerious illneſs, my body ſeems to recover its ſtrength, the better to feel its miſery; and now that I am writing this, infirm and near ſixty, overwhelmed with affliction of every ſort, I find in myſelf, for ſuffering, more vigour and life than I had for enjoyment at the flower of youth, and in the boſom of real happineſs.

To finiſh my own hiſtory, having brought a little phyſiology in my ſtudies, I began to ſtudy anatomy; and reviewing the multitude and action of the pieces which compoſed my own frame, I expected to feel it disjointed twenty times a day; far from being ſurpriſed that I was dying, I was ſurpriſed I was alive, and never read the deſcription of a diſorder which I did not think my own. I am certain, that, had I not been ill, this fatal ſtudy would have made me ſo. Finding in each diſorder ſymptoms of mine, I thought I had them all, and got one ſtill more cruel, of which I thought I was delivered; the notion of being curable: 'tis a difficult one to avoid, when you read treatiſes on medicine. By dint of ſearching, reflecting, comparing, I was on the point of imagining the baſis of my diſorder was a polypus on the heart, and Salomon himſelf ſeemed ſtruck with this idea. I ought reaſonably to have departed from this opinion, to confirm myſelf in my preceding reſolution. I did not do ſo. I ſet all the ſprings of my mind to work to find a cure for a polypus on the

the heart, reſolved to undertake this marvellous cure. In a journey Anet made to Montpellier to ſee a garden of plants belonging to the Demonſtrator M. Sauvages, he heard there M. Fizes cured a like polypus. Mamma remembered and ſpoke to me of it. I wanted nothing more to fill me with a deſire of going to conſult M. Fizes. The hopes of recovering made courage and ſtrength return to undertake the journey. The money from Geneva furniſhed the means. Mamma, far from diſſuading, exhorts me to it; ſo I am off for Montpellier.

I had no occaſion to go ſo far to find the doctor I wanted. The horſe tiring me too much, I took a chaiſe at Grenoble. At Moirans five or ſix other chaiſes came up in a row with mine. Now it was really the litter adventure. The greateſt part of theſe chaiſes were the retinue of a new-married woman, whoſe name was Madam de ***. With her was another lady, Madam N***, not ſo young or pretty as Madam de ***, but as amiable, and who was to continue her journey from Romans, where the firſt lady was to ſtop, as far as ***, near the bridge of the Holy Ghoſt. With the timidity I am known to have, it is expected an acquaintance was not ſoon made with brilliant ladies and the ſuite which accompanied them; but, at laſt, going the ſame road, lodging at the ſame inns, and, on pain of paſſing for an unſociable fellow, obliged to come to the ſame table, this acquaintance was forcibly made: it was made then, and even ſooner than I deſired; for all this noiſe and figure did not much ſuit a ſick man, and particularly a ſick man of my humour.

mour. But curioſity makes the jades ſo inſinuating, that, in order to know a man, they begin by turning his brain. Thus it happened to me. Madam de ***, too much ſurrounded by her young curs, had not much time to eye me, and beſides, it was not worth while, as we were ſeparating; but Madam N***, not ſo beſet, had a proviſion to make for her journey: Madam N*** undertakes me, ſo farewel poor Jean-Jacques, or rather farewel fever, vapours, polypus, all depart at her preſence, except certain palpitations which remained, of which ſhe would not cure me. The bad ſtate of my health was the firſt text of our acquaintance. They ſaw I was ill, knew I was going to Montpellier, and my look and manner could not announce a debauchee; it was clear by the ſequel they did not ſuſpect I was going to the gruel warehouſe. Though an ill ſtate of health is not a recommendation to the ladies, it rendered me intereſting to them. In the morning they ſent to aſk after my health, and to invite me to take chocolate with them; they muſt know how I had paſſed the night. Once, according to my laudable cuſtom of ſpeaking before I thought, I told them I did not know. This anſwer inclined them to think me ſilly; they examined me farther, and this examination was not unfavourable to me. I heard Madam de *** ſay to her friend, He is unacquainted with the world, but he is amiable. This encouraged me much, and cauſed me to become ſo in effect.

Growing familiar, I muſt ſpeak of myſelf, ſay

ſay where I came from, who I was. This embarraſſed me; for I knew very well, that, in good company, and with coquettes, this word of a new convert would deſtroy me. I don't know from what whimſey I took it in my head to paſs for an Engliſhman. I called myſelf a Jacobite, they took me as ſuch; I ſaid my name was Dudding, and was called M. Dudding. A curſed Marquis of ***, who was there, ill like me, older too, and ill-natured enough, muſt begin a converſation with M. Dudding. He talked to me of King James, of the Pretender, of the ancient Court of St. Germain; I was on thorns. I knew no more of it than I had read in the Count of Hamilton, and in the newſpapers; I however made ſo good uſe of this little, I got out of the hobble: happy on not being queſtioned on the Engliſh language, of which I did not know a ſingle word.

Every one of the company was very agreeable, and ſaw with regret the hour of ſeparation. We went a ſnail's journey. We came to Marcellin on a Sunday; Madam N*** would go to maſs; I went with her; that had nearly ſpoiled all. I behaved as I have always done. By my modeſt and reſerved countenance ſhe thought me devout, and began to have a poor opinion of me, as ſhe owned two days afterwards. I was under the neceſſity of a deal of gallantry to wipe off this bad impreſſion; or, rather, Madam N***, like an experienced woman, who was not eaſily repulſed, thought proper to run the hazard of her advances to ſee how I might behave.

have. She made me many, and ſuch, that, far from preſuming on my perſon, I thought ſhe jeered me. From this folly there was not a blunder but I was guilty of; 'twas worſe than the Marquis du Legs. Madam N*** held it out, gave me ſo many glances, ſaid ſuch tender things, a man, much leſs ſtupid, had been puzzled to take it ſeriouſly. The more ſhe did, the more ſhe confirmed my idea; and that which tortured me moſt was, that I took fire in earneſt. I ſaid to myſelf, and to her with a ſigh, Ah! why is not this true? I ſhould be the happieſt of men. I believe my ſimplicity as a novice did but irritate her fancy; ſhe would not be diſappointed.

We left Madam de *** and her attendants at Romans. We continued our road as ſlowly and agreeably as poſſible, Madam N***, the Marquis of ***, and myſelf. The Marquis, though ill and grumbling, was a good ſort of a man, but who did not love to eat bread with roaſt meat in ſight. Madam N*** took ſo little pains to hide her inclination to me, that he perceived it before me, and his arch ſarcaſms ought at leaſt to have created more confidence than I had in the lady's kindneſs, if by an untoward thought, whereof I alone was capable, I had not imagined they had agreed to ridicule me. This ſtupid idea quite turned my head, and made me act the flatteſt perſonage, in a ſituation where my heart, being really caught, might have dictated a brilliant one. I can't conceive how Madam N*** was not diſguſted at my aukward figure, or did not diſmiſs me in the greateſt diſdain.

diſdain. But ſhe was a woman of ſenſe, who could diſcern her man, and who plainly ſaw there was more ſtupidity than coolneſs in my proceedings.

She at laſt made herſelf underſtood; but it was not without trouble. We arrived at Valence to dinner, and, according to our laudable cuſtom, we ſpent the reſt of the day there. We lodged without the city, at the St. Jacques. I ſhall for ever remember that inn, as well as the room Madam N*** had taken. After dinner ſhe would take a turn; ſhe knew the Marquis could not go out: 'twas the method of procuring a tête à-tête, of which ſhe was reſolved to make the beſt; for no more time could be loſt to have ſome remain for uſe. We walked round the outſide of the city, along the ditch. There I returned to my long ſtory of complaints, to which ſhe replied in ſo tender a tone, ſqueezing my hand, which ſhe held, ſometimes to her heart, that nothing but a ſtupidity like mine could ſuſpect her being ſerious. The moſt extraordinary of all was myſelf being exceſſively moved. I have already ſaid ſhe was amiable; love made her charming, and rendered her all the ſplendor of her prime of youth, and ſhe ordered her glancings with ſo much art, ſhe had ſeduced a ſtatue. I was therefore very little at my eaſe, and always on the point of licentiouſneſs. But the fear of offending or diſpleaſing, the ſtill greater dread of being hooted, hiſſed, laughed at, being the talk at table, being complimented on my ſucceſs by the unmerciful Marquis, made me full of

of indignation againſt myſelf for my ſtupid baſhfulneſs, and which I was not able to overcome by reproaching myſelf. I was on the rack; I had already left off my tales of Celadon, though I felt how ridiculous it was in ſo fine a train; not knowing what countenance to keep or ſay, I ſaid nothing, I had the air of a diſcontented perſon; in fine, I did every thing neceſſary to draw on myſelf the treatment I dreaded. Luckily, Madam N*** took a more humane method. She haſtily broke this ſilence by throwing her arm round my neck, and in an inſtant her lips ſpoke too plainly on mine to leave me any longer in error. The criſis could not happen more a-propos. I became loving. It was time. She gave me that confidence, the want of which has always hindered me from being myſelf. I was ſo this time. Never had my eyes, ſenſes, heart, or mouth, ſpoke ſo well before; never did I ſo amply repair my faults; and, if this trifling conqueſt coſt Madam N*** ſome trouble, I had reaſon to think ſhe did not regret it.

Was I to live an hundred years, I ſhould always recal with pleaſure the remembrance of this charming woman. I ſay charming, though ſhe was neither pretty nor young; but not being ugly or old, ſhe had nothing in her perſon which prevented her wit and grace to have all their effect. Quite contrary to other women, her freſhneſs appeared leaſt in her face; I believe rouge had ſpoiled it. She had reaſons for her facility; 'twas the method of ſhewing herſelf to advantage. You might ſee her

her and not love her, but not poſſeſs her without adoring her; which proves, I think, ſhe was not always ſo prodigal of her kindneſs as with me. She had a taſte too prompt and violent to be excuſable, but where the heart went at leaſt as much as the ſenſes; and during the ſhort and delightful inſtants I paſſed with her, I had reaſon to believe, by the forced reſtraints ſhe impoſed on me, that, though ſenſual and voluptuous, ſhe loved my health more than her pleaſure.

Our intelligence did not eſcape the Marquis. He did not banter me the leſs: on the contrary, he treated me more than ever as a poor chilled lover, a martyr to the rigours of his miſtreſs. He never let fall a word, a ſmile, a look, which could make me ſuſpect he gueſſed us; and I had believed him our dupe, had not Madam N***, who ſaw farther than me, told me he was not, but that he was a gentleman; in fact, it was impoſſible for a man to carry himſelf genteeler or behave with more politeneſs than he always did, even towards me, except his pleaſantry, particularly ſince my ſucceſs: he attributed the honour, perhaps, to me, and ſuppoſed me leſs a blockhead than I appeared; he was miſtaken, as you have ſeen, but that's no matter; I benefitted by his error, and it is certain that I, being then on the right ſide, laughed heartily and with a good grace at his epigrams, and ſometimes returned them happily enough, quite proud of claiming the honour, in Madam N***'s company, of the wit ſhe gave me. I was no longer the ſame man.

We

We were in a country and a ſeaſon of plenty. We enjoyed it excellently every where, thanks to the kind offices of the Marquis. I had wiſhed, however, he had not extended them quite to our chambers; but he always ſent his lackey forward to take them, and the rogue, whether of himſelf, or whether by order of his maſter, always put him next to Madam N***, and thruſt me into the farther end of the houſe; but that gave me little trouble, for our meetings were the more poignant. This delightful life laſted four or five days, during which I was intoxicated with the moſt charming pleaſure. I taſted it pure, lively, without the leaſt mixture of pain. This was the firſt and the ſole I have thus taſted; and I may ſay, I am indebted to Madam N***, for not having died without knowing pleaſure.

If what I felt for her was not preciſely love, it was at leaſt ſo tender a return for that ſhe ſhewed me, 'twas a ſenſuality ſo heated by pleaſure, and an intimacy ſo ſweet in converſation, it had all the charms of paſſion without its delirium, which turns the brain and prevents enjoyment. I never felt true love but once in my life, and that was not with her. I did not love her, neither, as I had and as I did love Madam de Warens; but that was the only reaſon I poſſeſſed her a thouſand times more. With Mamma, my pleaſure was always troubled by ſadneſs, by a ſecret oppreſſion of the heart I could not ſurmount without pain: inſtead of congratulating myſelf on poſſeſſing her, I reproached myſelf of

of having debaſed her. With Madam N***, on the contrary, proud of being a man and happy, I gave into ſenſe with joy, with confidence; I partook of the impreſſion I made on hers; I was enough myſelf to contemplate my triumph with as much vanity as voluptuouſneſs, and to draw from that ſufficient to redouble it.

I don't recollect where we quitted the Marquis, who was of that country; but we were alone before we arrived at Montelimar, and then Madam N*** fixed her maid in my chaiſe, and I went with her in hers. I aſſure you we were not tired of the length of our journey in this manner, and I ſhould be troubled to give the leaſt account of the country we paſſed through. At Montelimar ſhe had buſineſs, which detained her three days, during which ſhe quitted me, however, but a quarter of an hour for a viſit, which brought on her ſome mortifying importunities and invitations ſhe took care not to accept. Her pretext was indiſpoſition, which nevertheleſs did not prevent us taking a turn every day by ourſelves in the fineſt country and in the fineſt climate in the world. Oh, thoſe three days! I ought ſometimes to regret them; the like have never returned.

Travelling amours are not made to laſt. We muſt ſeparate, and I own it was time; not that I was ſatiated or beginning to be ſo: it engaged me every day more; but, in ſpite of all my miſtreſs's diſcretion, little more remained than the will. We flattered our regrets by the plan of a re-union. It was determined, that,

that, as this regimen was good for me, I ſhould make uſe of it, and go paſs the winter at ***, under the direction of Madam N***. I was to ſtay at Montpellier five or ſix weeks only, to give her time to prepare things ſo as to prevent babble She gave me ample inſtructions on all I ought to know, on what I ought to ſay, and the manner I ſhould carry myſelf. In the mean time we were to write to each other. She talked a great deal, and ſeriouſly, on the attention to my health; exhorted me to conſult men of experience, to be extremely attentive to all they preſcribed, and undertook, however ſevere their preſcriptions might be, to make me execute them when with her. I believe ſhe ſpoke ſincerely, for ſhe loved me; ſhe gave me a thouſand proofs of it, more certain than favours. She judged by my equipment I did not wallow in opulence; though ſhe was not herſelf rich, ſhe inſiſted, at our ſeparation, I ſhould partake of her purſe ſhe brought from Grenoble pretty well garniſhed, and I had much trouble to excuſe myſelf. I quitted her at laſt, with a heart full of her, and ſhe, I thought, with a real attachment for me.

I finiſhed my journey by beginning it again in my mind, and, for once, extremely ſatisfied at being in a convenient chaiſe to meditate, at my eaſe, on the pleaſures I had taſted, and thoſe which were promiſed me. I thought of nothing but ***, and the charming hours which awaited me there. I ſaw nothing but Madam N***, and that which ſurrounded her. The reſt of the univerſe was nothing for me; even Mamma was forgot. I was employed

ployed in combining in my head every detail into which Madam N*** entered, to give me before-hand an idea of her dwelling, her neighbourhood, her ſociety, of her whole method of living. She had a daughter, of whom ſhe often ſpoke with extreme fondneſs. This daughter was more than fifteen; ſhe was lively, charming, and of an amiable character. I had a promiſe of being careſſed by her; I did not forget this promiſe, and was curious in imagining how Miſs N*** would treat her Mamma's gallant. Theſe were the ſubjects of my meditation from the Bridge of the Holy Ghoſt quite to Remoulin. I was told to ſee the Pont-du-Gard. I did not fail. After breakfaſting on excellent figs, I took a guide, and went to ſee the Pont-du-Gard. It was the firſt I had ſeen of the works of the Romans. I expected to find a monument worthy the hands which conſtructed it. This once the object ſurpaſſed my expectations; it was the only once in my life. It belonged to Romans only to produce this effect. The aſpect of this ſimple and noble work ſtruck me ſo much the more, as it is in the middle of a deſert, whoſe ſilence and ſolitude render the object more ſtriking, and our admiration more lively; for this pretended bridge was no more than an aqueduct. We aſk ourſelves what power has tranſported theſe enormous ſtones ſo far from any quarry, or united the hands of ſo many thouſand people in a place where there is not a ſingle one? I went up the three ſtories of this ſuperb edifice, which reſpect almoſt prevented me from treading on. The ſound of my ſteps under theſe immenſe

immenſe vaults made me imagine I heard the magnanimous voices of thoſe who built them. I was loſt like an inſect in this immenſity. I felt every thing by making myſelf nothing, and I don't know what elevated my ſoul; I ſaid to myſelf with a ſigh, Why am not I a Roman! I remained there ſeveral hours in a raviſhing contemplation. I returned diverted and meditating, and this meditation was not favourable to Madam N***. She took care to forewarn me of the girls of Montpellier, but not of the Pont-du-Gard. One can't think of every thing.

At Niſmes I went to ſee the Amphitheatre; 'tis a more magnificent building than the Pont-du-Gard, but which made much leſs impreſſion on me, whether my admiration was weakened by the firſt object, or that the ſituation of the other in the middle of a city was leſs adapted to excite it. This vaſt and ſuperb circus is ſurrounded by little dirty houſes, and other houſes leſs and dirtier fill the Amphitheatre; ſo that the whole produces but an unequal and confuſed effect, where regret and indignation ſtifle pleaſure and ſurpriſe. Since this I have ſeen the circus of Verona, infinitely leſs as to ſize and beauty than that of Niſmes, but kept in order, and preſerved with all poſſible decency and cleanneſs, and which from thence only made a much ſtronger and more agreeable impreſſion on me. The French are careful of nothing, nor reſpect any monument. They are all fire for undertaking, and cannot finiſh or keep in order any thing.

I was changed to ſuch a point, and my ſenſuality,

ſuality, put in motion, was ſo well awakened, I ſtopped one day at Pont-de-Lunel to feaſt myſelf with a company I found there. This tavern, the moſt eſteemed in Europe, at that time merited it. Thoſe who kept it knew how to make the moſt of its happy ſituation, to keep it abundantly ſupplied with choice proviſions. It was really curious to find, in a lone houſe, in the middle of a plain, a table ſupplied with freſh and ſea fiſh, excellent game, fine wines, ſerved with thoſe attentions and care you meet with at the houſes of the rich and great only, and all this for thirty-five ſous. But the Pont-de-Lunel did not long remain on this footing, and, by continually wearing out its reputation, it at laſt loſt it entirely.

I had forgot on my road I was ill, and recollected it only on my arrival at Montpellier. My vapours were quite cured, but all my other diſorders remained; and though, from habit, I felt them leſs, 'twas ſufficient to believe one's ſelf dead, to him who ſhould be attacked by them all at once. In fact, they were leſs painful than dreadful, and cauſed the mind to ſuffer more than the body, whoſe deſtruction they ſeemed to announce. This was the reaſon that, diverted by lively paſſions, I thought no more of my ſituation; but, as it was not imaginary, I felt it as ſoon as I was cool. I therefore thought ſeriouſly on the advice of Madam N***, and on the intention of my journey. I went and conſulted the moſt noted practitioners, particularly M. Fizes, and from a ſuperabundance of precaution I boarded

boarded at a phyſician's. 'Twas an Iriſhman, named Fitz-Moris, who kept a table for a number of ſtudents in medicine: it was very convenient for patients, as M. Fitz-Moris contented himſelf with a decent price for board, and took nothing of his boarders for his attendance as phyſician. He undertook the execution of M. Fizes's preſcriptions, and to take care of my health. He acquitted himſelf well of this employment, as to regimen; no indigeſtions were heard of at his houſe: and though I am not very ſenſible to privations of this ſort, the objects of compariſon were ſo near, I could not help finding ſometimes in myſelf that M. *** was a better provider than M. Fitz-Moris. However, as we were not ſtarved, and that theſe youths were quite gay, this manner of living really did me good, and prevented my falling again into languor. I ſpent the morning in taking drugs, particularly I don't know what waters, I believe the waters of Vals, and writing to Madam N***; for our correſpondence kept its courſe, and Rouſſeau undertook to receive Dudding's letters. At twelve I took a turn to the Canourgue, with a few of our young boarders, who were all good fellows; we reaſſembled, went to dinner. After dinner an important buſineſs occupied the moſt of us till the evening: this was going out of town to play the price of the afternoon's collation at two or three games of mall. I did not play; I had neither ſtrength nor adreſs; but I betted, and following, with the intereſt in the bet, the players and the bowls acroſs rugged roads

roads, and full of ſtones, I uſed an agreeable and ſalutary exerciſe which agreed with me very well. We took our collation without the city. I have no occaſion to ſay theſe collations were gay, but I will add they were pretty decent, though the landlord's daughters were pretty. M. Fitz-Moris, a great player at mall, was our preſident; and I will ſay, in oppoſition to the bad reputation of the ſtudents, I found more morality and decency among theſe youths, than it would be eaſy to find among the ſame number of men. They were more noiſy than intemperate, more gay than libertine; and I get up ſo eaſily to a train of method when it is voluntary, I had deſired nothing better than to ſee that always laſt. There were ſeveral Iriſhmen among theſe ſtudents, from whom I endeavoured to learn ſome words of Engliſh, by way of precaution for the ***; for the time of going there approached. Madam N*** preſſed me to it every poſt, and I prepared to obey her. It is clear my phyſicians, who underſtood nothing of my diſorder, regarded it as an imaginary illneſs, and treated me on this footing with their waters and their whey; entirely in contradiction to theologians, phyſicians, and philoſophers, who admit as true only what they can explain, and make of their underſtanding the meaſure of poſſibilities. Theſe gentlemen knew nothing of my diſorder; therefore I had none: for how ſuppoſe that doctors don't know all? I ſaw they only ſought to amuſe and make me ſpend my money, and judging their ſubſtitute *** might do that as well as they, but more agreeably,

I reſolved to give her the preference, and left Montpellier with this ſage intention.

I ſet off, near the end of November, after ſix weeks or two months reſidence in this city, where I left a dozen of guineas without any benefit to my health or inſtruction, except a courſe of anatomy begun under M. Fitz-Moris, which I was obliged to abandon from the horrible ſtench of the bodies they diſſected, and which it was impoſſible I could ſupport.

Inwardly uneaſy at the reſolution I had taken, I reflected on it as I advanced towards the Pont St. Eſprit, which was equally the road to *** and Chambery. The remembrance of Mamma and her letters, though leſs frequent than thoſe from Madam N****, awakened in my heart the remorſes I had ſtifled during my firſt journey. They became ſo violent on my return, that, balancing love with pleaſure, it put me in a ſituation of liſtening to reaſon only. Firſt, in the character of adventurer I was going to recommence, I might be leſs happy than the firſt time; nothing was wanting in all ***, but a ſingle perſon who had been in England, who knew the Engliſh, or their language, to unmaſk me. Madam N***'s family might ſhew ſome ill-humours, and treat me uncivilly. Her daughter, on whom I ſtill thought more than I ought to have done, gave me uneaſineſs.

I dreaded becoming amorous, and this fear did more than half the buſineſs. Was I then going, as a return for the mother's kindneſs, to endeavour to corrupt her daughter, join the moſt deteſtable connections, bring diſſention, diſhonour,

diſhonour, ſcandal, and hell on her houſe? This thought appeared horrible; I therefore took the firm reſolution of combatting and vanquiſhing this unhappy turn, ſhould it happen to declare itſelf. But why expoſe myſelf to this conflict? What a miſerable ſtate to live with the mother, by whom I ſhould be cloyed, and burn for the daughter without daring to declare it? What neceſſity of ſeeking this ſtate, and expoſing myſelf to ills, affronts, remorſe, for pleaſures whoſe greateſt charms I had exhauſted; for it is certain my fancy had loſt its firſt vivacity. The reliſh of pleaſure ſtill remained, but the paſſion was no more. To this were mixed reflections relative to my ſituation, my duty, and to this Mamma ſo kind, ſo generous, who, already loaded with debts, was more ſo by my fooliſh expences, who drained herſelf for me, and whom I was going ſo baſely to deceive. This reproach became ſo violent, it carried it at laſt. In approaching St. Eſprit, I took the reſolution to burn the magazine from ***, and go ſtraight on. I executed it courageouſly, with a few ſighs, I own; but alſo with that inward ſatisfaction I taſted for the firſt time in my life, when I could ſay to myſelf, I deſerve my own eſteem; I can prefer my duty to my pleaſures. This was the firſt real obligation I had to reading. 'Twas that which taught me to reflect and compare. After having adopted principles ſo pure not long before; after thoſe rules of wiſdom and virtue I had made myſelf, and that I felt myſelf ſo ambitious to follow; the ſhame of being ſo little conſiſtent

with myſelf, to belie ſo ſoon and ſo openly my own maxims, got the better of pleaſure: pride had, perhaps, as great a ſhare in my reſolution as virtue; but if this pride is not virtue, it produces effects ſo like it, the miſtake is pardonable.

One of the advantages of good actions is to raiſe the ſoul and diſpoſe it to better: for ſuch is human weakneſs, one muſt add to the number of good actions an abſtinence from the evil we are tempted to commit. The moment I had taken my reſolution, I became another man, or rather became that I was before, and which this hour of intoxication had cauſed to diſappear. Full of good ſentiments and good reſolutions, I continued my journey in the prudent intention of expiating my fault; thinking to regulate my future conduct by the laws of virtue, to conſecrate myſelf without reſerve to the beſt of mothers, to promiſe her as much fidelity as I had attachment, and to liſten to no other love than that of my duty. Alas! the ſincerity of my return to prudence ſeemed to promiſe me another deſtiny; but mine was written and already began; and when my heart, filled with the love of right and honeſt things, ſaw nought but innocence and bleſſings in life, I had reached the fatal moment which was to drag with it the long ſtring of my misfortunes.

My eagerneſs to get home had made me more diligent than I intended: I had written to her from Valence the day and hour of my arrival. Having gained half a day on my calculation, I ſtaid that time at Chaparillan, in order

order to arrive juſt at the moment I had fixed. I would taſte in all its delight the pleaſure of ſeeing her again. I choſe rather to defer it a little, to add to it that of being expected. This precaution had always ſucceeded. I always obſerved my arrival diſtinguiſhed by a kind of holiday: I expected no leſs this time, and this eagerneſs about me, of which I was ſo ſenſible, was worth taking care of.

I thus arrived exactly at the hour. From a great diſtance I kept looking to ſee her in the road; my heart beat more and more ſtill as I drew near. I come in, quite out of breath; for I had left my carriage in town: I ſee nobody in the court, at the door, or the window; I begin to be uneaſy; I dread ſome accident. I go in, all is quiet; ſome workmen were eating in the kitchen; as to the reſt, no preparation. The ſervant appeared ſurpriſed to ſee me; ſhe was ignorant of my being expected. I go up, I ſee her at laſt, this dear Mamma, ſo purely, ſo tenderly, ſo paſſionately loved; I run, I throw myſelf at her feet. Ah! there thou art, my little one, ſaid ſhe, and embraced me; haſt thou had a pleaſant journey? How doſt thou do? This reception put me a little to the ſtand. I aſked her if ſhe had received my letter? She told me ſhe had. I ſhould not think ſo, ſaid I; and the explanation ended there. There was a young man with her. I knew him, having ſeen him in the houſe before my departure: but now he ſeemed fixed there; ſo he was. In ſhort, I found my place filled.

This young man was from the country of

Vaud; his father, whoſe name was Vintzenried, keeper, or, as they ſtyle themſelves, captain of the caſtle of Chillon. The ſon of the noble captain was a journeyman barber, and ran about the country in this quality, when he came to preſent himſelf to Madam de Warens, who received him well, as ſhe did every traveller, and particularly thoſe of her own country. He was a great, ſenſeleſs fellow, well enough made, with a flat face, and mind the ſame, talking like the beau Leander, mixing all the ſtyle and accent of his trade with the long hiſtory of his good ſucceſſes, naming only half the Marchioneſſes he had lain with, and pretending never to have dreſſed a pretty woman's head without dreſſing that of her huſband. Vain, ſottiſh, ignorant, inſolent; at bottom the beſt fellow in the world. This was the ſubſtitute which was taken during my abſence, and the aſſociate offered me after my return.

Oh! if ſouls, diſengaged from their terreſtrial clog, ſtill ſee from the womb of eternal light what paſſes among mortals, pardon, beloved and reſpectable ſhade, my ſhewing no more favour to your faults than my own, and equally unveiling both one and the other to the reader's ſight! I ought, I will ſpeak truth, as well of you as of myſelf; your loſs will be trifling compared to mine. Ah! how much your mild and lovely character, your inexhauſtible bounty of heart, your frankneſs, and all your excellent virtues, outweigh your weakneſs, if the ſtraying of reaſon only can be called ſo! Yours were errors, not vices; your

your conduct was reprehenſible, but your heart was always pure.

The new-comer ſhewed himſelf zealous, diligent, exact in all the trifling commiſſions, which were without number; he made himſelf the overſeer of her workmen. As noiſy as I was otherwiſe, he was ſeen and particularly heard at the plough, the hay-ſtack, the wood, the ſtable, the poultry. He neglected nothing but the garden, becauſe it was too peaceable a buſineſs, and made no noiſe. His greateſt pleaſure was in loading and carting, ſawing and cleaving of wood; he always had a hatchet or pickaxe in hand; you might hear him running, wedging, and bawling as loud as he could. I don't know how many men's work he did, but he made as much noiſe as ten or twelve would have done. All this buſtle impoſed on poor Mamma; ſhe thought this young man a treaſure. Willing to attach him to herſelf, ſhe uſed every means ſhe thought would anſwer that end, without forgetting that ſhe moſt depended on.

My heart cannot be hid, nor its conſtant and true feelings, particularly thoſe which at that moment brought me back to her. What a ſwift, complete diſorder over all my frame! Take my place and judge. In one moment I ſaw for ever vaniſh all my future promiſed bleſſings. All thoſe pleaſing thoughts ſo affectionately careſſed diſappear; and I, who from my childhood could ſee my exiſtence but in hers, ſaw myſelf alone for the firſt time. This moment was dreadful; thoſe which followed were always gloomy. I was ſtill

young; but this lovely ſentiment of hope and enjoyment which enlivens youth, left me for ever. Thence the ſenſible being remained but half alive. I ſaw nothing more before me than the dull remains of an inſipid life; and if ſometimes an image of hope ſtill glanced through my thoughts, this hope was not for me; I felt that even in its poſſeſſion I could not be truly happy.

I was ſo ſtupid and ſo full of confidence, that, in ſpite of the familiar tone of the newcomer, which I regarded as an effect of Mamma's eaſy humour, which was familiar with all, I ſhould not have ſuſpected the real cauſe, had ſhe not told it me herſelf; but ſhe haſtened to make this acknowledgement with a frankneſs capable of adding to my rage, could my heart have inclined that way; calling, as to herſelf, the thing quite ſimple, reproaching my negligence in the houſe, and alleging my frequent abſence, as if ſhe was of a conſtitution in haſte to fill up the void. Ah, Mamma, ſaid I, with an heart oppreſſed with anguiſh, what do you dare inform me of? What a return for an affection like mine? Did you ſo often ſave my life, but to deprive it of all it loved? 'Twill be my death, you'll be ſorry for me. She anſwered me, in a tone ſo eaſy as to diſtract me, that I was a baby; that people did not die of thoſe things; that I loſt nothing by that; that we ſhould be equally good friends, not leſs intimate in every ſenſe; that her tender attachment to me could neither decreaſe nor end but with herſelf. She made me underſtand, in

in fine, that my titles continued the ſame, and that dividing them with another did not deprive me of them.

Never did the purity, reality, the power of my feelings for her,—never did the ſincerity, the honeſty of my ſoul, make themſelves better known to me than on this occaſion. I fell at her feet, I embraced her knees, in pouring forth a torrent of tears. No, Mamma, ſaid I, with emotion, I love you too well to debaſe you; your poſſeſſion is too dear to be divided: the regret which accompanied its acquiſition has increaſed with my love; no, I cannot keep it at that price. You will always be adored by me; be always worthy of it: it is more neceſſary I ſhould honour than poſſeſs you. 'Tis to yourſelf, oh Mamma, I reſign you; 'tis to the union of our minds I ſacrifice every pleaſure. May I periſh a thouſand times, rather than taſte any which degrades her I love!

I kept this reſolution with a conſtancy worthy, I will ſay, of the ſentiment which made me form it. From that moment I no longer ſaw this beloved Mamma but with the eyes of a real ſon; and it is to be noticed, that, though my reſolution was far from having her private approbation, as I too well perceived, ſhe never, to make me renounce it, made uſe of inſinuating diſcourſes, careſſes, or any of thoſe artful oglings women ſo well know to make uſe of without expoſing themſelves, and in which they rarely fail of ſucceſs. Reduced to ſeeking a ſubſiſtence for myſelf independent of her, and not being

able to think of any, I ſoon paſſed to the other extremity and ſought it all in her. I ſought it ſo perfectly, I was almoſt ſo fortunate as to forget myſelf. The ardent deſire of ſeeing her happy, at whatever price it might be, abſorbed every affection: ſhe, in vain, would ſeparate her happineſs from mine; I ſaw her mine, in ſpite of herſelf.

Thus thoſe virtues began to grow up with my misfortunes, whoſe ſeeds were in the centre of my ſoul, which reading had cultivated, and which to ripen only waited for the ferment of adverſity. The firſt fruit of this diſintereſted diſpoſition was driving from my mind every ſentiment of envy and hatred againſt him who had ſupplanted me. I wiſhed, on the contrary, and ſincerely wiſhed, to attach myſelf to this young man, to form him, labour in his education, let him ſee his happineſs, if poſſible make him worthy of it, and do, in a word, all Anet had done for me on a like occaſion. But the parity between perſons was wanting. With more mildneſs and knowledge, I had not the coolneſs and ſteadineſs of Anet, nor that ſtrength of character which impoſes, and which was neceſſary to ſucceſs. I found in this young man ſtill leſs of thoſe qualities Anet found in me; the docility, attachment, and gratitude, particularly my feeling the neceſſity I was under for his attention, and the ardent deſire of rendering it uſeful. Theſe things were all wanting. He whom I wanted to form, ſaw me only as an importunate pedant, who had nothing but chatter. On the contrary, he admired

admired himſelf as a man of importance in the houſe, and, meaſuring the ſervices he thought he rendered by the noiſe he made, he looked on his hatchet and pickaxe as infinitely more uſeful than all my old books. In ſome reſpect he was right; but he ſet himſelf up on it to give himſelf airs which made one die of laughter. He acted, with the peaſants, the country ſquire; he ſoon did as much with me, and at laſt with Mamma herſelf. The name of Vintzenried did not appear noble enough for him: he quitted it for that of Monſieur Courtilles; and it is by this laſt he was known at Chambery, and at Maurienne, where he married.

In fine, ſo well did this illuſtrious perſonage manage his affairs, that he was every thing in the houſe, and I nothing. As, when I had the misfortune to diſpleaſe him, 'twas Mamma he grumbled at, not me, the fear of expoſing her to his brutality rendered me docile in all he deſired; and each time he cleaved wood, an occupation he fulfilled not to be equalled, I muſt be there, an idle and tranquil ſpectator of his proweſs. This young fellow was not, for all that, of a bad diſpoſition; he loved Mamma becauſe it was impoſſible not to love her: he had not an averſion even to me; and when the intervals of his fury permitted you to ſpeak to him, he ſometimes liſtened with docility enough, frankly agreeing he was but a fool, and ſoon after ran, nevertheleſs, into the ſame follies. He had, beſides, ſo ſhallow an underſtanding, and inclinations ſo mean, it was difficult to talk reaſonably

to him, and almoſt impoſſible to be happy with him. To the poſſeſſion of a woman full of charms, he added the ragout of an old, ruſty, toothleſs chambermaid, whoſe diſguſtful ſervice Mamma had the patience to endure, tho' ſhe made her ſick. I perceived this new intrigue, and was exaſperated with indignation: but I perceived another thing which more lively affected me, and which threw me into greater deſpair than all which had happened. It was the coolneſs Mamma ſhewed me.

The privation I had impoſed on myſelf, and which ſhe made a ſhow of approving, is one of thoſe things which women never pardon, however they may appear, not ſo much from the privation which reſults from it, as from the indifference they perceive for their poſſeſſion. Take the moſt ſenſible woman, the moſt philoſophical, the leaſt attached to the ſenſes, the moſt unpardonable crime a man, whom ſhe has the leaſt regard for, can commit, is, leave to enjoy and yet reject her. This muſt ſurely be without exception, ſince ſo natural and ſtrong a ſympathy changed her by an abſtinence which had no other motive than virtue, reſpect, and eſteem. From that time I ceaſed to perceive that intimacy of hearts which always had been the ſweeteſt enjoyment of mine. She no longer mixed her heart with mine, but when ſhe complained of her new-comer; when they agreed together, I entered little into her confidence. In fine, ſhe choſe by degrees a manner of being of which I no longer made a part. My preſence ſtill gave her pleaſure, but it was not

not neceſſary: I had ſpent whole days without ſeeing her, and ſhe would not have perceived it.

I inſenſibly ſaw I was left by myſelf, alone in the ſame houſe of which I before was the ſoul, and where, in ſome meaſure, I doubly lived. I accuſtomed myſelf by degrees to withdraw from every thing that was doing, from thoſe even who inhabited it; and to leſſen the continual tearings of my heart, I either ſhut myſelf up in my room, or was weeping and lamenting in fields and woods. This life ſoon became inſupportable. I found that the preſence of the perſon, and the abſence of the heart, of a woman I ſo much loved, only increaſed my pain, and that in ceaſing to ſee her I ſhould feel the ſeparation leſs cruelly. I formed the intention of leaving the houſe. I told her ſo, and, far from oppoſing, ſhe favoured it. She had an acquaintance at Grenoble named Madam Deybens, whoſe huſband was acquainted with M. de Mably, grand provoſt of Lyons. M. Deybens propoſed me the education of M. de Mably's children: I agreed, and ſet off for Lyons, without leaving or hardly feeling the leaſt regret at ſeparating, whereof, before, the thought only had brought on the anguiſh of death.

I had nearly the neceſſary knowledge of a preceptor, and thought I had the talents. During a year ſpent at M. de Mably's, I had time to undeceive myſelf. My natural mildneſs would have rendered me proper for this undertaking, had not paſſion mixed its ſtorms.

Whilſt

Whilſt it went on well, and I ſaw my attention and trouble, which were not ſpared, ſucceed, I was an angel; I was a devil when things went croſs. If my pupils did not underſtand me, I raved; and if I ſaw them malicious, I could have murdered them: that was not a method to make them learned or good. I had two of them; their humours were extremely different. One of eight or nine years old, named Ste. Marie, was a likely boy, of an open mind, pretty lively, unſteady, waggiſh, miſchievous, but gaily ſo. The youngeſt, named Condillac, ſeemed almoſt ſtupid, a loiterer, and as ſtubborn as a mule, and could learn nothing. It may be eaſily gueſſed, that, between theſe two, I had buſineſs enough. With patience and coolneſs I had perhaps ſucceeded; but for want of both one and the other, I did nothing uſeful, and my pupils turned out but poorly. I did not want aſſiduity, but I wanted evenneſs, particularly prudence. I knew to make uſe but of three inſtruments, always uſeleſs and often pernicious to children; ſentiment, reaſoning, and paſſion. Sometimes I was moved with Ste. Marie even to tears; I wanted to move him, as if the child was ſuſceptible of a real emotion of heart: ſometimes fatigued myſelf in preaching to him reaſon, as if he could underſtand me; and as he ſometimes held ſubtle arguments, I took him in good earneſt for reaſonable, becauſe he could argue. Little Condillac was more embarraſſing, becauſe, underſtanding nothing, anſwering nothing, being moved at nothing, and of an obſtinacy

obſtinacy proof againſt every thing, he never triumphed ſo much as when he made me furious: thus he was the ſage and I the child. I ſaw all my faults, I felt them, ſtudied my pupils turn, penetrated them well, and don't believe I was ever once the dupe of their ſubtlety; but what ſignified ſeeing the evil, without knowledge to apply the remedy? In penetrating every thing, I prevented nothing, I ſucceeded in nothing; and every thing I did was preciſely that I ought not to have done.

I ſucceeded very little better for myſelf than for my pupils. I had been recommended by Madam Deybens to Madam de Mably. She begged her to form my morals, and give me the ton of the world: ſhe took ſome pains, and would make me learn the honours of the table; but I did it ſo aukwardly, and was ſo aſhamed, ſo ſtupid, ſhe grew tired and left off there. That did not prevent my falling in love with her, according to cuſtom. I did enough for her to perceive it, but never dared declare myſelf; ſhe was not of a humour to make advances, ſo I got nothing for my ſighs and oglings, of which I ſoon grew tired myſelf, perceiving them to no purpoſe.

I had entirely loſt at Mamma's my inclination to roguery; becauſe, every thing being at my command, ſtealing was unneceſſary: beſides, the elevated principles I had formed ſhould have rendered me ſuperior to ſuch baſeneſs, and it is certain that ſince that I have in general been ſo. But it was not ſo much

much having overcome the temptation, as cutting up the root. I ſhould dread ſtealing as in my childhood, was I ſubject to the ſame deſires. I had a proof of it at M. de Mably's. Surrounded by little ſtealable things which I did not even look at, I took it in my head to covet ſome certain white wine of Arbois, very pretty, of which a few glaſſes, now and then at table, had greatly allured me. It was a little foul; I thought I underſtood fining wine, and boaſted of it; I was entruſted with that; I fined and ſpoiled it, but to the eye only. It remained agreeable to the taſte, and the opportunity cauſed me from time to time to accommodate myſelf with a few bottles to drink at my eaſe in private. Unfortunately, I could never drink without eating. But how manage to come at ſome bread? It was impoſſible to have any in reſerve. To get it bought by the footman was to diſcover myſelf, and almoſt inſult the maſter of the family. For me to buy it, would never do. What, a fine ſpark, with a ſword by his ſide, go to the baker's for a loaf, was it feaſible? At laſt I recollected the laſt ſhift of a great princeſs, to whom it was told the peaſants had no bread, Why then, ſaid ſhe, let them eat paſtry. What ceremonies even to attain that! Going out alone on this errand, I ran all over the town, and paſſed by thirty ſhops before I could go into one. It was neceſſary there ſhould be only one perſon in the ſhop, and that her look attracted me much before I dared ſet my foot on the ſtep of her door. But then when once I had hold of my dear

bit

bit of cake, and that, well ſecured in my room, I drew out my bottle from the farther end of my drawers, what charming ſips I took, ſnug by myſelf in reading a few pages of a romance! For to read whilſt eating, was always my fancy, in default of a tête-à-tête. 'Tis the ſupplement to ſociety I want. I alternately devour a page and a piece: 'tis as if my book dined with me.

I never was diſſolute or a ſot, nor ever was drunk in my life. Thus my little thefts were not very indiſcreet: they were, nevertheleſs, diſcovered; the bottles detected me. No notice was taken to me; but I had no longer the direction of the cellar. In the whole affair M. de Mably's conduct wus prudent and genteel. He was very much of a gentleman, who, with an air as flinty as his employment, was of a character really mild and a heart full of goodneſs. He was judicious, equitable, and, that which is not expected in an officer of Maréchauſsée, extremely humane too. Seeing his indulgence, I became more attached to him, which cauſed me to prolong my ſtay in his houſe farther than I had done without it. But at laſt, diſguſted of an employment for which I was not proper, and a ſituation extremely troubleſome, which had nothing agreeable for me, after a trial in which I ſpared no pains, I determined to leave my diſciples, well convinced I ſhould never attain educating them properly. M. de Mably ſaw all this as well as I. However, I don't believe he had ever undertaken to diſcharge me, had I not ſaved him the trouble; but

but this exceſs of condeſcenſion, in ſuch a caſe, is aſſuredly what I do not approve.

That which rendered my ſituation more inſupportable, was the continual compariſon I made with that I had left: 'twas the remembrance of my dear Charmettes, my garden, my trees, my fountain, my orchard, and particularly of her for whom I was created, and who gave life to the whole. Thinking of her, of our pleaſures, our innocent life, I was ſeized with ſuch an oppreſſion of the heart, ſuch a ſuffocation, it bereaved me of all the reſolution I had taken. An hundred times I have been tempted to ſet out inſtantly on foot to return and ſeek her; provided I ſaw her once more, I had been contented to die the next moment. At laſt I could no longer reſiſt the tender remembrance which called me back to her, whatever the conſequence might be. I ſaid to myſelf, I was not ſufficiently patient, ſufficiently complaiſant, or ſufficiently careſſing; that I might ſtill be happy in ſo ſweet a friendſhip, was I more aſſiduous than before. I lay out the fineſt projects in the world, I am mad till I execute them. I leave all, I renounce every thing, I go, I fly, I run in doors with all the tranſport of my youthful age, I fall down at her feet. Ah! I had died of pleaſure, had I found in her reception, in her careſſes, in fine, had I found in her heart, a quarter of that I uſed to find, and which I yet brought back to her.

Frightful illuſion of things below! She ſtill received me with an excellent heart which could die only with her; but I came to ſeek the

the paſt which was no more, and which could not be renewed. I had ſcarcely been with her half an hour, when I ſaw my former happineſs gone for ever. I found myſelf in the ſame afflicting ſituation I had been forced to fly, and that without being able to ſay it was the fault of any one; for at bottom Courtilles was not ill-natured, and ſeemed to receive me with more pleaſure than pain. But how remain a ſupernumerary with her to whom I was all, and who could never ceaſe to be my all? How live an alien in an houſe where I before was the ſon? The ſight of objects which were witneſs to my former happineſs, rendered the compariſon more cruel. I had ſuffered leſs in another habitation. But to ſee ſo many ſweet remembrances inceſſantly brought to my mind, was irritating the ſenſe of my loſs. Waſted by vain repinings, given up to the moſt dreadful melancholy, I returned to the courſe of remaining alone, except at the hour of meals. Shut up with my books, I ſought, uſeleſsly, to divert my miſery; and ſeeing the imminent danger I ſo much formerly feared, I tortured my brain a-new, to ſeek within myſelf the means of a ſubſiſtence when Mamma ſhould have no other reſource. I had brought the affairs of the houſe to a point of not growing worſe; but all was changed ſince that. Her œconomiſt was a diſſipator. He would ſhine; a good horſe, a good carriage; he was fond of making a noble appearance in the eyes of the neighbours; he was continually undertaking things he knew nothing of. Her penſion was eat up before-hand, quarterly payments

ments were mortgaged, the rent was behind-hand, and debts kept their courſe. I foreſaw the penſion would ſoon be ſeized, and perhaps aboliſhed. In fine, I looked for nought but ruin and misfortune; and the time appeared to me ſo nigh, I already ſaw all its horrors.

My dear cloſet was all I had to divert my melancholy. By dint of ſeeking remedies to eaſe my mind, I took it in my head to ſeek others againſt the evils I foreſaw; and, returning to my old notions, I am once more building new caſtles in the air, to draw this poor Mamma from the cruel extremity I ſaw her falling into. I did not think I had learning enough, or believe I had ſenſe enough, to ſhine in the commonwealth of the learned, and make a fortune that way. A new idea which preſented itſelf inſpired me with that confidence which the mediocrity of my talents denied me. I did not abandon muſic in ceaſing to teach it. On the contrary, I had ſtudied its theory ſufficiently to be able to think myſelf a tolerable proficient. Reflecting on the trouble I had to underſtand notes, and that I had likewiſe to ſing by book, I began to think the difficulty might proceed as much from the thing as myſelf, knowing beſides, that, in general, to learn muſic was for no one an eaſy thing. Examining the order of the ſigns, I often found them badly deviſed. I had long thought of pricking the ſcale in figures, to avoid tracing lines whenever it was neceſſary to prick down the moſt trifling air. I was ſtopped by the difficulty of the diapaſon, and by that of time and value. This former

notion

notion came once more into my brain, and I ſaw, on ſecond thought, theſe difficulties were not inſurmountable. I meditated on it with ſucceſs, and arrived at pricking down all ſorts of muſic, by means of figures, with the greateſt exactneſs, and, I may ſay, with the greateſt ſimplicity. From this moment I believed my fortune made, and in the ardour of dividing it with her to whom I owed every thing, I dreamed of nothing but ſetting off for Paris, not doubting, that, in preſenting my project to the academy, I ſhould cauſe a revolution. I had brought a little money from Lyons; I ſold my books. In a fortnight my reſolution was taken and executed. In fine, filled with the magnificent ideas which inſpired it, and always the ſame in every ſituation, I ſet off from Savoy with my ſyſtem of muſic, as formerly I had done from Turin with my crane-neck fountain.

Such were the errors and faults of my youth. I have related their hiſtory with a faithfulneſs which gives ſatisfaction to my heart. If I afterwards honoured my riper years with ſome virtues, I ſhould have told them with the ſame frankneſs; 'twas my intention.—But I muſt ſtop here. Time may diſcover many things. Should my memory reach poſterity, it may, perhaps, one day learn what I had to ſay. Then it will be known why I am ſilent.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE REVERIES OF THE SOLITARY WALKER.

THE REVERIES, &c.

FIRST WALK.

HERE I am, then, alone on the earth, having neither brother, neighbour, friend, or ſociety but myſelf. The moſt ſociable and the moſt friendly of mankind is proſcribed from the reſt by univerſal conſent. They have ſought in the refinements of their malice to find out that torment which could moſt afflict my tender heart; they have violently broken every tie which held me to them: I had loved mankind in ſpite of themſelves. They had no other means than ceaſing to be ſuch of avoiding my affection. They are therefore unknown foreigners; nothing, in fact, to me, ſince they will have it ſo. But I, withdrawn from them and from every thing, what am I then? This remains to be ſought into. Unfortunately, this reſearch muſt be preceded by a view of my ſituation. This is an idea thro' which I muſt neceſſarily paſs, to arrive from them to me.

For fifteen years and more that I am in this ſtrange ſituation, it ſtill ſeems to me a dream. I continually imagine an indigeſtion troubles me, that I ſleep badly, and that I am going to awake quite eaſed of all my pain,

and am once more with my friends. Yes, without doubt, I muſt, without perceiving it, have ſkipped from labour to reſt, or rather from life to death. Torn, I don't know how, from the order of things, I find myſelf precipitated into an incomprehenſible chaos, where I can't diſtinguiſh the leaſt thing; and the more I reflect on my preſent ſituation, the leſs I comprehend where I am.

Ah! how could I foreſee the fate which awaited me? How can I yet conceive it, at this moment that I am devoted to it? Could I, in my right ſenſes, ſuppoſe a time when I, the ſame man I was, the ſame I ſtill am, ſhould be called, ſhould be held, without the leaſt doubt, a monſter, a corrupter of mankind, an aſſaſſin; that I ſhould become the averſion of the human race, the ſport of the rabble; that all the ſalutation I ſhould receive from thoſe who paſſed me would be ſpitting at me; that a whole generation would divert themſelves, by common accord, in burying me alive? When this ſtrange revolution took place, taken unprepared, I was at firſt loſt as in a maze. My agitation, my indignation, plunged me into a delirium which ten years were not too much to calm; and in this interval, falling from error to error, from fault to fault, from folly to folly, my imprudence ſupplied the directors of my deſtiny with all the inſtruments they have ingeniouſly ſet to work to fix it without a hope.

I long violently and vainly contended — Without addreſs, without art, without diſſimulation, without prudence, frank, open, impatient,

tient, choleric, I, by contending, only entangled myſelf the more, and inceſſantly furniſhed them with new matter, which they took care never to neglect. Finding, at laſt, all my efforts vain, and torturing myſelf to no purpoſe, I took the only method which remained to be taken, that of ſubmitting to my deſtiny, without any longer wreſtling with neceſſity. I found in this reſignation a reward for all my misfortunes in the tranquillity it procured me, and which could not be united to the continual labour of a reſiſtance as painful as unprofitable.

Another thing has contributed to this tranquillity. In all the refinements of their malice, my perſecutors omitted one which their animoſity cauſed them to forget; which was ſo aptly to regulate its effects, that they might feed and renew my affliction without ceaſing, in continually holding up ſome new expectation. Had they had the addreſs to have left me a ſpark of hope, they would ſtill have had me that way. They might yet make me their ſport by ſome falſe glimmering, and afterwards wound me by a torture continually new for my fruſtrated hopes. But they exhauſted all their reſources too ſoon; by leaving me nothing, they have alſo deprived themſelves of all. The calumny, the depreſſion, the deriſion, the ignominy, they have heaped on me, are no more ſuſceptible of augmentation than mitigation; we are equally unable, they to aggravate, and I to extricate myſelf from them. They were in ſo great a hurry to fill up the meaſure of my miſery, that no human power,

aſſiſted by all the ſubtlety of hell, could any longer add to it. Even phyſical pain, inſtead of increaſing my ſufferings, would only divert them. By extorting ſhrieks from me, they might perhaps exempt me from grief, and the wounds in my body might have eaſed thoſe of my heart.

What more have I to fear from them, ſince all is ended? Not being able to make my ſituation worſe, they can no longer fill me with alarms. The uneaſineſs and dread of the evils from which they have for ever delivered me, is ſome comfort. Real misfortunes have very little effect on me; I eaſily determine on thoſe I feel, but not on thoſe I dread. My affrighted imagination combines, turns, extends, and increaſes them. Their expectation terrifies me an hundred times more than their preſence, and the threat is more terrible than the ſtroke. The moment they reach me, the event, removing every thing they had imaginary, reduces them to their real value. I then find them much leſs than I had imagined, and even amidſt my ſufferings I feel myſelf eaſed. In this ſtate, freed from any freſh fears, and delivered from uneaſineſs and hope, habit alone will ſuffice daily to render a ſituation more ſupportable which nothing can make worſe; and ſtill, as my feelings are dulled by their duration, they have no farther means of enlivening them. This is the ſervice my perſecutors have rendered me, by exhauſting without end every weapon of their animoſity. They have deprived themſelves of all power over me, and I may in future laugh at them.

It

It is not quite two months that an entire calm is reſtored to my mind. It is long ſince I had no more fears; but I ſtill hoped, and theſe hopes ſometimes nurſed, ſometimes fruſtrated, were a ſcuffle in which a thouſand different paſſions were continually engaged. An event, as melancholy as unexpected, has at laſt wiped from my heart this feeble glimmering of hope, and has ſhewn me my fate, fixed without return, here below. Since that time I have reſigned myſelf without reſerve, and peace has returned again.

As ſoon as I began to perceive the whole ſcope of the plot, I for ever gave up the idea of regaining the public favour during life; and through the impoſſibility of this being reciprocal, it would, in future, be uſeleſs to me. Mankind in vain might ſeek me again; they would find me no more. From the diſdain they have inſpired me with, their converſation would be inſipid, and even a burthen to me; I am a thouſand times happier in my ſolitude, than I could poſſibly be in living amongſt them. They have torn from my heart all the ſweets of ſociety. They could not grow there anew at my age; it is too late. Let them hereafter ſeek my good or my harm, all is indifferent to me from them; and whatever they may do, my cotemporaries ſhall never be nothing to me.

But yet I depended on the future; I hoped that a better generation, examining cloſer the judgment of the preſent, and its conduct in reſpect to me, would eaſily perceive the artifice of thoſe who direct it. 'Twas in theſe hopes I wrote my Dialogues; 'twas that which

ſuggeſted to me a thouſand fooliſh attempts to make them paſs to poſterity. Theſe hopes, though diſtant, kept my mind in the ſame agitation as when I ſtill ſought, in this age, an honeſt heart; and my expectations, which in vain were far extended, equally rendered me the ſport of the preſent times. I have ſaid, in my Dialogues, on what I founded this hope. I was miſtaken. Happily for me, I have felt it time enough yet to ſee, before my laſt hour, an interval of real eaſe and abſolute repoſe. This interval began at the period I have mentioned, and I have reaſon to believe it will never be interrupted.

Very few days paſs but new reflections confirm me how much I erred in depending on a return of the public eſteem, even in a future age, ſince it is conducted, as to what regards me, by guides who never die, in thoſe ſocieties that have a mortal hatred to me. Individuals die; but collective bodies do not. The ſame paſſions are perpetuated, and their vehement malice, immortal as the fiend which inſpires it, has always the ſame activity. When all my private enemies are dead, doctors and orators will ſtill live; and although I had but thoſe two bodies as perſecutors, I might be certain they would grant no more peace to my memory after my death than they have granted my perſon during my life-time. Perhaps by length of time, the phyſicians, whom I really offended, might be appeaſed; but the orators, whom I loved, eſteemed, in whom I had every confidence, and whom I never offended, the orators, church-men, and demi-monks, will be for ever implacable:

placable: their own iniquity makes my crime, which their ſelfiſhneſs will never pardon; and the public, whoſe animoſity they will inceſſantly take care to feed and revive, will be appeaſed no ſooner than themſelves.

All is at an end for me in this world. No one can do me good or harm. I have nothing more to hope or fear; and here I am tranquil in the midſt of an abyſs, poor unfortunate mortal, but impaſſible as God himſelf.

Every thing external is, in future, foreign to me. I have no longer neighbour, friend, or brother alive. I am on the earth as in a foreign planet into which I fell from that I inhabited. If I have a knowledge of any thing around me, it is only objects which afflict and rend my heart; and I cannot look on any thing which touches or ſurrounds me, without perceiving ſubject for diſdain which provokes, or of grief which afflicts me. Let us therefore remove from my mind every painful object which might employ my thoughts as ſorrowfully as uſeleſsly. Alone for the reſt of my life, ſince I find conſolation, hope, and peace, in myſelf only, I ought or will not employ my thoughts but on myſelf. 'Tis in this ſtate I return to the ſevere and ſincere enquiry I formerly called my Confeſſions. I conſecrate my laſt days to the ſtudy of myſelf, and to prepare before-hand the account I muſt ſoon give of my actions. Let me entirely devote myſelf to the charms of converſing with my ſoul, ſince it is the only thing of which I cannot be deprived

by man. If, by dint of reflecting on my internal diſpoſitions, I arrive at ordering them better, and correcting the evil which may have lurked there, my meditations will not be entirely uſeleſs, and though I am of no value on the earth, I ſhall not entirely loſe my latter days. The leiſure part of my daily walks has often been filled by delightful contemplation, whoſe remembrance I am ſorry to have loſt. I ſhall determine on writing thoſe which may again ſtrike me; every time I read them I ſhall enjoy them over again. I will forget my misfortunes, my perſecutors, their revilings, by reflecting on the prize my heart has merited.

Theſe ſheets will be, properly, no more than an imperfect journal of my meditations. There will be a great deal of myſelf, becauſe a ſolitary man, who reflects, muſt neceſſarily employ much of his thoughts on himſelf. However, every foreign idea which revolves in my mind, during my walks, ſhall equally have its place. I ſhall mention all my thoughts juſt as they ſtruck me, and with as little coherence as the ideas of the eve generally have with thoſe of the morrow. But the reſult will, however, be a new knowledge of my natural inclinations and humour by that of my thoughts and ſentiments, from which my mind takes its daily food in my ſtrange ſituation. Theſe ſheets may, therefore, be looked on as an appendix to my Confeſſions; but I no longer give them that title, finding nothing farther to ſay which might deſerve it. My heart has been purified at the teſt of adverſity,

verſity, and I can ſcarcely find, on ſounding it with care, any remains of reprehenſible propenſity. What can I have more to confeſs, when every terreſtrial affection is wrung away? I have no more to thank than blame myſelf for: I am nothing for ever amongſt men, and it is all I can be, having no farther real relation or actual ſociety with them. Being no longer able to do any good that does not turn out bad, being no longer able to act without prejudicing myſelf or ſome one, to abſtain is become my ſole duty, and I fulfil it as far as I am able. But in this inactivity of body, my ſoul remains active, it ſtill produces ſentiments, thoughts; and internal and moral life ſeem to grow out of the death of all terreſtrial and temporal intereſts. My body is nothing now but a trouble, an obſtacle, and I diſengage myſelf from it before-hand as much as I can.

So ſingular a ſituation certainly deſerves to be examined and deſcribed, and 'tis to ſuch an examination I conſecrate my laſt leiſure hours. To do it with ſucceſs, I ſhould proceed with order and method; but I am incapable of this labour, and it would alſo take me from my view, which is, rendering an account of the modifications of my ſoul and their ſucceſſions. I ſhall make uſe on myſelf, in ſome reſpects, of the methods made uſe of by naturaliſts on the air, in order to know its daily ſtate. I ſhall apply the barometer to my ſoul, and theſe operations, well directed and long repeated, may be productive of reſults as certain as theirs. But I ſhall not extend

my undertaking quite ſo far. I ſhall content myſelf with recording the operations without endeavouring to reduce them to ſyſtem. I have undertaken Montagne's plan, but with a quite different view; for he wrote his eſſays for others only, and I write my meditations but for myſelf. If in my oldeſt age, at the approach of my departure, I remain, as I hope, in the ſame diſpoſition as at preſent, reading them over may recal the charms I feel whilſt writing them, and thus renewing time paſt, will, in a manner double my exiſtence. In ſpite of mankind, I ſhall ſtill taſte the delights of ſociety, and I ſhall live decrepit with myſelf in another age, as I might live with a leſs aged friend.

I wrote my firſt Confeſſions and my Dialogues under a continual anxiety on the means of concealing them from the rapaciouſneſs of my perſecutors, to tranſmit them, if poſſible, to other generations. The ſame uneaſineſs no longer tortures me for the preſent writing; I know it would be uſeleſs; and the deſire of being better known by mankind being quite extinguiſhed in my heart, leaves in it but a profound indifference for the fate of my real works, and monuments of my innocence, which, perhaps, are already for ever annihilated. Let them ſet ſpies on what I am doing, let them perplex themſelves about theſe ſheets, let them ſeize them, let them ſuppreſs them, let them alter them, 'tis all equal, in future, to me. I neither hide nor expoſe them. If they are taken from me in my life-time, they cannot take from me the pleaſure of having written

written them, or the remembrance of their contents, or the ſolitary meditations of which they are the fruit, and whoſe ſource can be ſtopped but with my breath. Had I known, on the beginning of my calamities, how to withhold from ſtruggling with my deſtiny, and determine as I now determine every effort of mankind, all their dreadful engines would have had no effect on me, and they would have no more troubled my repoſe by all their plots, than they could, in future, by every ſucceſs: let them enjoy as they may my diſgrace, they will never prevent me from enjoying my innocence, and ending my days in peace, in deſpite of them.

SECOND WALK.

HAVING therefore formed the project of deſcribing the habitual ſtate of my ſoul, in the ſtrangeſt ſituation a mortal can poſſibly be found; I ſaw no method of executing it, ſo ſimple, and ſo ſure, as keeping a faithful record of my ſolitary walks, and the meditations which accompanied them when I leave my mind free, and my ideas follow their propenſity without reſiſtance or conſtraint. Theſe hours of ſolitude and meditation are the only ones of the day in which I am wholly myſelf, and to myſelf, without diverſion or obſtacle, and when I can truly ſay I am that which nature intended me.

I ſoon found I had too long retarded the execution of this project. My imagination, already leſs lively, is not enflamed as formerly on contemplating the object which animates it; I am leſs enraptured by the delirium of fancy: there is more of memory than creation in what it ſince produces; a cold languor enervates all my faculties; the principle of life leaves me by degrees; my ſoul with pain breaks through its crazy priſon; and without the hopes of that ſtate to which I aſpire, becauſe I feel I have a right to it, I ſhould exiſt but by recollection. Thus to take a view of myſelf before my decline, I muſt go back at leaſt a few years, to the time when, loſing all

all hopes here below, and no longer finding an aliment for my heart on earth, I accuſtomed myſelf by degrees to feed it on its proper ſubſtance, and ſeek its whole nouriſhment within me.

This reſource, which I thought of too late, became ſo fruitful as ſoon to be ſufficient to make ſatisfaction for every thing. The habit of ſearching into myſelf cauſed me, at length, to loſe the feeling, and almoſt the remembrance, of my misfortunes. I thus learnt, by my own experience, that the ſource of true happineſs is within us, and that it does not depend on man to render truly miſerable him who knows how to determine to be happy. Theſe four or five years I have conſtantly taſted thoſe internal delights which kind and gentle ſouls find in contemplation. Such raptures, ſuch extaſies, I ſometimes experienced in thus walking alone, were enjoyments I owed my perſecutors; without them I ſhould have never felt or known the treaſures I carried within me. Amidſt all theſe riches how record them faithfully? In endeavouring to recal ſo many charming fancies to my mind, inſtead of deſcribing I fell into them again. This is a ſtate our remembrance brings back, and which we ſhould ſoon ceaſe to know, on entirely ceaſing to feel it.

I well experienced this conſequence in the walks which followed the project of writing the ſequel of my Confeſſions, particularly in that I am going to ſpeak of, and in which an unforeſeen accident broke the ſtring of my

my ideas, and gave them for ſome time another courſe.

On Thurſday the 24th of October, 1776, I after dinner went round the Boulevards as far as the ſtreet of the Green Road, by which I went up the hills of Ménil-montant, and from thence taking the paths croſs the vineyards and meadows, I went to Charonne, through the ſmiling landſcape which ſeparates thoſe two villages; I then made a turn to come back through the ſame meadows by another road. I diverted myſelf in running over them with that pleaſure and intereſt agreeable ſights have always cauſed me; and ſometimes ſtopping to look ſteadily on the plants in the graſs, I perceived two which I had ſeldom ſeen near Paris, and which I found in great abundance in that diſtrict. One is the Picris hieracioides, of the family of compounds; and the other, the Bupleurum falcatum, of that of the umbelliferous. This diſcovery rejoiced and amuſed me a long while, and ended by that of a plant ſtill more rare, particularly in a high country, which was the Ceraſtium aquaticum, and which, notwithſtanding the accident that happened to me that day, I have found again in a book I had with me, and placed in my herbal.

In fine, having run over in detail ſeveral other plants I ſaw ſtill in bloom, and whoſe aſpect and enumeration, familiar to me, nevertheleſs always gave me pleaſure; I quitted by degrees theſe trifling obſervations to follow the impreſſion, not leſs agreeable, but more touching, which the whole made on me.

The

The vintage had been over a few days; the city walkers were already withdrawn; the peaſants alſo were quitting the fields until the labours of the winter. The country, ſtill green and ſmiling, but partly without leaves, and already nearly deſerted, held up every where the image of ſolitude and approaching winter. The reſult of its aſpect was a mixed impreſſion of ſweetneſs and melancholy, too analogous to my age and fate for its application to be paſſed over. I ſaw myſelf in the decline of an innocent and unhappy life, the ſoul ſtill full of lively feelings, and the mind ſtill graced by a little luſtre, but already worn by grief, and dried up by afflictions. Lonely and forſaken, I already perceived the forward froſts gently ſteal on me, and my withered imagination no longer peopled my ſolitude with beings formed to my wiſhes. I ſaid to myſelf with a ſob, What have I done here below? I was made for life, and I am going without having lived. At leaſt, it was not my fault, and I will carry to the Author of my exiſtence, if not an offering of good works, which I was prevented from doing, at leaſt a tribute of good intentions fruſtrated, ſound ſentiments, but given without effect, and a patience proof againſt man's diſdain. I was moved by theſe reflections; I called over the movements of my ſoul from my youth; and during my riper age, and ſince I have been ſequeſtered from human ſociety, and during the long retirement in which I muſt end my days, I with complaiſance ran over all the affections of my heart, on its attachments ſo tender

tender but ſo blind, on ideas more conſoling than ſad, on which my reaſon had fed ſome years, and was preparing to recal them ſufficiently to deſcribe them with a pleaſure nearly equal to that I had felt in giving into them. The afternoon was ſpent in theſe peaceful meditations, and I was returning well ſatisfied with my day's work, when, in the height of my ſtudies, I was taken from them by an event which remains to be told.

About ſix o'clock I was on the deſcent to Ménil-montant, nearly oppoſite the Gallant Gardener, when ſome people walking before me, ſtarting all at once haſtily aſide, I ſaw a large Daniſh dog ruſhing on me, which running a great pace before a coach, had not time to ſtop his courſe or turn out of the way, on perceiving me. I judged the ſole means to avoid being thrown down, was to make a good leap, ſo exact that the dog might paſs under me whilſt I was in the air. This idea, quicker than lightning, and which I had neither time to reaſon on nor execute, was my laſt before the accident. I neither felt the blow, nor the fall, nor any thing that followed, till the moment I came to myſelf.

It was almoſt night when my ſenſes returned. I found myſelf in the arms of three or four young people, who informed me of what had happened to me. The Daniſh dog, not being able to ſtop his motion, ran precipitately againſt my legs, and daſhing againſt me his weight and ſwiftneſs, threw me on my face: the upper jaw bearing the whole weight of my body, ſtruck on a very rough ſtone;

ſtone; and the fall was the more violent, as, being on a deſcent, my head came down before my feet.

The coach to which the dog belonged immediately followed, and would have paſſed over my body, had not the coachman inſtantly ſtopped the horſes. This I learnt from thoſe who had taken me up, and ſupported me when I came to myſelf. The ſituation in which I found myſelf at that inſtant is too ſingular for its deſcription to be paſſed over.

Night was advancing. I perceived the heavens, ſome ſtars, and a little verdure. This firſt ſenſation was a delicious moment. I felt nothing farther. I was returning at this inſtant to life, and it ſeemed to me I filled, with my frail exiſtence, every object I perceived. In this ſtate I recollected, at that inſtant, nothing; I had not the leaſt diſtinct notion of my individual, not the leaſt idea of that which had juſt happened; I knew not who or where I was; I felt neither pain, nor fear, nor uneaſineſs. I ſaw my blood run, as I had ſeen a ſtream run, without, in the leaſt, dreaming that this blood belonged to me in any ſort. I felt all over my frame a raviſhing calm, to which, each time I recal it to my remembrance, I never felt any thing comparable in the greateſt activity of known pleaſures.

They aſked me where I lived; it was impoſſible to tell them. I aſked where I was, and was told, *A la haute borne:* it was as if they had ſaid, At mount Atlas I was ſucceſſively obliged to aſk the country, the city, and

and the neighbourhood I was in. Neither was that ſufficient to recollect myſelf; it was neceſſary to go all the way from thence to the Boulevards, to remember my name and my dwelling. A gentleman I did not know, and who had the charity to accompany me ſome time, finding I lived at that diſtance, adviſed me to take a hackney coach at the Temple to conduct me to my lodging. I walked extremely well, not the leaſt heavily, without feeling ſoreneſs or wound, though I continued ſpitting a deal of blood. But I had a cold ſhivering, which made my ſhattered teeth chatter to a very troubleſome degree. Having reached the Temple, I thought as I walked without pain, it was better to continue my way on foot, than be expoſed to periſh with cold in a coach. I thus went the half league from the Temple to the rue Plâtriere, walking without pain, avoiding the crowd and carriages, chuſing and purſuing my way full as well as in perfect health. I come home, open the private latch which has been added to the door, go up ſtairs in the dark, and, in fine, get in doors without any other accident than my fall and its conſequences, which I did not then perceive.

The ſhrieks of my wife, on ſeeing me, let me underſtand I was worſe treated than I imagined. I paſſed the night without knowing or yet feeling my accident. This is what I felt the next day. My upper lip was cleft on the inſide quite up to my noſe; on the outſide the ſkin had defended it better, and prevented its total ſeparation; four teeth of

of the upper jaw forced in, all that part of the face which covers it extremely ſwelled and bruiſed, my right thumb ſprained and very large, my left thumb terribly torn, my left arm ſprained, the left knee alſo extremely ſwelled, and which a great and painful contuſion wholly prevented from bending. But, with all this havock, nothing broke, not even a tooth; a bleſſing which has ſomething of a prodigy in a fall like this.

This is a faithful hiſtory of my accident. In a few days this ſtory ſpread over Paris, ſo much altered and disfigured, it was impoſſible to depend on any part of it. I ſhould, before-hand, have expected this metamorphoſis; but ſo many extravagant circumſtances were added, ſo many obſcure tales and whiſpers accompanied it, I was told of it with an air ſo laughably diſcreet, that all this myſtery perplexed me. I always hated obſcurity, it always inſpires me with an horror which thoſe that have ſo many years ſurrounded me have not abated. Among all the ſingularities of this period, I ſhall remark only one, but ſufficient to form a judgment of the reſt.

M—, with whom I had never had the leaſt relation, ſent his confident to enquire about my health, and make preſſing offers of a ſervice which in the circumſtance did not appear of any great utility towards my relief. His confident, nevertheleſs, did not ceaſe urging me extremely to take the advantage of theſe offers, ſo far as even to tell me, that, if I could not believe him, I might write directly to M——. The great earneſtneſs and air of confidence he added,

added, made me underſtand that there was ſome myſtery under all this I vainly ſought to penetrate. Leſs was ſufficient to ſcare me, particularly in the agitated ſtate the accident and the fever which followed it had thrown my brain. I gave into a thouſand uneaſy and penſive conjectures; and on all that was done around me I made obſervations which rather proved the delirium of a fever, than the indifference of a man who no longer troubles himſelf with any thing.

Another event happened which completed the diſturbing my tranquillity. Madam —— had paid her court to me ſome years, without my being able to gueſs the reaſon. Affected, trifling preſents, frequent viſits without object or pleaſure, plainly proved to me a ſecret view in all this, but did not ſhew it me. She had talked to me of a romance ſhe intended writing, and preſenting to the Queen. I told her my thoughts on female authors. She made me comprehend that this project had for its end the recovery of her fortune, which demanded patronage; I had nothing to ſay to that. She has ſince told me, that, not being able to get acceſs to the Queen, ſhe had determined to publiſh her book. The caſe was no longer giving her advice ſhe never aſked me, and which ſhe would not have followed. She had ſpoken to me of ſhewing me before-hand the manuſcript. I deſired ſhe would do no ſuch thing, and ſhe did as I deſired her. One day, above all, during my convaleſcence, I received, by her order, this book already printed, and even bound, and ſaw in the preface ſuch ful-

ſome

ſome praiſes of me, ſo diſagreeably laid on, and with ſo much affectation, it uneaſily affected me. The ill-natured flattery which ſo plainly appeared, could never be reconciled to benevolence. My heart cannot deceive me on that point.

A few days afterwards Madam —— came to ſee me with her daughter. She told me her book made the greateſt noiſe, from a note which attracted it; I hardly perceived the note in rapidly running over the romance. I read it again when Madam —— was gone; I examined the ſpirit of it, and there found the motive of her viſits, her cajoleries, and the fulſome praiſes in her preface; and I judged the whole had no other end than to diſpoſe the public to attribute the note to me, and, conſequently, the blame it might bring on its author under the circumſtance in which it was publiſhed.

I had no means of preventing this noiſe, or the impreſſion it might make, and all that depended on me was not encouraging it in ſuffering the vain and oſtenſible viſits of Madam —— and her daughter. Here follows the card I wrote the mother for that purpoſe:

"Rouſſeau, not receiving any author at his
"lodging, thanks Madam —— for her
"kindneſs, and begs ſhe would no lon-
"ger honour him with her viſits."

She anſwered by a letter, handſome in its form, but whoſe turn was like all thoſe they write me in like caſes. I barbarouſly ſtruck a dagger to her feeling heart; and I muſt have believed, from the manner of her letter, that,

that, having ſentiments for me ſo real and ſo lively, ſhe could not ſupport this rupture without ſinking under it. 'Tis thus uprightneſs and openneſs in any buſineſs are in this world dreadful crimes; I ſhall appear, to my cotemporaries, ſavage and ill-natured, when I ſhall be guilty, in their eyes, of no other crime than not being, like them, falſe and perfidious.

I had ſeveral times been out, and walked pretty often in the Thuilleries, when I there perceived, by the ſurpriſe of all thoſe who met me, there was yet ſome ſtory about me I was ignorant of. I, at laſt, learnt the public talk was of my death, cauſed by the fall; and this ſtory ſo rapidly and ſo obſtinately ſpread, that, above a fortnight after I heard it, they ſpoke of it at Court as a thing certain. The Avignon newſpaper, as I was informed by a letter, announcing this joyful news, did not fail to anticipate, on this occaſion, on the tribute of wrongs and affronts which were prepared for my memory after death, in form of a funeral oration.

This news was accompanied by a circumſtance ſtill more ſingular, which I learnt by mere chance, and of which I never could come at the leaſt particulars. It was a ſubſcription opened, at the ſame time, for an edition of the manuſcripts found at my houſe. I underſtood from that, there was a ſpurious collection of writings kept ready on purpoſe to be attributed to me the moment of my death; for to believe any of thoſe they might really find would be printed, was a folly which could never enter the mind of a man of any ſenſe, and which

which fifteen years experience has but too well warranted.

These remarks, so closely followed by each other, and by others not much less astonishing, startled a-new my imagination I thought extinguished; and that dismal obscurity which was heightened, without intermission, around me, revived every horror they naturally raise in my mind. I wearied myself in putting a thousand constructions on all these things, and in endeavouring to comprehend mysteries rendered inexplicable to me. The only constant result of so many enigmas was a confirmation of all my preceding conclusions; that is, the destiny of my person, and that of my reputation, having been fixed in concert by all the present generation, no effort of mine would be able to free me from it, since it is utterly impossible for me to transmit any collection to other ages, without its passing thro' the hands of this, interested in their suppression.

But this time I went farther. The heap of so many fortuitous circumstances, the elevation of all my most cruel affected enemies, in a manner, by fortune, all those who govern the state, all those who direct public opinion, all those in place, every one who had credit, choice men amongst those who have any private animosity against me, all to concur in one common plot; so universal an agreement is too extraordinary to be merely fortuitous. One single man who had refused to be an accomplice, one event only that had turned out contrary to his expectations, one unforeseen circum-

circumſtance only which had ſtood in his way, had been ſufficient to render it abortive. But every will, every fatality, fortune too, and every viciſſitude, have aſſiſted the works of mankind; and ſo ſtriking a combination which reſembles a prodigy, leaves me without a doubt that its whole ſucceſs was written down in the decrees of eternity. Crowds of private obſervations, whether on the paſt, whether on the preſent, ſo much confirm this opinion, I cannot help, in future, regarding as one of the ſecrets of Heaven, impenetrable to human reaſon, the very deed I till now conſidered as the effects of man's wickedneſs.

This idea, far from ſtriking me as cruel and afflicting, comforts me, eaſes me, aſſiſts me in my reſignation. I do not go ſo far as St. Auguſtin, who comforted himſelf in damnation, if ſuch was the will of God. My reſignation proceeds from a ſource leſs diſintereſted, it is true, but as pure and as worthy, in my my opinion, of the perfect Being I adore.

Heaven is juſt; its will is that I ſhould ſuffer; and it knows that I am innocent. This is the motive of my confidence; my heart and my reaſon tell me I am not miſtaken. Let, therefore, men and fate work on; let me learn to ſuffer without a murmur; all muſt at laſt return to its courſe, and my turn will come ſome time or other.

THIRD

THIRD WALK.

Tho' old, I ſtill get knowledge.

SOLON often repeated this verſe in his old-age. There is a ſenſe in which I could likewiſe uſe it in mine; but the ſcience I have acquired by twenty years experience is a diſmal one: ignorance is ſtill preferable. Adverſity is, doubtleſs, a great maſter; but this maſter is too dearly paid for his leſſons, and often the advantage we reap is not equal to their coſt. Beſides, before we obtain this knowledge by leſſons ſo tardy, the time to make uſe of them is paſt. Youth is the time to ſtudy wiſdom; old-age is the time to practiſe it. Experience, I allow, ſtill inſtructs; but it is beneficial only for the ſpace before us. Is it not too late when death draws near, to learn how we ſhould have lived?

Ah! of what uſe is the knowledge of my deſtiny ſo late and ſo wofully acquired, or of the paſſions of others whoſe work it is! I have learnt to know mankind, but to feel more powerfully the miſery in which they have plunged me, without this knowledge, in diſcovering all their wiles, having enabled me to avoid one. Why did I not remain in that weak but charming confidence, which ſo many years rendered me the prey and the ſport of my bluſtering friends, inſtead, though ſurrounded by all their plots, of having the

leaſt ſuſpicion! I was their dupe and their victim, 'tis true; but I believed myſelf eſteemed by them, and my heart enjoyed the friendſhip they had ſuggeſted, by imagining they had as much for me. Theſe ſweet illuſions are over. The deadly truth which time and reaſon have diſcovered, by ſhewing me my misfortune, has alſo ſhewn me there is no remedy, and that I muſt reſign myſelf to it. Thus all the experience of years is, in my ſtate, without immediate fruit or future advantage. We enter the liſts at our birth, we quit them at our death. Where's the utility of learning to drive our car, when we are arrived at the end of our career? Nothing farther, then, remains, but to withdraw with ſafety. The ſtudy of an old man, if he has any thing more to ſtudy, is ſolely to learn to die, which is preciſely that the leaſt thought of at my age; every thing is thought of but that. Old men graſp more at life than babies, and leave it with a much worſe grace than young people. 'Tis becauſe all their labours having been for this life, they perceive at laſt their trouble loſt. All their application, all their goods, all the fruit of their laborious ſtudies, all is left when they go off. They never think of heaping up ſomething, in their life-time, they might have taken off with them.

I told myſelf all theſe things when it was time to tell them; and though I did not know how to benefit by my reflections, it was not for want of having made them in time, and well digeſted them. Thrown from my childhood into

into the active world, experience taught me betimes I was not made for it, and that I ſhould never attain that ſtate my heart ſeemed to demand. Ceaſing, therefore, to ſeek in mankind that happineſs I ſaw I ſhould not find, my ardent imagination already bounded over the ſpace of life I had hardly begun, as over a foreign land, to repoſe on a peaceful ſite where I could remain.

This ſentiment, nouriſhed by education during my childhood, and ſtrengthened in my lifetime by the long chain of miſery and misfortunes which have filled it, cauſed me at all times to ſeek a knowledge of nature, and the deſtination of my being, with more intereſt and attention than I have ſeen in any other man. I have ſeen many who philoſophiſed much more learnedly than myſelf, but they were, in a manner, ſtrangers to their own philoſophy. Wanting to appear more learned than others, they ſtudied the univerſe to know how it was arranged, as they would have ſtudied any machine they ſaw, from mere curioſity. They ſtudied human nature to be able to ſpeak of it learnedly, but not to know themſelves; they laboured to inſtruct others, but not to enlighten themſelves. Many of them wanted no more than to write a book, no matter what, provided it was received. When it was written and publiſhed, its contents no farther troubled them, except to get it adopted by others, or defend it in caſe of attack; but, as to the reſt, without drawing any conſequence to their own uſe, without even troubling themſelves on its contents being true or falſe, pro-

vided it was not refuted. For my part, when I deſired to learn, 'twas to know ſomething myſelf, and not to teach: I always imagined, that, before inſtructing others, we ſhould begin by knowing ſomething for ourſelves; and of all the ſtudies I have made amongſt men, there are few I ſhould not have equally made alone, in a deſert iſland, where I was confined for the remainder of my days. What we intend doing depends much on what we intend believing; and in all things which are not of the greateſt wants of nature, our opinions are the rule of our actions. In this principle, which was always mine, I have long and often ſought to direct the occupation of my life, to know its true end, and was ſoon conſoled on the little aptitude in conducting myſelf cleverly in this world, on perceiving that end was not to be ſought for here.

Born in a family where morality and piety reigned, brought up afterwards with gentleneſs under a religious and wiſe miniſter, I received, from my tendereſt years, principles and maxims, others may ſay prejudices, which I have never entirely quitted. Still a child, left to myſelf, allured by careſſes, ſeduced by vanity, decoyed by hope, forced by neceſſity, I became a catholic; but I ſtill remained a chriſtian, and, ſoon brought over by habit, my heart ſincerely clung to my new religion. The inſtruction, the example of Madam de Warens, ſtrengthened this attachment. Rural ſolitude, in which I ſpent the flower of my youth; the ſtudy of good books, to which I entirely gave myſelf up; ſtill fortified, in her company,

company, my natural diſpoſition to affectionate ſentiments, and made me devout, ſomething like Fénélon. Meditation in retirement, the ſtudy of nature, the contemplation of the univerſe, force a ſolitary man inceſſantly to pour out his ſoul to the Author of things, and ſeek with a pleaſing perplexity the end of what he ſees, and the cauſe of all he feels. When fate threw me into the buſtle of the world, I no longer found any thing which could, for a moment, flatter my heart. Sorrow for my hours of ſoft leiſure, followed me every where, and threw indifference and diſguſt on every thing within my reach which could lead to fortune or honours. Uncertain in my uneaſy deſires, I hoped little, and obtained leſs; I felt, in my glimmerings of proſperity likewiſe, that, when I ſhould have obtained every thing I ſought, the happineſs my heart demanded would not be found, although unable to diſcern its object. Thus every thing contributed to detach my affections from earth, even before the misfortunes which muſt render me a ſtranger on it. I attained the age of forty, toſſed between indigence and fortune, between prudence and error, full of habitual vices, without one bad inclination in the heart, living at hazard without principles well determined by reaſon, and diverted from my duties, without contemning, but often without knowing them.

From my youth I had fixed on this period of forty years as the end of my efforts towards preferment, and that of my pretenſions of every kind. Quite reſolved, that this age

attained, and whatever my ſituation might be, to ſtruggle no longer to get out of it, and to paſs the reſt of my days from hand to mouth, without thinking farther for the time to come. That day being arrived, I executed the plan, without pain; and though, at that time, my fortune ſeemed inclined to a ſituation more ſtable, I quitted it, not only without regret, but with real pleaſure. Having delivered myſelf from all thoſe allurements, all thoſe vain hopes, I gave myſelf intirely up to that repoſe of mind which was always my predominant wiſh, and my moſt laſting inclination. I quitted the world and its pomp; I renounced all its ornaments; no more ſwords, no more watches, no more white ſtockings, lace, no more powder, a periwig quite ſimple, a good coarſe cloth ſuit of cloaths; and what was better than all, I tore from my heart all the luſts, all thoſe deſires which make that which I quitted valuable. I gave up the place I then occupied, and for which I was not in the leaſt proper, and ſet to copying muſic at ſo much a page, an occupation for which I had always a deciſive taſte.

I did not limit my reform to external things; I knew that even required a more troubleſome one without doubt, but more neceſſary in opinion; and, reſolved not to do them at two different times, I undertook to ſubject my interior to a ſevere examination which ſhould frame it, for the remainder of my life, ſuch as I would wiſh to find it at my death.

A great change which had taken place in me, another moral world which opened itſelf

itſelf to view, the ſenſeleſs opinions of mankind, whoſe abſurdity I began to perceive, without then foreſeeing how much I ſhould be its victim, the continual increaſing neceſſity of other bleſſings than the airy glory of literature, whoſe vapours had ſcarcely reached but they diſguſted me; in fine, the deſire of tracing a road, for the remainder of my career, leſs uncertain than that in which I had ſpent the beſt moiety; all obliged me to this great review, whoſe neceſſity I had long felt. I therefore undertook it, and neglected nothing which depended on me to execute this undertaking.

'Tis from this period I may date my entirely renouncing the world, and the great inclination to ſolitude which has never quitted me from that time. The work I had undertaken could not be executed but in abſolute retirement; it demanded a long and peaceful meditation which the tumult of ſociety cannot ſuffer. This forced me, for a time, to take another manner of living, which afterwards ſo well ſuited me, that having never ſince interrupted it, but by force, or for an inſtant, with my whole heart I returned, and confined myſelf to it without pain, as ſoon as I could; and, when afterwards reduced by man to live alone, I found, that, in ſequeſtering me from them to render me unhappy, they had done more for my happineſs than I myſelf had been able to do.

I applied to the work I had undertaken with a zeal proportioned as well to the importance of the buſineſs as the neceſſity I

found there was for it. I at that time lived amongſt modern philoſophers who little reſembled the ancients: inſtead of clearing my doubts, and fixing my irreſolution, they ſtaggered all the certainties I imagined I had on points the moſt important to be acquainted with; for, violent miſſionaries of atheiſm, and moſt imperious dogmatics, they would not ſuffer without rage, that, on any point whatever, you ſhould dare to think contrary to them. I often defended myſelf feebly, from my averſion to diſpute, and the want of talents to ſupport it; but I never adopted their deſtructive doctrine; and this reſiſtance, to men who tolerate nothing, who, beſides, had their views, was not the leaſt cauſe which rouzed their animoſity.

They did not perſuade me, but they made me uneaſy. Their arguments had ſhaken me, without ever having convinced me; I could not find a good anſwer, but I knew there muſt be good anſwers. I did not ſo much accuſe myſelf of error as folly, and my heart anſwered them better than my reaſon.

I at laſt ſaid, Shall I ſuffer myſelf to be eternally toſſed by the ſophiſms of the beſt talkers, when I am not ſure the opinions they preach up, and are ſo violent in getting adopted, are abſolutely their own? Their paſſions, which govern their doctrines, their intereſt to make this and that believed, render it impoſſible to penetrate their own belief. Can one look for plain honeſty in the heads of factions? Their philoſophy is for others; I want one for myſelf. Let us ſeek it with all our might whilſt

it

it is yet time, in order to have a certain rule for the reſt of my life. I am now at the maturity of age, and the ſupreme ſtrength of the underſtanding. I have already reached the decline. If I wait longer, I ſhall not, in my tardy deliberation, poſſeſs the uſe of all my powers; my intellectual faculties will loſe of their activity; I ſhall not do ſo well what I can now do by my beſt endeavours: let us ſeize the favourable hour; it is the period of my external and material reform, let it be alſo that of my moral and intellectual reformation. Let us fix, once for all, my opinions, my principles, and remain the reſt of my life what I ſhall find I ought to have been, after having well reflected.

I executed this project ſlowly, and at different times, but with every effort and all the attention I was able. I ſenſibly felt the repoſe of my remaining days, and my total deſtiny depended on it. I at firſt found myſelf in ſuch a labyrinth of embarraſſments, difficulties, objections, tortuoſities, and obſcurity, that twenty times tempted me to abandon all; I was ready to renounce all vain reſearch, and in my deliberations to keep to the rules of common prudence, without ſeeking any in thoſe principles I had ſo much trouble to unravel. But this prudence was likewiſe ſo great a ſtranger to me, I found myſelf ſo little proper to acquire it, that to take it as my guide was nothing more than ſeeking an almoſt inacceſſible light-houſe, without helm or compaſs, and which indicated no port.

I perſiſted: I had courage, for the firſt time

of my life, and owe to its ſucceſs the poſſibility of ſuſtaining the horrible deſtiny which then began to declare itſelf without my ſuſpecting it in the leaſt. After the moſt ardent and ſincere reſearches that were, perhaps, ever made by any mortal, I determined for life on every ſentiment it imported me to poſſeſs; and, if it was poſſible to be miſtaken in the reſult, I am, however, certain my error cannot be imputed as a crime; for I uſed every effort to guard againſt it. It is true, I don't doubt but the prejudices of childhood, and the ſecret wiſhes of my heart, inclined the balance on the ſide the moſt conſoling to me. We with difficulty perſuade ourſelves not to believe what we ardently deſire; and who can doubt but the intereſt of admitting or rejecting the judgments of another life, determines the faith of the greateſt part of mankind on their hopes or fears. All theſe things might faſcinate my judgment, I agree, but not change my ſincerity; for I was fearful of a miſtake on any point. If every thing conſiſted in the uſe we made of this life, it imported me to know it, in order to turn it to the beſt advantage I could while it was yet time, and not be entirely duped. But what I moſt in the world dreaded, in the diſpoſition I found myſelf, was expoſing the eternal fate of my ſoul for the enjoyment of the things of this world, which never appeared of great value to me.

I ſtill confeſs I could not ſolve, to my ſatisfaction, all thoſe difficulties which had embarraſſed me, and with which our philoſophers had ſo often wrung my ears. But, reſolved

at

at laſt to decide for myſelf on matters where human intelligence has ſo little to do, and every where finding impenetrable myſteries and inſoluble objections, I adopted, on each queſtion, the ſentiment which appeared immediately the beſt eſtabliſhed, the moſt credible in itſelf, without ſtopping at objections I could not determine, but which retorted on other objections full as powerful in the oppoſite ſyſtem. The technical tone on theſe matters becomes hypocrites only; but it imports to have a ſentiment of one's own, and to chuſe it with all the maturity of judgment we are capable of. If, for all that, we fall into error, we cannot in juſtice bear the blame, ſince we did not bear the ſin. This is the ſteady principle which ſerves as the baſis of my ſecurity.

The reſult of my laborious reſearches was nearly ſuch as I have ſince delivered in the profeſſion of faith of the Savoyard Vicar; a work ſhamefully proſtituted and profaned by the preſent generation, but which may ſome day cauſe a great change in man, if ever ſincerity and good ſenſe ſhould return.

Since that time, undiſturbed by the principles I adopted on a meditation ſo long and ſo reflected, I have made them the immutable rule of my conſcience and faith, without giving myſelf any more uneaſineſs either on the objections I could not ſolve, or on thoſe I was not able to foreſee, and which from time to time preſented themſelves to my mind. They have made me uneaſy ſometimes, but never ſtaggered me. I always ſay thus to

myſelf: All this is no more than cavils and metaphyſical ſubtleties, which are of no weight againſt fundamental principles, adopted by my reaſon, confirmed by my heart, and which all bear the mark of internal aſſent in the ſilence of the paſſions. In matters ſo ſuperior to human underſtanding, ſhall an objection I can't determine overthrow the foundation of a doctrine ſo ſolid, ſo well digeſted, and formed by ſo much meditation and care, ſo well adapted to my reaſon, to my heart, to my whole being, and fortified by internal aſſent which I find wanting to every other? No, vain argumentations ſhall never deſtroy the relation I perceive between my immortal nature and the conſtitution of this world, as well as the phyſical order I ſee reign there. I find in it, from the moral correſpondent order whoſe ſyſtem is the reſult of my reſearches, the props I want to ſupport the miſeries of life. In every other ſyſtem I ſhould live without reſource, and die without a hope. I ſhould be the moſt unfortunate of the creation. Let us, therefore, hold faſt that which alone ſuffices to make me happy, in ſpite of fortune and mankind.

Did not this deliberation, and the concluſion I drew from it, ſeem to have been dictated by Heaven itſelf to prepare me for the fate which awaited me, and put me into a ſtate of ſupporting it? What would have become of me, what would yet become of me, in that dreadful anguiſh which awaited me, and in the incredible ſituation to which I am reduced for the reſt of my days, if, remaining without

out an aſylum to which I could fly from my cruel perſecutors, without a recompence for the ignominy they have loaded me with in this world, and without hope of obtaining that juſtice which was my due, I had found myſelf delivered up to the moſt horrible fate a mortal ever experienced? Whilſt, happy in my innocence, I dreamed of nought but eſteem and benevolence from mankind, whilſt my open and confident heart diffuſed itſelf into the boſom of friends and brothers, the traitors, in ſilence, were entangling me in ſnares, faſhioned in the loweſt pit of hell. Surpriſed by the moſt unexpected of all miſfortunes, and the moſt terrible to an elevated mind, dragged into the mire, without ever knowing by whom, or for what, plunged into an abyſs of infamy, ſurrounded by a horrible obſcurity through which I perceived nought but ſiniſter objects, on the firſt ſurpriſe I was thunderſtruck, and never ſhould have recovered the dejection this extraordinary kind of misfortune threw me into, had I not hoarded up ſtrength before-hand to raiſe me in my fall.

It was not till after years of agitation, that, again reſuming my ſpirits, and beginning to ſtudy myſelf, I felt the value of thoſe reſources I had hoarded up for adverſity. Decided on every thing it imported me to judge of, I ſaw, in comparing my maxims to my ſituation, I gave to the ſenſeleſs judgment of man, and the trifling events of this ſhort life, much more importance than they had; that this life being but a ſtate of trial, it imported little

little that theſe trials were of one or the other kind, provided they produced the effect for which they were intended ; and that, conſequently, the more the trials were great, ſevere, and multiplied, the more profitable it was to know how to ſuſtain them. The moſt violent tortures loſe their power on him who ſees a proportioned and certain recompence ; and the certainty of ſuch a recompence was the principal fruit I had gathered from my preceding meditations.

It is true, that, amidſt the numberleſs outrages and inſults I was from every quarter overwhelmed with, intervals of doubt and uneaſineſs ſometimes ſtaggered my hope, and troubled my tranquillity. The powerful objections I could not ſolve appeared to view more forcibly, in order to ſubdue me preciſely at the moment when, over burthened by the weight of my deſtiny, I was nearly ſinking into deſpondency. New arguments I often heard, came to the aſſiſtance of thoſe which had already puzzled me. Ah ! ſaid I, with a preſſure of heart which nearly ſtifled me, who will defend me from deſpair, if, in the horror of my fate, I ſee nought but chimeras in thoſe conſolations my reaſon afforded me ;—if, thus overturning its own building, it ſubverts all that ſupport of hope and confidence it had huſbanded for me in adverſity ? What protection is it, with what illuſions have I not, above all mankind, been fooled ? The whole preſent generation ſee nothing but error and prejudice in thoſe ſentiments which I alone cheriſh ; they ſee truth, evidence in the

the contrary ſyſtem to mine; they even ſeem to think I do not heartily adopt it, and myſelf, in giving into it with my whole heart, find inſurmountable difficulties I cannot explain, but which do not prevent me from perſiſting. Am I, then, the only ſage, the only enlightened man amongſt mortals? To believe things are thus, is it ſufficient they ſuit me? Can I put an open confidence in appearances which have nothing ſolid in the eyes of the reſt of the world, and which would ſeem fallacious to myſelf, did not my heart aſſiſt my reaſon? Would it not have been better to combat my perſecutors with their own weapons, in adopting their maxims, that to repoſe on the chimeras of my own, a prey to their attacks, without ſtirring to oppoſe them? I think myſelf ſage, and am only a dupe, victim, martyr of a vain error.

How many times, in theſe moments of doubt and uncertainty, was I not nearly abandoning myſelf to deſpair! Had I ever ſpent an entire month in this ſtate, there would have been an end of me. But thoſe criſes, tho' formerly pretty frequent, were always ſhort, and now that I am not yet quite delivered from them, they come ſo rarely and go ſo rapidly, they have not the power of even troubling my peace. They are trifling uneaſineſſes, that no more affect my mind, than a feather which falls into the river alters its courſe. I ſaw, that to deliberate once more on the ſame points on which I had before determined, was to ſuppoſe myſelf more enlightened, or my judgment better formed, or more

zealous

zealous for truth than when I made theſe reſearches; but as none of theſe cauſes were or could be mine, I could not, for any ſolid reaſon, prefer opinions, which, in the height of deſpair, tempted me only to increaſe my miſery, to ſentiments adopted in the vigour of life, in the full maturity of judgment, after the moſt reflected examination, and at a time the calm of my days left me no other reigning intereſt than that of finding out truth. And now that my heart oppreſſed by grief, my ſoul weighed down by affliction, my imagination affrighted, my mind troubled by ſo many dreadful myſteries which ſurround me, now that all my faculties, weakened by age and anguiſh, have loſt their ſprings, ſhall I go at pleaſure, and deprive myſelf of all the reſources I had laid up, and put more confidence in my declining reaſon, to make myſelf unjuſtly unhappy, than in my ripe and vigorous reaſon, to reward me for the ills I ſuffer and never deſerved? No, I am not wiſer, or better informed, or ſincerer, than when I decided theſe important queſtions: I was not ignorant of the difficulties which now trouble me; they did not ſtop me; and, though ſome new ones are ſtarted which were not thought of then, they are the ſophiſms of metaphyſical ſubtleties which can never balance eternal truths, admitted in all ages, by all ſages, acknowledged by all nations, and engraved on the human heart in indelible characters. I knew, on meditating theſe matters, that the human underſtanding, circumſcribed by ſenſe, could not comprehend them in

in their whole extent. I therefore kept to things within my reach, without engaging in what ſurpaſſed it. This reſolution was reaſonable; I formerly embraced it, and kept it by the aſſent of my heart and my reaſon. On what foundation ſhall I renounce it now, when ſo many powerful motives ſhould endear it to me? What danger do I ſee in following it? What profit in abandoning it? In taking up the doctrine of my perſecutors, ſhall I likewiſe take their morals? — this moral without fruit or root, which they ſo pompouſly deal out in their writings, or in ſome ſplendid action on the ſtage, without the leaſt ſpark reaching either their heart or reaſon; or, rather, their private and cruel morals, the internal doctrine of all their ſect, to which the other is only a maſk, which only they follow in their conduct, and which they have ſo expertly practiſed in reſpect to me. This morality, offenſive only, is uſeleſs for defence, and is good to aggreſſors only. How could it be uſeful to me in the ſtate to which they have reduced me? My ſole innocence ſupports me in misfortune, and how much more unfortunate ſhould I not render myſelf, if, depriving myſelf of this only but powerful aid, I ſubſtituted treachery? Could I equal them in the art of miſchief; and, if I ſucceeded, of how many evils would thoſe I could do them cure me? I ſhould loſe my own eſteem, and have nothing to put in its ſtead.

By thus reaſoning with myſelf, I arrived at keeping my principles unſhaken by ſubtle arguments,

arguments, by inſolvable objections, and by difficulties beyond my reach, and perhaps that of the human underſtanding. Mine, remaining in the moſt fixed ſtate I had been able to procure it, was ſo well accuſtomed to repoſe under the ſhadow of my conſcience, that no foreign doctrine, old or new, was able any longer to affect it, or trouble my peace an inſtant. Sunk into languor and heavineſs of mind, I have forgot even the reaſons on which I founded my belief and my maxims; but I ſhall never forget the concluſions I drew from them with the approbation of reaſon and conſcience, and from henceforth ſhall cling to them. Let all our philoſophers cavil at them, if they will; they will loſe both time and trouble. I ſhall hold faſt, the remainder of my days, in every article of the reſolution I took when I was better able to chuſe.

At eaſe in this diſpoſition, I find, joined to the ſatisfaction of my conduct, that hope and conſolation my ſituation required. It is not poſſible, but a ſolitude ſo complete, ſo permanent, ſo dull in itſelf, the ſenſible and always active animoſity of all the preſent generation, the affronts with which they inceſſantly load me, muſt ſometimes deject me; ſtaggering hope, and diſcouraging doubts, from time to time return to trouble my ſoul, and overwhelm it with ſadneſs. It is then, that, incapable of thoſe operations of the mind neceſſary to keep up a wavering faith, I am obliged to recollect my old reſolutions; the applications, attentions, the ſincerity of heart

heart which went with them, all come back to my memory, and then my confidence returns. I thus drive from me every new idea, as dangerous errors, which put on a deceitful dreſs, in order to trouble my peace.

Thus encircled within the narrow ſphere of my former knowledge, I have not, like Solon, the happineſs of being able to get new inſtruction each day I go downwards, and I ought even to guard againſt the dangerous vanity of wanting to learn that which in future I am not capable of properly judging. But though there remain few acquiſitions to make on the ſide of uſeful knowledge, there remain very important ones to make on the ſide of virtues neceſſary to my condition. 'Tis there it is time to enrich and ornament my ſoul by acquirements it can carry off with it, when, delivered from this body which darkens and blinds it, and ſeeing truth without a maſk, it will perceive the poorneſs of all the knowledge of which our jarring ſcholars are ſo vain. It will lament the moments loſt in this life by endeavouring to gain them. But patience, mildneſs, reſignation, integrity, impartial juſtice, are things we can take with us, and with which we may every moment enrich ourſelves, without dreading that death itſelf can deprive us of their fruit. 'Tis to this ſole and uſeful ſtudy I conſecrate the reſt of my old-age; happy, if, in the progreſs on myſelf, I learn to go out of this world, not better, that's impoſſible, but more virtuous than I came into it!

FOURTH

FOURTH WALK.

AMONG the trifling number of books I ſtill read, Plutarch engages and improves me moſt. He was the firſt ſtudy of my childhood, he ſhall be the laſt of my old-age; he is almoſt the only author I never read without gathering ſome fruit. The day before yeſterday I read, in his Ethics, the treatiſe *How enemies may be made uſeful?* The ſame day, on arranging a few pamphlets, ſent me by authors, I laid hold of one of the journals of the Abbé R——, on whoſe title were theſe words, *Vitam vero impendenti*, *R*——. Too much accuſtomed to the genius of theſe gentlemen to be miſtaken on this, I underſtood he intended, under this air of politeneſs, to tell a cruel falſity of me; but on what found it? Why this ſarcaſm? What cauſe can I have given? To benefit by the leſſons of honeſt Plutarch, I reſolved to employ to-morrow's walk in examining myſelf on lies; and I returned well confirmed in the opinion already formed, that *Art thou acquainted with thyſelf* of the temple of Delphos, was not a maxim ſo eaſily followed as I imagined in my Confeſſions.

The next day, having ſet out to execute this reſolution, the firſt idea which ſtruck me, on beginning to look into myſelf, was that of a dreadful falſity I told in my early youth, whoſe remembrance has troubled the whole courſe of my life, and follows me even to old-

old-age, ſtill to grieve my heart, already torn by other different means. This falſity, which was a great crime in itſelf, muſt have been much greater by its effects, which I never knew, but which remorſe always made me ſuppoſe as cruel as poſſible. However, the diſpoſition I was in on telling it being conſidered, this lie was no more than the fruits of baſhfulneſs, and far from being produced by an intention of harm to her who was its victim. I ſwear, in the preſence of Heaven, that, at the very inſtant this invincible baſhfulneſs tore it from me, I had with joy ſpilt every drop of my blood to turn its effects on me alone. 'Twas a delirium I cannot explain, but by telling it as I think I feel it, that, at that inſtant, my natural timidity ſubdued every wiſh of my heart.

The remembrance of this cruel action, and the unextinguiſhable remorſe it has left behind, have inſpired me with an averſion to lies which muſt guard my heart from this vice for the remainder of my days. When I took my motto, I felt within myſelf I deſerved it, nor did I doubt being worthy of it, till, on the hint of the Abbé R——, I began to examine myſelf more ſeriouſly.

Searching into myſelf, therefore, more carefully, I was much ſurpriſed at a number of things of my invention, which I recollected to have told as truth, at a time when, proud of myſelf for my love of truth, I ſacrificed to it my ſafety, my intereſt, my perſon, with an openneſs of which I know no example in man.

I was

I was more ſurpriſed, that, on recollecting theſe things feigned, I felt no real ſorrow for it. I whoſe horror to falſity has nothing in my heart which equals it, I who would dare death was it to be avoided by a lie, from what unaccountable impropriety did I thus lie, for the pleaſure of it, without neceſſity, without profit, and from what inconceivable contradiction do I not feel the leaſt ſorrow at it, I whom remorſe for a falſity has never ceaſed afflicting theſe fifty years? I never hardened on my faults; moral inſtinct has always guided me right; my conſcience has kept its firſt integrity, and, had it even grown pliant to my intereſt, how, preſerving its uprightneſs on occaſions wherein man, forced by his paſſions, can at leaſt excuſe himſelf on his weakneſs, has it loſt it ſolely on things indifferent, where vice has no excuſe? I ſaw that on the ſolution of this problem depended the exactneſs of the judgment I muſt give, in this point, on myſelf, and, after having well examined it, this was the manner I arrived at explaining it.

I remember having read in ſome philoſophical book, that to lie, is to hide a truth which ought to be revealed. It follows from this definition, that to conceal a truth you are not obliged to tell, is not lying; but he, who, not ſatisfied, in ſuch a caſe, with not telling the truth, tells the contrary, does he or does he not lie? According to the definition, you cannot ſay he lies; for if he gives counterfeit coin where he owes nothing, he deceives without doubt, but he does not rob.

Two

Two queſtions preſent themſelves here for examination, both very important. The firſt, when and how we owe our neighbour the truth, ſince we don't always owe it? The ſecond, whether there are caſes where we may deceive innocently? The ſecond queſtion is well decided, I very well know, negatively, in books, where the moſt auſtere morals are given by the author, with eaſe; affirmatively, by a ſociety, where the morality in books paſſes as idle ſtuff impoſſible to practiſe. Let us, therefore leave theſe authorities, which contradict each other, and ſeek, in my own principles, to anſwer for myſelf theſe queſtions.

General, abſtract truth is the moſt precious of all bleſſings. Without it man is blind; it is the eye of reaſon. 'Tis by her man learns decency, to be that he ought to be, and do that which is right to do, to aſſiſt to his true end. Private and individual truth is not always a bleſſing; it is ſometimes a curſe, very often a thing indifferent. The things it imports a man to be acquainted with, and whoſe knowledge is neceſſary to his happineſs, are not perhaps very numerous; but, whatſoever their number be, they are his right and belong to him, which he ought to claim whereſoever he finds them, and of which he cannot be deprived, without committing the moſt unjuſt of all thefts, ſince it is of thoſe benefits common to all, whoſe communication does not prevent him who imparts them of their enjoyment.

As to truths which are of no kind of uſe, neither

neither for inſtruction nor practice, how can they be benefits we owe, ſince they are not even benefits? And ſince the right is founded on their utility only, where there is no poſſible utility, there can be no right. We may claim land though barren, becauſe we can, nevertheleſs, dwell thereon; but that an idle tale, indifferent in all reſpects, and of no conſequence to any one, be true or falſe, no perſon can be affected by it. In moral order nothing is uſeleſs, any more than in phyſical order. Nothing can be a due which is good for nothing: in order that a thing be a due, it muſt be or may be rendered uſeful. Thus a truth we owe muſt regard juſtice; and it is profaning the ſacred name of truth to apply it to vain matters whoſe exiſtence is indifferent to all, and whoſe knowledge is uſeleſs to all. Truth, diveſted of every kind of poſſible utility, cannot therefore be a duty; and, conſequently, he who conceals or diſguiſes it does not lie.

But there are truths ſo perfectly barren as to be in every point of view uſeleſs to all: this is another article to be diſcuſſed, to which I ſhall preſently return; but for the preſent, let us paſs to the ſecond queſtion.

Not to tell the truth, and to tell a falſity, are two very different things; but from which, however, may reſult the ſame effects; for this reſult is aſſuredly quite the ſame, whenever the effect is null. In whatſoever truth is indifferent, the contrary error is indifferent alſo; from whence it follows, that, in ſuch a caſe, he who deceives in telling the oppoſite

to

to truth, is not more unjuſt than he who deceives in not declaring it; for, in the caſe of uſeleſs truths, error is not worſe than ignorance. That I think the ſand at the bottom of the ſea white or red, is of no more importance than to be ignorant of its colour. How is a man unjuſt in hurting no one, ſince injuſtice conſiſts ſolely in the harm we do our neighbour?

But theſe queſtions, thus briefly decided, cannot yet ſupply me with a certain application to practice, without a deal of previous explication neceſſary for making the application with exactneſs in every caſe which may offer: for if the obligation to truth is founded on its utility only, how ſhall I conſtitute myſelf judge of this utility? One's advantage is often another's prejudice; private intereſt is almoſt always in oppoſition to public intereſt. How conduct myſelf in ſuch a caſe? Muſt I ſacrifice the intereſt of the abſent to him I am talking with? Muſt I conceal or reveal a truth which, benefitting one, hurts another? Muſt I weigh all I ſay in the balance of public good only, or in that of diſtributive juſtice; and am I certain of being acquainted with every thing relating to the affair, ſo as to diſpenſe the inſtruction I diſpoſe of by the rules of equity? Beſides, in examining what I owe others, have I ſufficiently examined what I owe myſelf, what I owe truth for truth's ſake? Though I do no harm to another in deceiving him, does it follow I am not hurting myſelf, and does it ſuffice never to be unjuſt, in order to be always innocent?

What troubleſome diſcuſſions, from which it would be eaſy to extricate one's ſelf by ſaying, Let truth always govern me, at the riſk of every thing that can happen. Juſtice itſelf is cloathed with truth; a lie will be always iniquity, error always impoſture, whenever we advance what is not as the rule of that we ought to do or believe. And whatever be the reſult of truth, we are always inculpable in ſpeaking it, becauſe we add nothing of our own.

But this is abridging the queſtion without ſolving it. We were not on pronouncing whether it was well to ſpeak truth always, but whether we were at all times equally obliged to it; and, on the definition I examined, which ſuppoſed not, to diſtinguiſh thoſe caſes where truth is rigorouſly due from thoſe where we may conceal it without injuſtice, and diſguiſe it without a lie; for I found ſuch caſes really exiſted. We are now, then, to ſeek a certain rule of knowing and determining them.

But where find this rule, and the proof of its infallibility? . . .In all moral queſtions difficult as this is, I always found myſelf right, on ſolving them by the inſtructions I received from my conſcience, rather than by the light of reaſon. Moral inſtinct never deceived me: it has kept its purity in my heart ſufficiently for me to rely on it; and if in my conduct it has been ſometimes ſilent before my paſſions, it ſoon recovers its empire over them in my memory. It is there I judge myſelf, with as much ſeverity, perhaps, as I ſhall be judged by the Sovereign Judge after this life.

To

To judge of man's diſcourſes by the effects they produce, is often to eſtimate them wrong. Beſides that theſe effects are not always ſenſible and eaſily known, they vary to infinity, according to the circumſtances in which theſe diſcourſes were held. But it is ſolely the intention of thoſe who hold them which muſt rate them, and determine their degree of malice or merit. Falſe ſpeaking is lying only in the intention of deceiving, and the intention of deceiving, far from being always joined to that of hurting, has ſometimes a quite contrary end. But to render a lie innocent, it is not ſufficient the intention of hurting be not abſolute; there muſt be alſo a certainty that the error, into which we lead thoſe we ſpeak to, cannot hurt them, or any one elſe, in any manner ſoever. This certainty is very rare and very difficult; it is alſo difficult and very ſeldom a lie be perfectly innocent. To lie to one's own advantage, is a cheat; to lie to another's advantage, is a fraud; to lie to do harm, is calumny; this is the worſt ſort of lies:—to lie without profit or prejudice to one's ſelf, or others, is not lying, 'tis fiction.

Fiction which has a moral object in view is called apologue, or fable; and as its object is, or ought to be, no other than diſguiſing uſeful truths under agreeable and ſenſible forms, in theſe caſes a man ſeldom troubles himſelf about concealing the known lie, which is no more than the garb of truth; and he who gives a fable as a fable, does not lie in any ſort.

There are other fictions purely idle, ſuch as

are the greateſt part of ſtories and romances, which, without containing any real inſtruction, have no other object than amuſement. Theſe, devoid of all moral utility, cannot be rated but by the intention of him who invents them; and whenever he deals them out with affirming them real truths, we can hardly diſown they are real lies. Who, nevertheleſs, has ever been very ſcrupulous on this ſort of lies, or who ever ſeriouſly reproached thoſe who write them? Is there, for example, a moral object in Le Temple de Gnide; that object is clouded and marred by voluptuous relations and laſcivious deſcriptions. How has the author endeavoured to cloak it over with the gloſs of modeſty? He feigns his work is the tranſlation of a Greek manuſcript, in a manner the beſt adapted to perſuade his readers of the truth of his narration. If this is not a very poſitive lie, let me be told what a lie is. Who, for all this, has ever thought of imputing this lie to the author as a crime, and to treat him, in conſequence, as an impoſtor.

It might, in vain, be pleaded no more than a humour; that the author, while he affirms, wiſhes to perſuade no one; that in fact he has perſuaded no one; and that the public have not a moment's doubt of his being the author of his pretended Greek work, of which he called himſelf the tranſlator. I ſhould anſwer, that a like humour without object was no better than the dull trick of a child; that a liar lies not a jot the leſs when he affirms, though he does not perſuade; that they

they ſhould ſeparate, from an enlightened public, the multitude of ſimple and credulous readers, on whom the ſtory of the manuſcript, related by a grave author, with an air of ſerioufneſs, has really impoſed, and who have ſwallowed, without a dread, from the cup of antique form, the poiſon they had at leaſt ſuſpected, had it been preſented in a modern vaſe.

Whether theſe diſtinctions are or are not found in books, they act, nevertheleſs, on the heart of every man in earneſt with himſelf, who will permit himſelf nothing his conſcience can reproach him with: for to make up a falſe ſtory to one's advantage, is no leſs lying than when told to another's prejudice, although the lie is leſs criminal. To give an advantage to him who ought not to have it, is to diſturb the courſe of juſtice; falſely to attribute to one's ſelf, or neighbour, an act from which praiſe or blame, inculpation or exculpation, might reſult, is to do an unjuſt thing: now, every thing, which, contrary to truth wounds juſtice, in whatever manner it be, is a lie. Theſe are the exact limits: but every thing, which, contrary to truth, in no wiſe concerns juſtice, is but fiction; and I own, whoever upbraids himſelf of a mere fiction, as a lie, has a conſcience tenderer than mine.

Thoſe which are called obliging lies, are real lies; becauſe impoſing, whether to the advantage of another, whether to one's own, is as unjuſt as to impoſe to his detriment. Whoever commends or blames, if not true,

lies, when any real perſon is meant. If an imaginary being only is meant, he may ſay any thing he pleaſes, and not lie, unleſs he judges the moral of the fact he invents, and judges falſely; for then, although he does not lie in fact, he lies againſt moral truth, an hundred times more reſpectable than that of facts.

I have ſeen thoſe people which by the world are called ſincere. Their whole veracity is ſpent in idle converſations, faithfully reciting place, time, perſons, without permitting the leaſt fiction, ornamenting the leaſt circumſtance, exaggerating nothing In all which does not reach their intereſt, they are moſt inviolably faithful in their narrations. But do you touch on any buſineſs which regards them, recite any fact which nearly concerns them, every colouring is employed to ſhew things in a light the moſt advantageous to themſelves; and when a lie is uſeful to them, and that they abſtain from telling it, they favour it with addreſs, and act ſo as to get it adopted without a poſſibility of imputing it to them. Thus prudence will have it: good by veracity.

The man I call *ſincere* does juſt the contrary. In things perfectly indifferent, truth, the other ſo much reſpects, affects him but little, and he makes very little ſcruple of amuſing a company by ſtories feigned, from which no unjuſt judgment reſults, either for or againſt any perſon alive or dead. But every converſation which produces any one good or hurt, eſteem or contempt, commendation or blame,

blame, in oppoſition to juſtice or truth, is a lie which never will reach his heart, his mouth, or his pen. He is ſolidly *ſincere*, even againſt his intereſt, though he pretends very little to it in idle converſations. He is *ſincere* in wiſhing to deceive no one, acknowledging the truth which accuſes him, and that which honours him, and he never impoſes to his own advantage or to the hurt of his enemy. The difference, therefore, between my *ſincere* man and the other is, that he of the world is rigorouſly faithful to every truth which is of no expence to him, but no farther, and that mine never ſerves it ſo faithfully as when he muſt fall a ſacrifice to it.

But, it may be ſaid, how accord this relaxation with that ardent fondneſs for truth of which I make him boaſt? This fondneſs is therefore feigned, ſince it ſuffers ſo much allay? No, it is pure and real; for he is an emanation of the love of juſtice, and would never be falſe, though he is often fabulous. Juſtice and truth are with him two ſynonymous words he takes indifferently for each other. The holy truth he adores does not conſiſt in indifferent actions and uſeleſs terms, but in faithfully rendering every man his due, in that which is really his, in good or bad imputations, in retributions of honour or blame, praiſe or diſapprobation. He is neither falſe to his neighbour's hurt, becauſe his equity prevents it, and that he would hurt no one unjuſtly; nor in his own favour, becauſe his conſcience prevents that, and that he cannot appropriate to himſelf that which is not his.

'Tis of his own eſteem he is peculiarly jealous; 'tis the bleſſing he can leaſt do without, and he would feel a real loſs in acquiring that of others at the expence of that bleſſing. He will, therefore, lie ſometimes on things indifferent without ſcruple, or even thinking he lies, never to the damage or benefit of any one, or to his own. In all which depends on hiſtorical facts, every thing which regards the conduct of mankind, juſtice, friendſhip, uſeful inſtruction, he will keep himſelf and others from error as much as depends on him. All lies beyond theſe things, are, according to him, no lies. If Le Temple de Gnide is an uſeful work, the ſtory of the Greek manuſcript is but an innocent fiction; it is a moſt puniſhable lie, if the work is dangerous.

Theſe were the rules of my conſcience on lies and truth. My heart mechanically followed theſe rules, before my reaſon adopted them, and moral inſtinct alone made the application. The criminal lie, of which poor Marion was the victim, has left me a remorſe which cannot be done away, but which has warranted me all the reſt of my days, not only from every lie of that ſort, but from all thoſe which in any manner whatſoever could affect the intereſt or reputation of another. By thus making the excluſion general, I diſpenſed with exactly weighing advantage and prejudice, and marking out the preciſe limits of hurtful lies and obliging lies; by regarding both as culpable, I forbid myſelf either of them.

In this, as in all the reſt, my conſtitution greatly

greatly influenced my maxims, or rather my habits; for I never acted much by rule, or have ſeldom followed any other rules, in any thing, than my natural impulſes. A premeditated lie never approached my thought; I never lied for intereſt, but have often lied from ſhame, to extricate myſelf from trouble in indifferent things, or which at moſt concerned none but myſelf, when, having a converſation to keep alive, the ſlackneſs of my ideas, or my barrenneſs in diſcourſe, obliged me to have recourſe to fiction, in order to have ſomething to ſay. When I muſt neceſſarily talk, and that amuſing truths are not ready in my mind, I put off fables rather than remain dumb; but in the invention of theſe fables, I take care, as much as I can, they are not lies, that is, that they wound neither juſtice nor truth I owe, and that they are fictions indifferent to myſelf and every one elſe. My deſire would, therefore, be to ſubſtitute, at leaſt, to real facts, moral facts; that is, that the natural affections of the human heart might be well repreſented, and always to draw from it uſeful knowledge; in a word, to make moral ſtories of apologues: but a greater preſence of mind than I have would be neceſſary, and a greater facility of ſpeech, to be able to turn the prattle of converſation into uſeful inſtruction. Its courſe, more rapid than my ideas, forcing me almoſt always to ſpeak before I think, has often ſuggeſted follies and childiſhneſs my reaſon diſapproved, and my heart diſowned, ſtill as they came from my tongue, but which, preceding my

judgment, were no longer within the reach of its cenſure.

'Tis alſo from this firſt and irreſiſtible impulſe of conſtitution, that, in unprovided and rapid moments, ſhame and timidity often force from me untruths in which my will has no part, but which precede it in ſome ſort by the neceſſity of anſwering inſtantly. The profound impreſſion of the recollection of poor Marion may very well ſtop thoſe which might hurt others, but not thoſe which might extricate me from embarraſſment, when none but myſelf is meant, which is not leſs againſt my conſcience and principles than thoſe which might influence the fate of another.

I atteſt to Heaven, that, could I inſtantly withdraw the lie which excuſes me, and ſay the truth which upbraids me, without drawing on myſelf a freſh affront by retracting, I would do it with pleaſure; but the ſhame of thus catching myſelf again ſtill prevents me, and I very ſincerely repent my fault, without, however, daring to amend it. An example will better explain what I mean, and will ſhew I do not lie from intereſt or ſelf-love, much leſs from envy or ill-nature; but ſolely from embarraſſment and baſhfulneſs, ſometimes very well knowing that the falſity is known to be ſuch, and that it cannot ſerve me in any one point.

Some time ago M. F—— engaged me, againſt my cuſtom, to bring my wife to a kind of club dinner, with him and M. B——, at Mrs. ——'s the tavern-keeper, who with her two daughters dined with us. In the height of

of our dinner, the oldeſt, who is lately married, and who was with child, ...* bethought herſelf of briſkly aſking me, at the ſame time looking ſtedfaſtly at me, if I had ever had children. I anſwered, on reddening extremely all over my face, I was not ſo fortunate. She maliciouſly ſmiled in looking at the company: all this was not very obſcure, even to me.

It is clear, in the firſt place, this anſwer was not that I wiſhed to make, had I even intended to impoſe; for, from the diſpoſition I ſaw in the gueſts, I was ſure my anſwer would not change their opinion on this point. This negative was expected, it was even provoked to enjoy the pleaſure of making me tell a falſity. I was not quite ſo dull as not to ſee it. Two minutes after, the anſwer I ought to have given came of itſelf: *This is not a very diſcreet queſtion from a young woman to a man who was an old batchelor.* Had I ſaid thus without a lie, without cauſe to bluſh at any confeſſion, I had brought the laughter on my ſide, and had given her a trifling leſſon which naturally muſt have rendered her a little leſs impertinent in queſtioning me. I did nothing of all this; I did not ſay what I ſhould have ſaid; I ſaid what I ſhould not, and which could be of no uſe to me. It is, therefore, certain my judgment or will did not dictate this anſwer, but that it was the mechanical effect of my embarraſſment. Formerly I had not this em-

* Theſe points indicate ſome words which could not be read in the manuſcript.

barraſſment, but avowed my faults with more frankneſs than ſhame, becauſe I had no doubt of their ranſom being perceived, and which I felt within me; but the eye of malignity wounds and diſconcerts me: I grow more timid as I grow more unfortunate, and I never told lies but from timidity.

I never ſo well felt my natural averſion to lies as on writing my Confeſſions; for it was there temptation had been ſtrong and frequent, had I in the leaſt been inclined to give into it. But, far from having concealed any thing, diſſimulated any thing upbraiding, by a turn of mind I can ſcarcely explain, and which, perhaps, proceeds from my averſion to all imitation, I found myſelf rather inclined to lie in a contrary ſenſe, in accuſing myſelf too ſeverely, than in excuſing myſelf by too much indulgence; and my conſcience aſſures me, that, ſome day or other, I ſhall be judged with leſs ſeverity than I judged myſelf. Yes, I ſay it and feel it with a noble elevation of ſoul, I carried in thoſe writings ſincerity, veracity, openneſs, as far, even farther, at leaſt I think ſo, than any man has done before me: certain that good ſurpaſſes evil, my intereſt was to ſay all, and I ſaid all.

I never ſaid leſs, I have ſometimes ſaid more, not as to facts, but circumſtances; and this kind of lie was rather the effect of a delirious imagination than an act of the will. I am to blame to call it a lie, for none of thoſe additions were ſo. I wrote my Confeſſions old, and diſguſted of the vain pleaſures of life, of all which I had lightly touched, and of whoſe void

void my heart was quite ſenſible. I wrote them from memory; this memory often failed me, or ſupplied me with an imperfect recollection, and I filled up gaps by imaginary relations, as a ſupplement to theſe recollections, but which never contradicted them. I was fond of dwelling on the happy parts of my life, and embelliſhed them ſometimes with ornaments which tender regret ſupplied me with. I related the things I had forgot as it ſeemed they muſt have been, as they had been perhaps, never contrary to that I remembered them to be. I ſometimes borrowed, in fact, foreign charms, but never put lies in their place to palliate my vices, or attribute to myſelf virtues.

So that, if ſometimes, without dreaming of it, by an involuntary motion, I have concealed the deformed ſide, by painting myſelf in profile, this concealment was well compenſated by other more extraordinary concealments, which have often induced me to hide the good more carefully than the evil. This is a ſingularity of my nature very pardonable to thoſe men who will not believe it, but which, incredible as it may be, is nevertheleſs real: I have often told the ill with all its baſeneſs, rarely told the good with all it had amiable, and have often entirely concealed it, becauſe it honoured me too much, and that in writing my Confeſſions I ſhould have the air of writing my panegyric. I have deſcribed my youthful days without boaſting thoſe happy qualities with which my heart was endowed, and

have

have even ſuppreſſed thoſe facts which made them too evident. I recollect two of my childhood, which both ſtruck my memory whilſt writing, but which I rejected for the ſole reaſon juſt mentioned.

I went almoſt every Sunday to ſpend the day at Pâquis with M. Fazy, who married one of my aunts, and who had a manufactory there of Indian ſtuffs. I was one day in the calender-room looking at the braſs rollers: their brightneſs pleaſed me; I was tempted to lay my fingers on them, and drew them backwards and forwards on the ſleek part of the cylinder, when young Fazy, having got into the wheel, gave it the eighth of a turn ſo dexterouſly, as only to catch the ends of my two longeſt fingers, but was ſufficient to cruſh them, and both my nails were left there. I gave a piercing cry; Fazy inſtantly turned the wheel back again, but the nails nevertheleſs remained to the cylinder, and the blood ran from my fingers. Fazy, affrighted, cries out, jumps from the wheel, embraces me, and begs I would calm my cries, adding he was undone. In the height of my pain, his touched me; I was ſilent; we went to the carp pond, where he aſſiſted me to waſh my fingers, and to ſtop the blood with moſs. He begged me with tears not to accuſe him; I promiſed I would not, and kept it ſo well, that more than twenty years afterwards no one knew by what accident my fingers were ſcarred; for they always remained ſo. I kept my bed above three weeks, and was more than two

two months incapable of uſing my hand, always ſaying that a large ſtone, by its fall, had cruſhed my fingers.

Magnanima menzôgna! or quando è il vero
Si bello che poſſa à te preporre?

I was, however, extremely ſenſible to this accident from its circumſtances; for it was at the time of exerciſe when the citizens were taught their evolutions, and a rank was appointed me with three other boys of my age, to march in our uniform to exerciſe with the company of our diviſion. I had the mortification to hear the company's drum paſs under my window with my three comrades, whilſt I was in bed.

My other ſtory is of the ſame kind, but of a more advanced age.

I was playing at mall with one of my playmates, whoſe name was Plince. We diſputed on our game; we fought; and during the battle he gave me ſuch a blow of the mallet on my bare head, and applied it ſo well, that, had he been ſtronger, he would have beaten out my brains. I inſtantly fell. I never in my life ſaw an agitation like that of the poor fellow, on ſeeing the blood ſtream down my hair. He thought he had killed me. He runs to me, embraces me, ſqueezes me cloſely to him, and burſts into tears with lamentable cries. I embraced him too with all my might, crying like him, with a confuſed emotion, which was not without ſome ſweetneſs. In fine, he thought it neceſſary to ſtop the blood, which continued running; and perceiving our handkerchiefs

kerchiefs would not ſuffice, he led me to his mother's, who had a little garden hard by. The poor lady was ready to faint on ſeeing me in this ſtate; but ſhe was enabled to preſerve ſtrength enough to dreſs my wound, and having well fomented the ſore, ſhe applied fleur-de-luce ſteeped in brandy, an excellent vulnerary, much uſed in our country. Her tears and thoſe of her ſon ſo extremely penetrated my heart, I long regarded her as my mother, and her ſon as my brother, till, having loſt ſight of one and the other, I forgot them by degrees.

I was as ſecret on this accident as on the other; and a hundred ſuch ones have happened to me in my life-time, of which I was not in the leaſt tempted to ſpeak in my Confeſſions; ſo little did I think of ſetting off to advantage any virtues I knew in my character. No; when I ſpoke againſt known truth, 'twas never but on things indifferent, and more from the embarraſſment in ſpeech, or for the pleaſure of writing, than any motive of intereſt to myſelf, or advantage or prejudice to others. And whoever reads my Confeſſions impartially, if that ſhould ever happen, will feel that the things I have acknowledged are more mortifying, more painful to acknowledge, than thoſe which are more miſchievous, but leſs diſgraceful to ſpeak of, and which I have not told, becauſe I have not been guilty of them.

It follows from all theſe reflections, that the profeſſion of veracity I impoſed on myſelf is rather built on ſentiments of uprightneſs and equity than the reality of things, and that in practice

practice I have rather followed the natural dictates of my conſcience than abſtract notions of what was true or falſe. I often dealt out many fables, but very rarely lied. By following theſe principles, I have often given advantages to others, but never hurt any perſon whatever, or ever attributed to myſelf more merit than my due. It ſeems to me that it is ſolely in thoſe things truth is a virtue. In every other reſpect, it is to us but a metaphyſical being, from which reſults neither good nor harm.

I do not, however, find my heart ſufficiently ſatisfied with theſe diſtinctions to believe myſelf entirely faultleſs. In weighing ſo carefully what I owed others, have I ſufficiently examined what I owed myſelf? If juſtice is due to our neighbour, it is likewiſe due to ourſelves; 'tis an homage an honeſt man ought to pay his proper dignity. When the barrenneſs of my converſation obliged me to ſupply it by innocent fiction, I was to blame, becauſe we ſhould not make ourſelves contemptible to divert others; and when, carried away by the pleaſure of writing, I added invention to reality, I was ſtill more to blame, becauſe to adorn truth with fable is in effect to diſfigure it.

But that which renders me more inexcuſable is the motto I had choſen. This motto obliged me more than any man to a ſtricter profeſſion of truth; and it was not ſufficient to ſacrifice to it, on every point, my intereſt and my inclinations; I ought likewiſe to have ſacrificed my weakneſs and natural timidity.

I ought

I ought to have had courage to be always ſincere on every occaſion, and fiction or fable ought never to have come from the lips or pen of him who had devoted himſelf peculiarly to truth. Thus I ought to have reaſoned on taking this noble motto, and inceſſantly repeated it to myſelf ſo long as I had aſſurance to carry it. Never did falſity dictate lies to me, they proceeded all from weakneſs; but this is a poor excuſe. With a mind enfeebled, the moſt we can do is to guard againſt vice; but it is arrogance and temerity to dare aſpire to ſublime virtues.

Theſe are reflections which probably never would have entered my mind, had not the Abbé R—— ſuggeſted them. It is, doubtleſs, late now to make them uſeful; but it is not too late to correct my error, and bring my will to order: for in future this is all which depends on me. In this, therefore, and in all which reſembles it, Solon's maxim is applicable to all ages; and it is never too late to learn, even from one's enemies, to be modeſt, ſage, ſincere, and at leaſt to aſſume theſe virtues.

FIFTH WALK.

OF all the habitations I have dwelt in (and I have had delightful ones), none made me ſo truly happy, or left me ſo much tender regret, as St. Peter's iſland, in the centre of the Lake of Bienne. This little iſland, called at Neufchatel the iſle of La Motte, is little known even in Switzerland. No traveller, that I know of, takes notice of it. It is, nevertheleſs, moſt agreeably and ſingularly ſituated for the happineſs of a man who wiſhes to contract himſelf; for though I, perhaps, am the only one whoſe deſtiny makes it a law, I cannot think I am the only one that has ſo natural a fancy, though at preſent I never ſaw it in any other.

The banks of the Lake of Bienne are more wild and romantic than thoſe of the Lake of Geneva, becauſe the rocks and woods border nearer on the waters, but are not leſs pleaſing. Though agriculture and the culture of the vine are leſs abundant, cities and houſes leſs frequent, there is more natural verdure, more meadows, retreats overſhadowed by groves, more frequent contraſts, and accidents more reconcileable. As theſe happy banks have no great roads convenient for carriages, the country is not much reſorted to by travellers; but ſtill it is engaging to a contemplative, ſolitary man, who is fond of expatiating at leiſure on Nature's charms, and of retiring to a ſilence which

which no one ſound diſturbs, except the cry of eagles, the divided warblings of ſome few birds, and the rolling torrents which break from the mountains. This beautiful baſon, in form almoſt round, has in its centre two little iſles: one, inhabited and cultivated, is about half a league in circumference; the other, ſmaller, is uninhabited and uncultivated, and will be at laſt deſtroyed by the inceſſant conveyance of earth, to repair the devaſtation cauſed by waves and tempeſts in the other. 'Tis thus the ſubſtance of the weak is always employed to the profit of the ſtrong.

There is but one houſe in the iſland, but it is large, agreeable, and convenient, which belongs to the Hoſpital of Berne, as well as the iſland, in which the ſteward, with his family and ſervants, lives. He has a numerous poultry, dove-houſes, and fiſh-ponds. The iſland, though ſo ſmall, is ſo diverſified in its ſoil and aſpect, it preſents every kind of ſite, and is capable of any ſort of culture. It has fields, vineyards, woods, orchards, rich paſturage ſhaded by thickets, and ſurrounded by ſhrubs of all ſorts, whoſe green is preſerved by the neighbouring waters: a lofty terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs along the whole length of the iſland; and in the middle of this terrace a pretty room has been built, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring ſhores aſſemble and dance, during the vintage, on Sundays.

'Twas in this iſland I took refuge, on the lapidation at Motiers. I found the abode ſo charming, I led a life ſo agreeable to my humour,

mour, that, reſolved to end my days there, I had no other uneaſineſs than that I ſhould not be ſuffered to execute this project, which did not agree with that of taking me to England, whoſe firſt effects I began to experience. Amidſt the ſurmiſes which troubled me, I could have wiſhed they had made this aſylum my perpetual priſon; that they had confined me there for life; and that, in depriving me of all power and hope of quitting it, they had forbid me every communication with any other place; ſo that, ignorant of all which paſſed in the world, I ſhould have loſt the remembrance of its exiſtence, and mine would have been equally forgot.

I was ſuffered to paſs two months only on this iſland, but could have paſſed two years, two ages, and all eternity, without a moment's regret, though I had, beſides my wife, no other ſociety than that of the ſteward, his wife, and his ſervants, who were all, in fact, very good people, and nothing more: but it was preciſely that I wanted. I reckon theſe two months the happieſt part of my life; and ſo happy, it would have ſufficed for my whole exiſtence, without giving birth in my mind, a ſingle inſtant, to the deſire of another ſtate.

Of what ſort, then, was this happineſs, and in what conſiſted its enjoyment? I ſhall leave that to be gueſſed at by thoſe of the preſent age, by the deſcription of the life I led. Precious *far miente* was the greateſt and the principal of theſe enjoyments, which I wiſhed to taſte with all its delights; and all I did during my ſtay was, in effect, no more than the

the delicious and neceſſary occupation of a man devoted to an idle life.

The hope that the utmoſt of their wiſhes was to keep me in this lonely manſion, where I was willingly entangled, from whence it was impoſſible to get out without aſſiſtance, and without being perceived, where I could have neither communication nor correſpondence but by the concurrence of the people who ſurrounded me,—this hope, I ſay, gave me that of ending my days there in greater tranquillity than thoſe I had paſſed; and the idea of having time to arrange every thing at leiſure, was the cauſe of my not beginning to arrange any thing. Removed there in haſte, alone, and naked, I ſucceſſively ſent for my houſekeeper, my books, my little equipage, which I had the pleaſure not to unpack, leaving my boxes and trunks as when they were brought, and living in an habitation where I thought to end my days, as in an inn from which I ſhould depart the next day. All things, as they were, were ſo well, that to put them in order would be ſpoiling all. One of my greateſt pleaſures was, particularly, to leave my books cloſely packed up, and to have no ink-ſtand. When plaguy letters forced me to the pen, I borrowed, grumbling, the ſteward's ink-horn, and hurried to return it, in the vain hope of having no more occaſion to borrow it. Inſtead of thoſe diſmal ſcribblings, and worm-eaten books, I filled my room with flowers and hay; for I at that time was in my firſt fervor for botany; for which the Doctor of Ivernois had ſuggeſted me a taſte, which ſoon became

paſſion

paſſion. Rejecting now all works of labour, I muſt have one of amuſement which pleaſed me, and which was attended with no more trouble than an idle fellow deſires. I undertook compoſing the *Flora Petrinſularis*, and deſcribing every plant in the iſland, without omitting one, with particulars ſufficient to employ the remainder of my life. A German, it is ſaid, has written a book on the zeſt of a lemon; I would have written one on every herb in the field, on every kind of moſs on the trees, on each weed which adorns the rocks: in fine, I would not have left the hair of an herb, not a vegetable atom, but it ſhould have been amply deſcribed. In conſequence of this grand project, every morning, after breakfaſt, which we all took together, I ſet out, a magnifying glaſs in my hand, and my *Syſtema Naturæ* under my arm, to viſit a part of the iſland I had divided for this purpoſe into ſmall ſquares, intending to go over them, one after the other, in each ſeaſon.

Nothing is more ſingular than the raptures, the extacy I felt at every obſervation I made on the vegetable ſtructure and organization, and on the action of the ſexual parts in fructification, whoſe ſyſtem was then quite new to me. The diſtinction of generical ſigns, of which I had not before the leaſt idea, charmed me in verifying them on the common ſpecies, until ſome others more uncommon offered. The forks of the long ſtamina of the Self-heal, the ſprings of that of the Nettle and of the Pellitory, the exploſion of the fruit of the Balſamine, and of the bud of the Box-tree, a thouſand

thouſand little acts of fructification I obſerved for the firſt time, filled me with delight, and I ran about aſking if people had ſeen the horns of the Self-heal, as La Fontaine aſked if Habakkuk had ever been read. In two or three hours I returned loaded with a plentiful harveſt, a ſtock of amuſement for the afternoon, in caſe of rain. I employed the reſt of the morning in going with the ſteward, his wife, and Théreſa, to obſerve their labourers and their harveſt, generally ſetting to work with them; and the people of Berne who came to ſee me, often found me perched on high trees, girt about with a ſack I was filling with fruit, and which I afterwards let down by a cord. The exerciſe I made uſe of in the morning, and the good-humour inſeparable from it, rendered the reſt I enjoyed at dinner-time very agreeable; but if it was too much prolonged, and that fine weather invited, I could not wait ſo long, and, whilſt they were ſtill at table, I ſlipt away, ran and jumped alone into a boat, which I rowed towards the middle of the lake, and there, ſtretching myſelf in the boat at full length, with my face upwards, I let it gradually get into the ſtream at the water's pleaſure, ſometimes for ſeveral hours, loſt in thought confuſed, but delicious, and which, without any conſtant or determined object, was nevertheleſs, in my opinion, an hundred times preferable to every thing the moſt charming I ever found in what is called pleaſure. Often, informed by the ſetting ſun of the hour of return, I have been at ſuch a diſtance from the iſland as to be obliged to labour

bour with all my might to get back before night. At other times, inſtead of an excurſion into the ſtream, I diverted myſelf by coaſting the verdant banks of the iſle, whoſe limpid waters and cooling ſhades have often invited me to bathe. But my moſt frequent navigation was from the larger to the ſmaller iſle, to land and paſs there my afternoon, ſometimes in walks very circumſcribed, amidſt arſe-ſmart, thiſtles, rook-ſtork, ſhrubs of every kind; and ſometimes fixing myſelf on the ſummit of a ſandy eminence, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, and even clover, which had poſſibly been formerly ſown there, and very proper for rabbits, which might there multiply in peace, and have nothing to fear, or nothing to ſpoil. I hinted this to the ſteward, who ſent to Neufchatel for males and females, and we ſet forward in great pomp, his wife, one of his ſiſters, Théreſa, and myſelf, to eſtabliſh them in the little iſland, where they began to ſtock before my departure, and where they doubtleſs proſpered, if they were able to ſupport the rigors of winter. The founding this little colony was a holiday. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, leading in triumph the company and the rabbits from the great iſland to the ſmall one; and I haughtily obſerved, that the ſteward's wife, who dreaded the water to exceſs, and always fainted on it, embarked under my command with confidence, without ſhewing the leaſt fear during our paſſage.

When the lake, agitated, prevented its navigation, I paſſed my afternoon in running

over the iſland, herbalizing on this and that ſide, ſeating myſelf ſometimes in the moſt pleaſing and ſolitary retreats, to meditate at my eaſe; ſometimes on the terraces and heights, to ſatisfy my ſight with the magnificent and raviſhing proſpect of the lake and its ſhores, crowned on one ſide by neighbouring mountains, and on the other opening into rich and fertile plains, where ſight was loſt in the bluiſh diſtant mountains which overſtretched and confined them.

When duſk approached, I deſcended from theſe ſummits of the iſle, and went and ſeated myſelf on the borders of the ſtrand, in ſome hidden retreat; there the noiſe of the waves and agitation of the waters, determining ſenſe, and chaſing from my ſoul every other care, plunged it into delightful thought, where night ſtole often on me unperceived. The ebbing and flowing of theſe waters, its noiſe continued, but roaring at intervals, ſtriking without intermiſſion the eye and ear, fed in me the internal movement which thought had extinguiſhed, and cauſed me to feel my exiſtence with delight, and ſaved me the trouble of thinking. There aroſe, from time to time, a few weak and ſhort reflections on the inſtability of worldly things, whoſe image was ſeen on the ſurface of the waters; but ſuch light impreſſions were ſoon done away by the even and conſtant movement which lulled me, and which, without any active concurrence of my ſoul, engaged me, however, to a degree, that, ſummoned by the hour and ſignal agreed on, I was unable to wreſt myſelf from it without effort.

After

After ſupper, when the evening was fine, we once more went to take a turn on the terrace, to breathe the air of the lake and the night. We reſted ourſelves under the pavilion, we laughed, we chattered, we ſung ſome old ſongs, which at leaſt equalled modern ones, and at laſt went to bed, contented with our day, and wiſhing ſuch another on the morrow.

This, ſetting aſide unforeſeen and unwelcome viſits, was the manner I paſſed my time during my reſidence on this iſland. Let people aſk me now what was there ſo attracting as to cauſe in my heart that regret ſo violent, ſo tender, and ſo laſting, that, at the end of fifteen years, it is impoſſible to think on this lovely habitation without each time being tranſported by rapturous deſire.

I have obſerved, that, in the viciſſitudes of a long life, the periods of the ſweeteſt enjoyments, and the livelieſt pleaſures, are not, however, thoſe whoſe remembrance moſt wins or touches me. Theſe ſhort moments of delirium and paſſion, however lively they may be, are no more, and that from their vivacity even, than very diſtant points pricked on the line of life. They are too rare and too rapid to conſtitute a ſtate; and the happineſs my heart regrets is not compoſed of fugitive inſtants, but a ſimple and permanent ſtate, which has nothing violent in itſelf, but whoſe duration tempers the charm to a degree of reaching, at laſt, ſupreme felicity.

Every thing on earth is in a continual ebb. Nothing can keep a fixed and conſtant form; and our affections, attached to external things,

neceſſarily change with them. Always before or behind us, they recal the paſt, which is no more, or anticipate the future, which perhaps will never be: in all that there is nothing ſolid to which the heart can cleave. Neither have we here below ſcarcely any other than paſſing pleaſure; as to continued happineſs, I doubt if it is known. There is hardly a ſingle inſtant of our livelieſt enjoyments of which the heart can truly ſay, *I wiſh this inſtant would laſt for ever.* And how then can we call a fugitive ſtate happy, which leaves uneaſineſs and void in the heart, which leaves regret for ſomething preceding, and hope for ſomething after it?

But if there is a ſtate in which the ſoul finds a ſeat ſolid enough entirely to repoſe and collect there its whole being, without being obliged to have recourſe to the paſt, or ſtretch towards the future; where time is to her a void; where the preſent continually laſts, without, however, denoting its duration, and without the leaſt ſign of ſucceſſion, without any other ſenſe of privation or enjoyment, of pleaſure or pain, hope or fear, than ſolely that of our exiſtence, and that this ſentiment alone is able wholly to occupy it; as long as this ſtate laſts, he who finds himſelf in it may call himſelf happy, not from a poor, imperfect, relative happineſs, like that we feel in the pleaſures of life, but from a full, perfect, and ſufficient happineſs, which does not leave the leaſt void in the ſoul it would be glad to fill. This is the ſtate in which I often found myſelf on St. Peter's iſland, during my retired meditations, whether ſtretched in my boat, ſeated on the ſhores of the

the agitated lake, or elſe on the banks of a beautiful river, or a brook murmuring through the gravel.

In what conſiſts the enjoyment of a like ſituation? In nothing external, nothing but one's ſelf, and our own exiſtence; as long as this ſtate laſts, we are ſufficient to ourſelves, like God. The ſenſe of exiſtence, ſtripped of every other affection, is of itſelf a precious ſenſe of contentment and peace, which alone would ſuffice to render this exiſtence lovely and ſweet, to him who knows to remove from his mind all thoſe terreſtrial and ſenſual impreſſions which inceſſantly ariſe to diſtract and to trouble our comfort here below. But the greateſt part of mankind, agitated by continual paſſions, are little acquainted with this ſtate, and, having imperfectly taſted it a few moments, preſerve an obſcure and confuſed idea of it only, which does not enable them to feel its charms. It would not be proper, even in the preſent conſtitution of the world, that, fond of theſe gentle extaſies, they ſhould take a diſguſt for their active life, whoſe continual growing wants have preſcribed it a duty. But an unfortunate man, whom they have driven from human ſociety, and who is incapable of doing, either for himſelf or others, any good here below, may find, in ſuch a ſtate, in lieu of every human felicity, a recompence which fortune or mankind cannot take from him.

It is true, this recompence cannot be felt by all men, or in all ſituations. It is neceſſary the heart ſhould be at peace, and that no paſſion

ariſes to trouble the calm. It is neceſſary he who experiences it ſhould have diſpoſitions adapted to it; they are likewiſe neceſſary in the concourſe of ſurrounding objects. It does not demand an abſolute repoſe, or too great an agitation, but an uniform and moderate movement, without fits or intervals. Without motion, life is a lethargy. If the movement is unequal or too violent, it awakens; in ſhewing us ſurrounding objects, it deſtroys the charms of thought, and tears us from ourſelves, inſtantly to reſtore us to the bonds of fortune and man, and brings us back to a ſenſe of our misfortunes. An abſolute ſilence leads to ſadneſs: it repreſents the image of death. Then the ſuccour of an happy imagination is neceſſary, and offers naturally enough to thoſe who have received that bleſſing from Heaven. The movements, which do not externally ariſe, are then felt within us. The repoſe is leſs, 'tis true, but it is alſo more agreeable, when light and gentle thoughts, without diſturbing the inward ſoul, do nothing more than lightly touch the ſurface. There ſhould be only juſt enough to recollect ourſelves, and forget all our misfortunes. This kind of meditation may be gratified in every place where tranquillity is found; and I have often thought, that in the Baſtille, and even in a dungeon where no object ſtruck the ſight, I could ſtill meditate agreeably.

But I muſt own, I could do it more agreeably in a fruitful and ſolitary iſle, naturally circumſcribed and divided from the reſt of the world, where none but ſmiling forms were

were ſeen, nothing to recal my ſorrows paſt; where the ſociety of a ſmall number of inhabitants was affable and mild, without engaging me ſo as to occupy me always; where I could, the whole day, in fine, abandon myſelf, without obſtacle, or without the occupations of my taſtes, to the ſofteſt leiſure. The occaſion was, doubtleſs, fine for a penſive man, who, feeding on agreeable chimeras, amidſt the moſt unpleaſant objects, could glut himſelf at eaſe by procuring a concourſe of all that really ſtruck the ſenſes. On awaking from my long and peaceful meditation, perceiving myſelf ſurrounded by flowers, birds, and verdure, permitting my wandering ſight to rove remote over romantic ſhores, by which a vaſt extent of waters clear and cryſtalline was ſhut in, I aſſimilated every lovely object to my fictions, and, having at laſt a knowledge of myſelf, and that which ſurrounded me, I was unable to gueſs the point which ſeparated fiction from reality; ſo much did all combine to render dear my beloved abode. Oh! could I call it back once more! Could I but end my days in this charming iſle, without evermore ſtirring from it, or ſeeing a ſingle inhabitant of the continent, who could remind me of all thoſe calamities which have ſo many years united to overwhelm me! All ſhould be for ever ſtruck from my memory: doubtleſs I ſhould not be equally forgot by the world; but what of that, provided no one had acceſs to diſturb my peace? Delivered from every worldly paſſion the tumult of ſocial life engenders, my ſoul would fre-

quently riſe above this atmoſphere, and, before-hand, converſe with thoſe celeſtial beings whoſe number it hopes ſoon to encreaſe. Men will take care, I know, not to give back ſo ſweet an aſylum from which they already have taken me; but they cannot prevent me from daily conveying myſelf there on the wings of imagination, and taſting the ſame pleaſure as when I was really there. All I ſhould do with more delight would be to think with more eaſe. In imagining I am there, is it not the ſame thing? It is even more; to the charm of an abſtract and monotone meditation, I join delightful images which enliven it. Their objects often eſcaped my ſenſes during my extaſy, and now, the more my meditations are profound, the greater expreſſion they give them. I am often more amongſt them, and more agreeably too, than when I was there in reality. The misfortune is, that ſtill as my imagination weakens, theſe things ſtrike me more ſlowly and ſtay but a ſhort while. Alas! 'tis when we begin to leave this body it moſt offends the mind.

SIXTH

SIXTH WALK.

WE have hardly any mechanical movement whoſe cauſe is not to be found in our heart, if we are acquainted with the manner of ſeeking it.

Yeſterday paſſing along the new Boulevard, to go herbalizing along the Biévre, towards Gentilly, I made a turn to the right as I came near the Hell barrier; keeping towards the country I took the Fontainebleau road, to reach the heights which border on that river. The walk was indifferent in itſelf; but, on recollecting I had ſeveral times mechanically taken the ſame compaſs, I ſought the cauſe within myſelf, and could not help laughing on finding it.

In a corner of the Boulevard, going from the Hell barrier, a woman daily poſts herſelf in ſummer, to ſell fruit, ptiſan, and half-penny rolls. The woman has a little boy, very ſmart, but lame, who, walking with difficulty on his crutches, comes with a pretty good grace to aſk charity of thoſe who paſs. I had ſcraped a kind of acquaintance with this little fellow; he never failed each time I paſſed to come and pay me his little compliment, followed by my little offering. For ſome time I was happy to ſee him, and gave him freely, and continued doing ſo, with the ſame pleaſure, often joining that of exciting and liſtening to his little prattle,

which I found agreeable. This pleaſure, by degrees growing into habit, became, I don't know how, transformed into an obligation of which I ſoon felt the conſtraint, particularly from the preliminary harangue I muſt hear, and in which he never failed often calling me M. Rouſſeau, to ſhew he knew me well, which, on the contrary, proved he knew me no better than thoſe who had inſtructed him. From that time I paſſed that way leſs willingly, and at laſt got mechanically the habit of often making a round when I got near this croſſway.

This is what I diſcovered on reflection; for nothing of all this had till then diſtinctly preſented itſelf to my thoughts. This obſervation ſucceſſively recalled to me a multitude of others which quite confirmed me, that the firſt and real motives of the greateſt part of my actions are not ſo clear to me as I long imagined them. I know and I feel, that to do good is the greateſt happineſs a man can enjoy; but it is long ſince this happineſs has been put out of my reach, and it is not in ſo miſerable a deſtiny as mine I can hope to do, with choice and fruit, a ſingle action truly good. The greateſt care of thoſe who govern my fate having been that every thing, in reſpect to me, was no more than falſe and treacherous appearance, a motive of virtue is but a decoy laid to draw me into the net in which they would entangle me. I know it; I know the only future good in my power is to abſtain from acting, for fear of doing wrong without wiſhing or knowing it.

But

But there have been happier times, when, following the motions of my heart, I could ſometimes make another heart happy; and I ought to do myſelf this honourable juſtice, that, every time I could taſte this pleaſure, I found it ſweeter than any other. This deſire was lively, real, and pure, and nothing within me ever in the leaſt belied it. I have, nevertheleſs, felt the weight of my own kindneſs by the chain of obligations it drew after it: the pleaſure then diſappeared, and I no longer found, in a continuation of the ſame attentions which had charmed me, any thing but a conſtraint almoſt inſupportable. During my ſhort proſperity, many people had recourſe to me, and never in any ſervice I was able to do them was any perſon refuſed; but from theſe kindneſſes, laviſhed with a profuſion of heart, grew out a chain of ſucceſſive engagements I had not foreſeen, and whoſe bonds I could not ſhake off. My firſt ſervices were, in the eyes of thoſe who received them, but an earneſt of more which muſt follow; and the moment an unfortunate perſon had thrown the grapple of a kindneſs received, 'twas all over in future, and this firſt free and voluntary kindneſs became an indeterminate tie for all thoſe he might afterwards want, without inability even being able to exempt me. Thus it was, my moſt amiable pleaſures were transformed into burthenſome obligations.

Theſe chains did not, however, ſeem ſo heavy, whilſt, unknown by the public, I lived in obſcurity; but when once my perſon was made known by my writings, a grave fault

without doubt, but more than expiated by my misfortunes, from thence I became the general intelligence-office to all the needy, or that called themſelves ſo, to every adventurer who ſought out a dupe, to all thoſe who, on pretext of the great credit they choſe to attribute to me, wiſhed to lay hold of me by ſome means or other. It was then I had reaſon to know, that every propenſity of nature, kindneſs itſelf not excepted, carried or followed in ſociety without prudence or choice, changes its nature and often becomes as troubleſome as it was uſeful in its firſt direction. So many cruel experiments changed by little my firſt diſpoſitions, or rather confined them at laſt within their true bounds; they taught me to follow leſs blindly my propenſity for doing good, when it ſerved only to favour another's wickedneſs.

But I am not ſorry at theſe experiments, as they procured, on reflection, new inſtruction on the knowledge of myſelf, and on the true motives of my conduct on a thouſand occaſions in which I ſo often deceived myſelf. I found, that to do good with pleaſure, I muſt be at liberty, without conſtraint; and that to deprive me of all the ſweetneſs of a good action, it was ſufficient it became my duty. From thence the weight of obligation makes a burthen of the moſt charming delights; and, as I have ſaid in Emilius, I think, I had in Turkey made a very poor huſband at the hour the public crier invites them to fulfil the duties of their calling.

This it is which greatly modifies the opinion

opinion I long had of my own virtue; for there is none in following our inclinations, and procuring ourſelves, when they invite us, the pleaſure of doing good: but it conſiſts in vanquiſhing them when duty commands, in order to do what it preſcribes, and this is, of all men in the world, what I could leaſt do. Born with fine feelings and good-nature, extending pity even to weakneſs, and feeling an exaltation of the ſoul at every thing which ſeemed generoſity, I was humane, benevolent, willing to relieve from inclination, and even from paſſion, as long as my heart only was engaged: I had been the beſt and moſt merciful of men, had I been the moſt powerful; and to extinguiſh in me every deſire of revenge, it had ſufficed I had been able to revenge myſelf. I had, even without pain, been juſt againſt my own intereſt, but againſt that of thoſe I eſteemed I could not ſo readily determine. Whenever my duty and my heart were in contradiction, the firſt had ſeldom the victory, unleſs the queſtion was ſolely abſtaining; then I was in general ſtrong; but to act againſt my inclination was always impoſſible. Whether it be man, duty, or even neceſſity commands, if my heart is ſilent, my will remains deaf, and I cannot obey. I ſee the evil threatening me, I ſuffer it to reach me rather than act to prevent it. I ſometimes begin with an effort, but this effort tires and wears me; I cannot continue. Every imaginable thing I cannot do with pleaſure, ſoon becomes an impoſſibility.

More. Conſtraint, coinciding with my wiſh, ſuffices

ſuffices to deſtroy it, and change it to repugnance, to averſion even, if it is in the leaſt imperious: this it is which renders painful every good work which is exacted, and which I did of myſelf when it was not exacted. A kindneſs purely gratuitous is certainly an action I love to do; but when he who has received it changes it to a right, in order to exact its continuation on pain of his ill-will, when he impoſes the law of my being for ever his benefactor, becauſe I had pleaſure in being ſo, thence conſtraint begins, and the pleaſure vaniſhes. What I then do, if I yield, is weakneſs and baſhfulneſs, but the will no longer goes with it: far from applauding myſelf, I in my conſcience reproach myſelf of doing good unwillingly.

I know there is a kind of contract, and the ſtrongeſt of all contracts, between the benefactor and the obliged. 'Tis a ſort of ſociety they form between each other, ſtricter than that which in general unites men; and when the obliged tacitly engages himſelf to gratitude, the benefactor likewiſe is equally engaged to the other to preſerve, ſo long as he does not render himſelf unworthy, the ſame attentions he has already experienced, and to renew his proofs of it every time it is required, or that he has it in his power. Thoſe are not the expreſs conditions, but they are the natural effects of the relations they have ſettled between them. He who for the firſt time refuſes a gratuitous ſervice aſked, gives no right of complaint to him he has refuſed; but he who in a like caſe equally refuſes

refuſes the ſame favour he had granted before, croſſes a hope he had authorized to be conceived, he deceives and baulks the expectation he created. We feel, in the refuſal, ſomething of I don't know how unjuſt, and more cruel than in the other; but it is not leſs the effect of an independence the heart is fond of, and which it cannot renounce without effort. If I pay a debt, 'tis a duty I owe; if I beſtow a gift, 'tis a pleaſure I procure myſelf. Thus the pleaſure of doing our duty is of thoſe virtue gives birth to: thoſe which proceed immediately from nature are not ſo elevated.

From ſo many ſad experiments, I have learnt diſtantly to foreſee the conſequences of my firſt uninterrupted movements, and have often abſtained from a good deed I had the deſire and ability to do, dreading the obligation to which, in the end, I was going to ſubject myſelf, did I inconſiderately give into it. I did not always feel this dread; on the contrary, I eſteemed myſelf, in my youth, for my own good deeds, and have often likewiſe experienced that the friendſhip of thoſe I obliged proceeded from gratitude ſtill more than from intereſt. But things much changed in this reſpect, as in every other, as ſoon as my misfortunes commenced. I from thence lived amongſt a new generation which did not reſemble the firſt, and my feelings for others have ſuffered the change I ſaw in theirs. The ſame perſons I have ſucceſſively ſeen in theſe two, ſo different, generations, are, in a manner, ſucceſſively incorporated into each other:

other: from plain and ſincere, as they were at firſt, they are become what they are, and have done like others; and for no other reaſon than that times are changed, the men have changed with them. Ah! how can I retain the ſame ſentiments for thoſe in whom I find the oppoſite to that which created them! I do not wiſh them ill, becauſe I cannot wiſh any one ill; but I am not proof againſt the contempt they merit, nor can I abſtain from letting them ſee it.

Perhaps, without perceiving it, I myſelf am changed more than I ſhould have done. What nature could hold out without being impaired, in a ſituation reſembling mine? Convinced by twenty years experience, that every happy diſpoſition Nature implanted in my heart is turned by my fate, and thoſe who diſpoſe of it, to the prejudice of myſelf and others, I can no longer regard a good deed which is propoſed to me but as a decoy held out, under which is an hidden evil. I know, that, whatever be the effect of the deed, I ſhould have nevertheleſs the merit of my good intention. Yes, the merit, no doubt, goes with it, but the internal pleaſure does not; and whenever that ſtimulation fails, I feel nothing but coldneſs and indifference within; and certain, that, inſtead of doing an uſeful action, I only act the dupe, the indignation of ſelf-love joined to the denial of reaſon, inſpires nothing but repugnance and oppoſition, when in my natural ſtate I had been nothing but ardour and zeal.

There are kinds of adverſities which elevate and

and ſtrengthen the mind, but there are likewiſe others which daunt and overwhelm it; 'tis of this ſort I am the prey. Had there been but the leaſt bad leaven in mine, it had made it ferment to exceſs, it had made me frantic; but it has made me nothing more than inſignificant. Not in a ſtate of doing a good action for myſelf or my neighbour, I abſtain from action; and this ſtate, which is only innocent as being forced, cauſes me a kind of delight, in wholly abandoning myſelf, without reproach, to my natural feelings. I doubtleſs go too far in avoiding the occaſions for action, even where I perceive but virtue in it. But, certain I am not permitted to ſee things as they are, I abſtain from judging the appearance they give them; and, by whatever veil they cover the motives of action, it ſuffices that theſe motives are left within my reach to aſſure me they are decoys.

My fates ſeem to have ſpread, from my childhood, the firſt net which has long made it ſo eaſy for me to fall into every other. I am from my birth the moſt confident of men, and during forty years entire my confidence was never once abuſed. Dropping all at once into another order of men and things, I have given into a thouſand ambuſhes, without ever perceiving one; and twenty years experience have ſcarcely ſufficed to enlighten me. Once convinced thoſe hypocritical demonſtrations they heaped on me were no more than illuſion and falſhood, I rapidly paſſed to the other extremity; for, once out of our natural courſe, no bounds can contain us. Then I grew

diſguſted

diſguſted with mankind; and my will concurring with theirs in this reſpect, keeps me farther from them than all the engines they employ.

Do all they can, my repugnance can never reach averſion. When I think how dependent they have made themſelves on me, to keep me dependent on them, they excite my real pity. Though I am unhappy, they are ſo likewiſe; every time I look into myſelf, I find them worthy compaſſion. Perhaps pride creeps a little into theſe judgments; I feel myſelf too much above them to hate them: in fine, I love myſelf too well to hate any man whatever. This would be limiting, contracting my exiſtence, and I would wiſh rather to extend it over the univerſe.

I had rather ſhun than hate them. Their aſpect ſtrikes my ſenſes, and through them my heart, with impreſſions which a thouſand cruel looks render painful; but the uneaſineſs leaves me the moment the object which cauſed it diſappears. They employ my thoughts, in ſpite of myſelf, by their preſence, but never by my memory. When they are from my ſight, they are as before they exiſted.

They are indifferent to me no farther than they relate to me; for in their relations together, they may ſtill affect and move me, as the perſonages of a play I might ſee repreſented. My moral being muſt be abſolutely annihilated before juſtice becomes indifferent to me. The ſight of injuſtice and villainy ſtill makes my blood boil with rage; acts of virtue, where I perceive neither tricks nor oſtentation, always melt

melt my heart with joy, accompanied by tears of contentment. But I muſt ſee and rate them myſelf; for, after what has happened to me, I muſt be out of my ſenſes to adopt, on any matter whatſoever, the judgment of man, and believe any one thing on the faith of another.

Were my perſon and features as little known to mankind as my diſpoſition and character, I could ſtill, without trouble, live amongſt them. Their company might even pleaſe me as long as I remained unknown. Following without conſtraint my natural inclinations, I ſhould ſtill befriend them, whilſt their thoughts were unemployed on me. I could exerciſe on them univerſal benevolence, perfectly diſintereſted; but, without ever forming particular connections, or bearing the yoke of obligation, I would do for them, freely and of myſelf, every thing they have ſo much trouble to incite by their own appearance, and extort by all their laws.

Had I remained free, obſcure, lonely, as I was made to be, I had been truly generous; for, at my heart, I have no deſtructive paſſion. If I had been inviſible and all powerful as God, I ſhould have been beneficent and good as he is. 'Tis power and liberty creates good men. Impotence and ſlavery never produced aught but villains. Had I poſſeſſed Gygè's ring, it would have transformed my dependence on man into his dependence on me. I have often aſked myſelf, during my caſtles in the air, what uſe I ſhould have made of this ring; for it is then that the temptation of abuſe muſt nearly

nearly accompany power. Maſter of gratifying my wiſhes, able to do any thing, without being able to be deceived by any man, what could I have poſſibly deſired with any ſucceſs? Only one thing; to give contentment to all hearts. The proſpect of public felicity had ſolely been able to touch my heart with a permanent ſentiment; and the ardent deſire of concurring to it had been my moſt conſtant paſſion. Always juſt without partiality, and always good without weakneſs, I ſhould have been equally on my guard againſt blind ſuſpicion and implacable malice; becauſe, ſeeing men juſt as they are, and eaſily reading the bottom of their hearts, I ſhould have found ſome among them amiable enough to merit my whole eſteem; few ſufficiently odious to merit all my ſpite, and whoſe malice had diſpoſed me to pity them, from the certain knowledge of the hurt they do themſelves in endeavouring to hurt others. Sometimes, perhaps, in my moments of gaiety, I ſhould have been taken with the childiſhneſs of working prodigies; but, perfectly diſintereſted as to myſelf, and having no law but my natural inclinations, for a few acts of ſevere juſtice, I ſhould have done a thouſand equitable and clement ones. Miniſter of Providence, and diſpoſer of its laws, according to my power, I ſhould have worked miracles, wiſer and more uſeful than thoſe in the life of the ſaints, and the tomb of St. Médard.

There is but one ſole point in which the faculty of penetrating into all places inviſibly

ſibly would have thruſt me into temptations I ſhould have poorly reſiſted, and, once gone out of the way, who knows where I might not have been led to? It would be knowing very little of nature and myſelf to ſuppoſe theſe faculties would not have ſeduced me, or that reaſon would have ſtopped me on this fatal deſcent. Sure of myſelf in every other article, I ſhould have been loſt on that alone. He whoſe power ſets him above mankind, ſhould be alſo above human weakneſs, without which this exceſs of force would only ſerve to reduce him, in effect, lower than others, and to what he himſelf would have been, if he had remained their equal.

All well conſidered, I fancy I ſhould do well to throw away my magic ring, before it leads me to ſome folly. If mankind perſiſts in ſeeing me quite different to what I am, and that my ſight irritates their injuſtice, to deprive them of this ſight I muſt fly from them, but not vaniſh from among them. It is their place to hide themſelves from me, to conceal their workings, to fly the light of the day, and, like moles, work under the earth. For my part, let them ſee me if they can, ſo much the better; but that's impoſſible; they will always ſee, inſtead of me, the J. J. they themſelves have made, and made to their wiſh, to deſpiſe him as they pleaſe. I am to blame, then, to be affected at the manner they ſee me; I ought not to be in the leaſt concerned at it, for it is not me they thus ſee.

The concluſion I am able to draw from all theſe reflections is, that I never was truly

adapted

adapted to ſociety where all is conſtraint, obligation, devoirs; and that my independent diſpoſition always rendered me incapable of a ſubjection neceſſary to him who wiſhes to be ſomething in the world.

Whilſt I act freely, I am good for ſomething, and I do good; but the moment I feel the yoke, whether of neceſſity, whether of man, I become rebellious, or ſtubborn rather; then I am good for nothing. When I muſt act contrary to my will, I do it not, whatever be the conſequence. Neither do I even my will, becauſe I am weak. I abſtain from action: for all my weakneſs is for action, all my ſtrength negative; my ſins are all of omiſſion, ſeldom of commiſſion. I never believed man's liberty conſiſted in doing that he wiſhed, but chiefly in never doing that he did not wiſh; and this is what I have always claimed, often preſerved, and in which I have moſtly offended my contemporaries. As to them, active, reſtleſs, ambitious, deteſting liberty in others, and refuſing it themſelves, provided they ſometimes did their will, or rather governed that of others, they were ſlaves their whole life-time to what they deſpiſe, and omit nothing ſervile, in order to command. They were not wrong, therefore, in excluding me from ſociety as a uſeleſs member, but in proſcribing me as a pernicious one: for I have done little good I allow; but harm never once in my life entered my will, and I doubt whether there exiſts a man who really has done leſs than myſelf.

SEVENTH

SEVENTH WALK.

THE collection of my long reveries is hardly begun, and they already incline towards their end. Another amuſement ſucceeds it, abſorbs me, and deprives me of time to meditate. I give myſelf to it with a fondneſs bordering on extravagance, and which makes even me laugh when I reflect on it; but I give myſelf up to it nevertheleſs, becauſe, in my ſituation, I have no other rule of conduct than wholly following my inclination without reſtraint. I am unable to alter my deſtiny; I have none but innocent inclinations; and every opinion of mankind being in future of no conſequence to me, prudence requires, that, in all which remain within my reach, I do any thing that pleaſes me, whether in public or apart by myſelf, without any other rule than my fancy, and without any other meaſure than that of my remaining ſtrength. Here I am, then, regardleſs of nouriſhment, and given up to botany for my whole occupation. Though old, I had already received the firſt tincture of it in Switzerland, in company with the Doctor of Ivernois, and had herbalized happily enough during my travels, to get a knowledge of the vegetable kingdom: but being arrived at an age of more than ſixty, and a life more than ſedentary, ſtrength beginning to fail me for great herbalizings, and, beſides, ſufficiently attentive

tive to my copies of muſic to have no need of other employment, I had abandoned that amuſement as no longer neceſſary; I had concluded my herbal, and ſold my books, contenting myſelf with the ſight ſometimes of the common plants I ſaw in my walks round Paris. During this interval, the little I knew has almoſt wholly eſcaped my memory, and much more rapidly than it was implanted there.

All at once, at more than three-ſcore and five years old, deprived of the little ſtrength that enabled me to hunt round the fields, without guide, without books, without an herbal even, I am once more taken with this folly, but with much more ardour than when I applied to it the firſt time; here I am ſeriouſly occupied in the ſage project of learning by heart the whole *regnum vegetabile* of Murray, and in a knowledge of every known plant on the globe. Not in a ſituation to purchaſe books on botany again, I have begun tranſcribing thoſe I have borrowed, reſolved to make another herbal, richer than the former, hoping to put into it every herb of the ſea and the Alps, and every tree the Indies produce. I ſhall begin with the pimpernel, chervil, borage, and groundſel; I herbalize learnedly on the ſides of my bird-cage, and on every little bit of herb I meet with, I repeat to myſelf with ſatisfaction, This is, however, one plant more.

I ſhall not endeavour to juſtify my reſolution to follow this fancy; I think it very reaſonable, perſuaded, that, in the ſituation I am, to devote myſelf to amuſements which pleaſe me is great prudence, and great virtue too: 'tis

'tis a means of preventing any leaven of hatred or vengeance growing up in my heart; and to find in my deſtiny a taſte for any amuſement, I muſt certainly have a diſpoſition well purged from every irraſcible paſſion. This is being revenged of my perſecutors in my manner; I cannot puniſh them more cruelly than by being happy.

Yes, doubtleſs, reaſon permits, preſcribes too, that I abandon myſelf to every inclination which engages me, and which nothing can prevent me from following; but it does not inform me why this inclination invites me, and what charms I can find in a vain ſtudy, without profit, without progreſs, and which recals me, who am old, a dotard, already decayed and burthenſome, without motion, without memory, to the exerciſes of youth, and the leſſons of a ſchool-boy. Now, it is an extravagance I would wiſh to explain; it appears to me, that, well cleared up, it might throw ſome new light on that knowledge of myſelf to which I conſecrate my laſt ſpare time.

I have ſometimes thought profoundly, but ſeldom with pleaſure, almoſt always againſt my will, and as it were by force; reveries relax and divert me, reflection dulls and fatigues me; thinking was always to me a painful occupation without charms. Sometimes my reveries ended in meditation, but my meditations much oftener ended in reveries. My ſoul, while rambling, flutters round the univerſe on the wings of imagination, and melts into extaſies which ſurpaſs thought.

As long as I could taſte that in all its purity, every other occupation was inſipid: but, when once thrown into the career of literature by foreign impulſes, I found the fatigue of the labours of the mind, and the troubles of unfortunate celebrity, I at the ſame time found my reveries grow weak and languid; and, ſoon obliged, againſt my will, to employ my thoughts on my unhappy ſituation, I was unable but rarely to bring back thoſe lovely extaſies which for fifty years had ſerved in lieu of fame and fortune, and, without other expence than time, had made me in my leiſure hours the happieſt of men.

I had likewiſe to fear, leſt, in my reveries, my imagination, rouſed by my diſaſters, ſhould turn its activity towards them, and leſt the continual ſenſe of my miſery, oppreſſing my heart by degrees, ſhould at laſt overwhelm me by its weight. In this ſtate, a natural inſtinct, bidding me fly every ſad idea, ſoon impoſed ſilence on my imagination, and, fixing my attention on ſurrounding objects, for the firſt time, forced me to analyſe the wonders of Nature, which, till then, I had ſeldom contemplated but together.

Trees, ſhrubs, plants, are the earth's cloathing and ornaments. Nothing is ſo diſmal as the aſpect of a country naked and ſtripped, which expoſes nought to our ſight but marſhes, ſtone, and ſand: but, enlivened by Nature, and cloathed in its wedding-ſuit, amidſt ſtreams of water, and the melody of birds, the earth tenders man, in the harmony of the three

three kingdoms, the ſpectacle of life, delight, and charms, the only ſight in the world which does not tire both eyes and heart.

The more ſenſible the ſoul of a contemplative man is, the more he abandons it to the extaſies this harmony excites. A reverie ſoft and deep invades all his ſenſes; he ſinks with delightful ebriety into the immenſity of that beautiful ſyſtem, whoſe ſeeming oppoſites ſo forcibly ſtrike him. 'Tis then all abſtract objects ſhun him, and he ſees and feels but in the whole. Some particular circumſtance muſt obſtruct his ideas, and bound his imagination, if he can obſerve in detail that univerſe he laboured to embrace.

This naturally happened to me, when my mind, oppreſſed by ſorrow, recalled and concentred all its impulſes around itſelf, to preſerve the remains of ardour almoſt evaporated and extinguiſhed by the heavineſs into which I fell by degrees. I wandered ſupinely in the woods and on the mountains, not daring to think, for fear of reviving my afflictions. My imagination, not extending to objects of pain, ſuffered my ſenſes to follow thoſe nimble but charming impreſſions of ſurrounding objects. My eyes inceſſantly roved from one to the other, and it was impoſſible but, in a variety ſo great, ſome muſt be found which attracted them moſt, and fixed them the longeſt.

I became fond of this recreation of the ſight, which, in an unfortunate man, repoſes, amuſes, diverts the mind, and ſuſpends the ſenſe of his miſeries. The nature of the objects greatly aſſiſts the diverſion, and renders it more ſe-

ducing. The fragrant ſmell, the lively colours, the moſt elegant forms, ſeem to diſpute with emulation the right of fixing our attention. Nothing but a love of pleaſure is neceſſary to follow ſenſations ſo ſoft; and, if this effect is not produced on all thoſe who are ſtruck with them, 'tis want of natural ſenſibility in ſome, and, in the greateſt part, that their mind, too much employed on other notions, devotes itſelf by ſtealth only to objects which ſtrike the ſenſes.

Another cauſe which contributes to withdraw the attention of men of taſte from the vegetable kingdom, is, the cuſtom of ſeeking nothing more in plants than drugs and medicines. Theophraſtus thought differently of it; and this philoſopher may be conſidered as the only botaniſt of antiquity: neither is he much known among us; but, thanks to a certain Dioſcorides, a great compiler of recipes, and to his commentators, phyſic has ſo far taken poſſeſſion of plants transformed into ſimples, that we ſee nothing but what we do not ſee; that is, the pretended virtues it pleaſes different men to attribute to them. They cannot conceive how vegetable organization can of itſelf deſerve any attention: people who ſpend their lives in learnedly placing ſhells, ridicule botany as an uſeleſs ſtudy, if not joined, as they ſay, to that of its properties; that is, if we will not give up our obſervations on Nature, which does not lie, and which ſays nothing of all this, ſolely to follow the authority of men who are liars, and who affirm a great many things we muſt believe on their word, which itſelf is moſt often

founded

founded on private intereſt. Stop in an enamelled mead, and examine ſucceſſively the flowers with which it ſhines, thoſe who perceive you, taking you for a barber-ſurgeon, will deſire ſome herbs that cure the ſcald in children, the itch in man, or the glanders in horſes. This diſguſtful prejudice is partly deſtroyed in other countries, particularly in England, thanks to Linnæus, who has drawn botany a little from the ſchools of pharmacy, to reſtore it to natural hiſtory and œconomical uſes; but in France, where this ſtudy has not ſo much penetrated among people in general, they ſtill remain ſo barbarous, that a Paris wit, ſeeing at London the garden of a virtuoſo filled with uncommon plants and trees, cried out, as its greateſt praiſe, *What a charming garden for an apothecary!* By this reckoning, the firſt apothecary was Adam; for it is not eaſy to imagine a garden better ſtocked with plants than that of Eden.

Theſe medicinal notions are certainly not the propereſt to make the ſtudy of botany agreeable; it withers the enamel of the meads and the pomp of flowers, dries up the cooling groves, and makes ſhade and verdure inſipid and loathſome: all theſe charming and graceful ſtructures very little invite thoſe who would pound them in a mortar, and we ſhall never ſeek garlands for ſhepherdeſſes among herbs intended for clyſters.

None of this pharmacy polluted my rural images; nothing was driven from them but diet-drinks and plaiſters. I have often thought, on nearly obſerving the fields, the orchards,

the woods, and their numerous inhabitants, that the vegetable kingdom was a ſtorehouſe of food given by Nature to man and beaſt; but never did it ſtrike me to ſeek drugs and medicines there. I ſee nothing in theſe divers productions which indicate a like uſe, and ſhe would have taught us the choice, had ſhe preſcribed it, as ſhe has in eatables. I feel, likewiſe, that the pleaſure I take in running through the groves would be poiſoned by the ſentiment of human infirmities, did it permit me to think of the fever, the ſtone, the gout, and the epilepſy. However, I ſhall not diſpute with vegetables on the great virtue attributed to them; I ſhall only ſay, that, ſuppoſing theſe virtues real, it is pure ſpite in ſick people to continue to be ſo; for, of all the diſorders man brings on himſelf, there is not one of which twenty ſorts of herbs would not radically cure him.

Theſe turns of genius, which draw every thing to our own material intereſt, which are every where finding out profit or cures, and which would cauſe all Nature to be looked on with indifference, were we always in health, were never mine. I find myſelf, on that head, quite contrary to other men: whatever relates to a ſenſe of my wants, dulls and depraves my thoughts; and never did I find any real charms in the pleaſures of the mind, but in quite loſing ſight of the intereſt of my carcaſe. Thus, if I even had faith in phyſic, and that its medicines were alſo agreeable, I never ſhould feel thoſe delights in its ſtudy a pure and diſintereſted contemplation produces, and my ſoul never could riſe and exalt itſelf above Nature,

Nature, as long as I felt it bound by the ties of the body. However, without ever having had much confidence in phyſic, I have had a great deal in phyſicians I eſteemed, and to whom I reſigned the government of my carcaſe with full powers. Fifteen years experience have taught me at my own expence; once more under the laws of Nature alone, I have again, through her, recovered my former health. If the phyſicians had no other complaint againſt me, who could be ſurpriſed at their malice? I am a living proof of the vanity of their art, and the impertinence of their viſits.

Nothing perſonal, nothing which relates to the intereſt of the body, can truly employ my mind. I never meditate ſo deliciouſly as when I forget myſelf. I feel extaſies, inexpreſſible raptures, in fixing myſelf, in a manner, among the ſyſtem of beings, in comprehending myſelf with all Nature. As long as men were my brothers, I propoſed to myſelf plans of terreſtrial happineſs; theſe plans being always relative to the whole, I could not be happy but from public felicity; the idea of private happineſs never reached my heart, until I ſaw my brothers ſeek theirs in my miſery. Then, that I might not abhor them, I was obliged to fly them, and, taking refuge in our common mother, I ſought in her arms to hide myſelf from the purſuits of her children; I am become ſolitary, or, as they ſay, unſociable, and a miſanthropiſt, becauſe the wildeſt ſolitude appears to me preferable to the ſociety of villains who feed on nought but treaſon and malice.

Forced to abſtain from thinking, for fear of thinking of my diſaſters againſt my will; forced to contain the remains of a pleaſing but languiſhing imagination, which ſo much anguiſh might at laſt turn mad; forced to endeavour to forget the men who load me with ignominy and wrong, for fear indignation ſhould incenſe me againſt them; I cannot, however, contract myſelf within myſelf, becauſe my expanſive ſoul ſeeks, in ſpite of myſelf, to extend its feelings and exiſtence on other beings, and I cannot now, as formerly, go ſluggiſhly through this vaſt ocean of Nature, becauſe my faculties, weakened and relaxed, no longer find objects, ſufficiently determined, ſufficiently fixed, ſufficiently within my reach, ſtrongly to engage me, and becauſe I no longer find vigour enough to ſwim in my former extaſies. My ideas are now very little more than ſenſations, and the ſphere of my underſtanding reaches none but the objects immediately around me.

Shunning mankind, ſeeking ſolitude, no longer meditating, thinking leſs, and, nevertheleſs, endowed with a lively conſtitution which preſerves me from languiſhing apathy and melancholy, I began to employ my mind on all that ſurrounded me, and by a very natural inſtinct I gave the preference to objects the moſt agreeable. The mineral kingdom has nothing in itſelf amiable or attractive; its riches, ſhut up in the bowels of the earth, ſeem to have been withdrawn from man's regard, that his cupidity might not be tempted: they are there to ſerve, ſome day or other, as a ſupplement to the

the true riches more within his reach, whoſe reliſh he loſes ſtill as he grows more corrupt. Then he muſt call in pain, labour, and induſtry to the aſſiſtance of his miſeries; he turns up the bowels of the earth, he goes down to ſeek in its centre, at the riſk of his life, and expence of his health, imaginary bleſſings to replace the real ones which ſhe holds out to him of herſelf, had he the ſenſe to enjoy them. He avoids the ſun and the day he is no longer worthy to ſee; he buries himſelf alive, and does well, no longer deſerving to exiſt by day-light. There quarries, pits, forges, furnaces, a mixture of anvils, hammers, ſmoke, and fire, ſucceed to the lovely image of rural employment. The ghaſtly looks of thoſe wretches who languiſh amidſt the infectious vapours of mines, the dirty ſmiths, hideous cyclops, form a ſight which the implements of a mine ſubſtitute, in the heart of the earth, to that of verdure and flowers, an azure ſky, amorous ſhepherds, and robuſt labourers found on its ſurface.

It is eaſy, I own, to run about picking up ſand and ſtones, to fill our pockets and cloſets with them, and to take along with them the air of a naturaliſt: but thoſe who are attached and limited to this ſort of collections, are, for the moſt part, monied ignoramuſes, who ſeek no more in it than the pleaſure of parade. To benefit by the ſtudy of minerals, you ſhould be a chemiſt and a philoſopher; make painful and coſtly experiments, work in the laboratory, expend a deal of money and time among charcoal, crucibles, furnaces, retorts, in ſmoke,

ſtifling vapours, always at the riſk of your life, and often at the expence of your health. From all this dull and tireſome labour generally reſults much leſs knowledge than pride; and where is the moſt trifling chemiſt who does not think, when chance has perhaps taught him a few combinations of the art, he has penetrated the great operations of Nature?

The animal kingdom is more within our reach, and certainly merits much better to be ſtudied; but, in fine, has not this ſtudy likewiſe its difficulties, its embarraſſments, its diſguſts, and its pains, particularly for a ſolitary man, who can hope for no aſſiſtance, either in action or labour, from any one? How obſerve, diſſect, ſtudy, have a knowledge of the birds of the air, the fiſh of the ſea, quadrupeds ſwifter than the wind, ſtronger than man, and which are no more diſpoſed to come and offer themſelves to my reſearches, than I to run after them, and reduce them by force? My whole reſource would, therefore, conſiſt in ſnails, worms, and flies; and I ſhould ſpend my days running myſelf out of breath after butterflies, empaling poor inſects alive, diſſecting mice when I could catch them, or carrion when I found a dead beaſt. The ſtudy of animals is nothing without anatomy; 'tis by that people learn to claſs them, diſtinguiſh their gender, their ſpecies. In order to ſtudy their manners, their characters, you muſt have aviaries, fiſh-ponds, menageries; I muſt conſtrain them, by ſome means or other, to remain aſſembled around me; I have neither inclination nor means to keep them in captivity, nor the agility

neceſſary

neceſſary for following them into their holes when they are at liberty. I muſt therefore ſtudy them dead, mangle them, take out their bones, turn out leiſurely their palpitating bowels! What a dreadful apparatus is an anatomical room, ſtinking corpſes, livid and proud fleſh, blood, loathſome entrails, terrifying ſkeletons, peſtilential vapours! It is not there, upon my word, that J. J. will ſeek his amuſements. Glittering flowers, enamelled meads, cooling ſhades, ſtreams, groves, verdure, appear and purify my imagination, fouled by theſe dreadful objects. My ſoul, dead to all great emotions, can no longer be affected but by ſenſible objects; I have now no more than ſenſations, and it is only through them pain or pleaſure can reach me here below. Drawn by the ſmiling objects which ſurround me, I conſider, I contemplate, I compare them, I at laſt learn to claſs them; and thus I am at once become as much a botaniſt as it is neceſſary for him to be who would ſtudy Nature only inceſſantly to find freſh reaſons for his fondneſs of it.

I do not ſeek inſtruction; 'tis too late. Beſides, I never found that ſo much ſcience contributed to the happineſs of my life; but I ſeek to procure myſelf mild and ſimple amuſements I can taſte without pain, and which divert my miſery. I have neither money to lay out, nor trouble to take, in roving ſupinely from herb to herb, from plant to plant, examining them, comparing their different characters, noting their reſemblance and their difference; in fine, in obſerving vegetable organi-

zation, ſo as to follow its courſe and the action of theſe living machines, to ſeek with ſucceſs ſometimes their general laws, the reaſon and end of their divers ſtructures, and to give myſelf up to the charms of grateful admiration for the hand which enables me to enjoy theſe things.

Plants ſeem to have been ſown with profuſion on the earth, as the ſtars in the heavens, to invite man, by the charms of pleaſure and curioſity, to the ſtudy of Nature; but the planets are placed far from us; we want a preliminary acquaintance, inſtruments, machines, very long ladders, to come at them and bring them within our reach. Plants are naturally ſo. They grow under our feet, and almoſt in our hands; and though the ſmallneſs of their eſſential parts conceals them from the naked eye, the inſtruments which bring them there are much eaſier made uſe of than thoſe of aſtronomy. Botany is the ſtudy of an idle, lazy, ſolitary man: a point and a magnifying glaſs are all the apparatus he wants to obſerve with. He walks about, he wanders freely from one object to another, he takes a view of each flower with concern and curioſity, and the moment he lays hold of the laws of their ſtructure, he taſtes in obſerving them a pleaſure without trouble, as lively as if it had coſt him a great deal. There is in this lazy occupation a charm which is to be felt only in the entire calm of the paſſions, but which is then alone ſufficient to render life ſweet and happy: but the moment you mix with it a motive

motive of intereſt or vanity, whether to get a place, whether to write books, the moment you would learn only to inſtruct, that you herbalize ſolely to become author, or profeſſor, all this delightful charm vaniſhes, we ſee no more in plants than the inſtruments of our paſſions, we no longer feel a real pleaſure in their ſtudy, we would no longer know, but teach what we know, and in the woods we are but on the ſtage of the world, employed in the care of making ourſelves admired; or otherwiſe to limit yourſelf to the botany of the cloſet, or of the garden at moſt, inſtead of obſerving the vegetables of Nature, our thoughts are employed on ſyſtem and method only; eternal matter for diſpute, which produces the knowledge of not a ſingle plant more, and throws no true light on natural hiſtory or the vegetable kingdom. From thence hatreds, jealouſies, which the competition for celebrity excites in botanical authors, as much or more ſo than in other authors. By this charming ſtudy thus changing its nature, it is tranſplanted into cities and academies, where it degenerates as much as exotics in the gardens of our virtuoſi.

Quite different diſpoſitions have changed, for me, this ſtudy into a kind of paſſion which fills up the void of all thoſe I no longer have. I climb the rocks, the hills, I go down into valleys, into woods, to withdraw myſelf, as much as poſſible, from the remembrance of man, and the purſuits of the wicked. I imagine, that, ſhaded by a foreſt, I am forgot, free and peaceable as when I had not

not an enemy; or that the branches of the trees were able to guard me from their blows, as they drive them from my mind; and I ſuppoſe in my ſtupidity, that by not thinking of them, they will not think of me.

I find ſo great a charm in this illuſion, I ſhould abandon myſelf entirely to it, if my ſituation, my weakneſs, and my wants, would permit it. The more the ſolitude I live in is now profound, the more it demands ſome object to fill up the void; and thoſe of which my imagination is incapable, or my memory repels, are replaced by ſpontaneous productions, which the earth, not forced by man, from every part, preſents to my view. The pleaſure of ſeeking freſh plants in the deſert ſurpaſſes that of eſcaping from my perſecutors, and, arrived at the place in which I ſee no trace of mankind, I breathe more at my eaſe, as in an aſylum where their malice cannot reach.

I ſhall while I live remember an herbalizing I made one day towards la Robaila, an hill belonging to Juſtice Clerc. I was alone, got down into the anfractuoſities of the mountain, and from wood to wood, from rock to rock, I arrived at ſo retired a corner, I never in my life ſaw ſo wild an aſpect. Black fir-trees intermixed with prodigious beeches, whereof ſeveral fallen by age and lying upon one another, ſhut in this corner by impenetrable barriers: through a few openings in this diſmal encloſure, nothing was perceived but perpendicular rocks and horrible precipices, on which I dared not caſt a ſingle look without lying along

along on my face. Owls, oſprays, and ravens, were heard from the clefts of the rocks; a few ſmall birds, ſcarce but familiar, ſoftened, however, the horror of this retreat. Here I found the notched Heptaphyllos, le Ciclamen, the Nidus Avis, the greater Laſerpitium, and a few other plants, which long delighted and amuſed me; but, inſenſibly ſwayed by the ſtrong impreſſion of objects, I forgot both botany and plants, and ſeated myſelf on beds of Lycopodium and moſs, and began to meditate more at my eaſe, on thinking I was there in a refuge unknown to all the univerſe, where no perſecutor could ever diſcover me. An impulſe of pride was mixed with this reverie. I compared myſelf to thoſe great travellers who diſcover a deſert iſle, and complaiſantly ſaid to myſelf, I am doubtleſs the firſt mortal who has penetrated thus far; I looked on myſelf as almoſt a ſecond Columbus. While I was hovering round this idea, I heard, not far from me, a certain claſhing I thought not unknown to me; I liſten: the ſame noiſe is repeated and increaſed. Surpriſed and curious, I get up, I force acroſs a thicket of briars towards the noiſe, and in a thicket not twenty ſteps from the place I thought none but myſelf had reached I perceive a ſtocking manufactory.

I cannot expreſs the confuſed and contradictory agitation I felt in my mind on this diſcovery. My firſt movement was a ſentiment of joy on finding myſelf once more with mankind, where I thought myſelf totally alone; but this movement, more rapid than lightning,

ſoon

ſoon gave place to a painful feeling, much more durable, as not being able to eſcape, even in the caverns of the Alps, the cruel hands of man who with eagerneſs torments me: for I was very ſure, there were not, perhaps, two men in this manufactory but were initiated in the plot of which Montmollin, the preacher, was the head, and who drew his abettors much farther than thence. I haſted to diſpel this diſmal idea, laughing within myſelf as well at my childiſh vanity, as the comical manner in which I was puniſhed for it.

But, in fact, who could ever expect to find a manufactory on a precipice! Switzerland is the only place in the world which offers this medley of ſavage nature and human induſtry. All Switzerland is no more, in a manner, than a large city, whoſe ſtreets, longer and broader than the ſtreet St. Antoine, are adorned by foreſts, divided by mountains, and whoſe houſes, ſcattered and lonely, are ſeparated by Engliſh gardens. I recollect on this matter another herbalizing that Du Peyrou, Deſcherny, colonel Pury, Juſtice Clerc, and myſelf, had made, ſome time before, on the mountain of Chaſſeron, from whoſe ſummit ſeven lakes are perceived. We were told there was only one houſe on this mountain, and we certainly never could have gueſſed the profeſſion of him who inhabited it, had we not been told it was that of a bookſeller, and who had even a great deal of buſineſs in the country *.

It

* It was, doubtleſs, a reſemblance of names which cauſed M. Rouſſeau to apply the anecdote of

It ſeems to me that one relation of this ſort gives a better notion of Switzerland than all our travellers deſcriptions.

Here is another of the ſame kind, or near it, which gives us as much knowledge of a very different people. During my ſtay at Grenoble, I often went herbalizing a little without the city with M. Bovier, an attorney of that country; not that he was fond of or acquainted with botany, but having taken me entirely under his care, he made it a rule, as much as poſſible, never to leave me a minute. We were walking, one day, by the ſide of the Iſere, in a ſpot filled with the forky-leaved willow. I ſaw on the ſhrubs ſome ripe fruit, and had the curioſity to taſte it; and finding a little acid in it very agreeable, I began to eat of theſe berries by way of refreſhment. M. Bovier ſtood cloſe to me, without eating any, or ſaying any thing. One of his acquaintance coming up, and perceiving me plunder the ſhrubs, ſays, Ah! Sir, what are you doing? Don't you know thoſe berries are poiſon? Theſe berries poiſon! ſaid I, quite ſurpriſed. Doubtleſs, anſwered he, and every one ſo well knows it, not a ſingle perſon in the country would taſte them. I looked at M. Bovier, and ſaid, Why then did you not acquaint me of it? Ah! Sir, replied he, in a reſpectful tone, I dared not take that liberty. I laughed at the humility of Dauphiny, in diſcontinuing, however, my collation. I was

of the bookſeller to Chaſſeron, inſtead of Caſſeral, another very high mountain on the frontiers of the principality of Neufchatel.

perſuaded,

perſuaded, as I ſtill am, that every natural production agreeable to the taſte cannot be hurtful to the body, or, at leaſt, its exceſs only can hurt it. I, however, own I took care of myſelf the remainder of the day, and I got off at the expence of a little uneaſineſs: I eat a very good ſupper, ſlept ſtill better, and roſe the next morning in perfect health, after having ſwallowed, on the eve, fifteen or twenty grains of this terrible hippophæa, of which a very ſmall doſe poiſons, as every one at Grenoble told me the next day. This adventure appeared ſo pleaſant, I never, without laughing, call to mind the ſingular diſcretion of the attorney Bov er.

All my botanical rambles, the different impreſſions of the locality of thoſe objects which ſtruck me, the ideas they gave birth to, the incidents which are mixed with them, altogether have left impreſſions in me which are renewed on a view of the plants herbalized in theſe places. I ſhall never more ſee thoſe beautiful countries, thoſe foreſts, lakes, groves, rocks, thoſe mountains, whoſe aſpect has always touched my heart; but now that I can no longer run over thoſe happy countries, I only open my herbal to be ſoon tranſported thither. The fragments of plants I gathered there ſuffice to recal the magnificent view. This herbal is, to me, a journal of herbalizings, which incites me to recommence them with new delight, and produces the effect of an optic, which will in days to come bring them back to my ſight.

'Tis the chain of acceſſory ideas which engages

gages me to botany. It reſembles and recals to my imagination all thoſe ideas which flatter it moſt; thoſe meads, thoſe waters, woods and ſolitude, and, above all, that peace and repoſe we find amidſt thoſe things, are by it brought back to my memory inceſſantly. It cauſes me to forget the perſecutions of men, their malice, their diſdain, their wrongs, and all the ills with which they have repaid my tender and ſincere attachment to them. It tranſports me to thoſe peaceful habitations, amidſt ſimple and good-natured people, like thoſe who were formerly my companions. It brings back my youthful age and my innocent pleaſures; it produces a ſecond enjoyment; and ſtill makes me often happy, amidſt the moſt melancholy fate a mortal ever experienced.

EIGHTH

EIGHTH WALK.

MEDITATING on the diſpoſitions of my mind in every ſituation of life, I am extremely ſtruck on ſeeing ſo little proportion between the divers combinations of my deſtiny and the habitual ſentiments of good or ill with which they have affected me. The divers intervals of my ſhort proſperities have hardly left me one agreeable remembrance of the intimate and permanent manner with which they affected me; and, on the contrary, throughout all the miſeries of life, I have conſtantly felt myſelf governed by tender, touching, and delicious feelings, which, applying a ſalutary balm to the wounds of my mangled heart, ſeemed to convert its affliction into pleaſure, and whoſe amiable remembrance returns alone, diſengaged from that of the miſery I experienced at the ſame time. It would ſeem I have more taſted the ſweets of exiſtence, that I have more really lived, when my feelings, preſſed in a manner to my heart by my fate, did not wander, externally evaporating, after any of thoſe objects eſteemed by mankind, which of themſelves deſerve ſo little, and which are the whole occupation of thoſe we think happy.

When all was in order around me, when I was ſatisfied with every thing ſurrounding me, and with the ſphere in which I was to live, I filled it with my affections. My expanſive

panſive ſoul extended itſelf to other objects; and, always drawn far from myſelf by propenſities of divers kinds, by amiable attachments which inceſſantly employed my heart, I, in ſome ſort, forgot myſelf, I was entirely given to ſomething foreign to myſelf, and experienced in the continual agitation of my heart every viciſſitude of human things. This tempeſtuous life left me neither inward peace nor outward repoſe. Happy in appearance, I had not one ſentiment which could ſupport the experiment of reflection, and on which I could really congratulate myſelf. I was never perfectly contented with myſelf or others. The tumult of the world ſtunned me, ſolitude was weariſome; I wanted inceſſantly to be where I was not, I was eaſy no where. I was nevertheleſs entertained, welcomed, received, careſſed every where; I had not an enemy, not an adverſary, not a ſlanderer; as all ſought to oblige me, I had often the pleaſure of obliging many; and, without fortune, without employment, without friends, or great talents well diſplayed or well known, I enjoyed the advantage reſulting from them all, and I did not ſee one man in any ſituation whoſe lot appeared preferable to mine. What then did I want to be happy? I don't know; but I know I was not. What more is at preſent wanting to make me the moſt unfortunate of mortals? Nothing in the power of man to add. Well! in this deplorable ſtate I would not yet change my being and deſtiny with the moſt fortunate of them all; and I had rather be myſelf in all my miſery, than be

any

any one of thoſe people in all their proſperity. Reduced to myſelf alone, I feed, it is true, on my own vitals, but ſupplies do not fail; I am ſufficient to myſelf, though I ruminate, in a manner, empty, and that my imagination dried up, and my ideas extinguiſhed, have withdrawn all their food from my heart. My clouded ſoul, obſtructed by my organs, ſinks down from day to day, and, under the weight of this heavy maſs, has no longer vigour ſufficient to dart, as heretofore, from its aged covering.

'Tis to this reflection on ſelf adverſity forces us, and that is, perhaps, the reaſon which renders it moſt inſupportable to the greateſt part of mankind. For my part, who can ſee nothing but faults to upbraid myſelf with, I accuſe my weakneſs, and am comforted; for never did premeditated ill enter my heart.

However, unleſs I were ſtupid, how can I contemplate for a moment my ſituation, without ſeeing it as horrible as they have made it, and without dying of ſorrow and deſpair. Far from that, I, the moſt feeling of beings, contemplate it and am not moved; and, without an effort, without a ſtruggle, I view myſelf with indifference in a ſtate whoſe aſpect no other man, perhaps, could ſupport without terror.

How did I arrive at this point? for I was far from this peaceable diſpoſition on the firſt ſuſpicion of the confederacy by which I was ſo long entangled without in the leaſt perceiving it. This new diſcovery greatly diſordered me.

me. Infamy and treaſon came on me unawares. What honeſt mind is prepared for ſuch kind of ſufferings? A man ſhould merit them to foreſee them. I fell into every net which was ſpread for me. Indignation, fury, delirium, caught hold on me: I was beſide myſelf. My head was turned, and from the obſcurity in which I have continually been kept, I no longer perceived a ſpark to guide me, nor prop nor hold to which I could cling, and oppoſe the deſpair which hurried me on.

How live eaſy and happy in this dreadful ſtate? I am, nevertheleſs, ſtill in it, and ſunk down lower than ever, and I have found calm and peace there, and I live happy and contented in it, and I laugh at the incredible tortures my perſecutors inceſſantly heap on themſelves, whilſt I can ſtill find peace, employed on flowers, ſtamina, and childiſhneſs, and I don't even think of them.

How was this paſs gained? Naturally, inſenſibly, and without trouble. The firſt ſurpriſe was tremendous. I who knew myſelf worthy of friendſhip and eſteem, I who thought myſelf honoured, beloved as I deſerved to be, ſaw myſelf in a moment burleſqued as the moſt dangerous monſter which ever exiſted. I ſee a whole generation hurried, every one of them, into this ſtrange opinion, without explanation, doubt, or ſhame, and without my ever being able to come at the cauſe of this extraordinary change. I violently ſtruggled, but did but entangle myſelf the more. I would force my perſecutors to an explanation; they

they knew better. Having long tortured myſelf without ſucceſs, it was neceſſary to take breath. I, nevertheleſs, ſtill hoped; I ſaid to myſelf, A blindneſs ſo ſtupid, a prepoſſeſſion ſo abſurd, never can have reached the whole human ſpecies. There are ſome men of ſenſe who do not ſhare the delirium; there are upright minds who deteſt traitors and impoſture. Let's ſee, I may perhaps at laſt find a man; if I do, they are confounded. I ſought in vain; I did not find him. The confederacy is univerſal, without exception, without hope; and I am ſure to end my days in this dreadful proſcription, without ever unravelling the myſtery.

'Tis in this deplorable ſtate, after ſuffering long, inſtead of the deſpair which ſeemed to be my portion, I once more found ſerenity, tranquillity, peace, even happineſs, ſince each day of my life looks back with pleaſure on the eve, and that I deſire no other on the morrow.

Whence proceeds this difference? From a ſingle cauſe; that is, I have learnt to bear the yoke of neceſſity without a murmur: it is, that I ſtrove ſtill to catch hold of a thouſand things, and that all theſe holds having ſucceſſively failed me, reduced to myſelf alone, I have at laſt recovered my proper ſtate. Preſſed on all ſides, I remain in equilibrium, becauſe I no longer attach myſelf to any thing, I reſt but on myſelf.

When I roſe up with ſo much ardour againſt opinion, I ſtill was its ſlave, without perceiving it. We wiſh to be eſteemed by thoſe we eſteem;

eſteem; and while I could judge advantageouſly of mankind, at leaſt a part of them, the judgment they gave could not be indifferent to me. I ſaw that the judgment of the public is often equitable; but I did not ſee that even this equity was the effect of chance; that the rules on which men found their opinion are taken only from their paſſions or prejudices, which are its work; and that, even when they do judge right, theſe right judgments often grow out of a bad principle, as when they pretend to do honour, on ſome ſucceſs, to a man's deſerts, not from a principle of juſtice, but to take on themſelves an air of impartiality, in calumniating at leiſure the ſame man on other points.

But when, after ſo long and ſo vain reſearches, I ſaw them all, without exception, remain in the moſt unjuſt and moſt abſurd ſyſtem an infernal ſpirit could invent; when I ſaw, that, in my caſe, reaſon was baniſhed from every brain, and equity from every heart; when I ſaw a frantic generation entirely abandon itſelf to the blind fury of its guides, againſt an unfortunate fellow who never did or wiſhed harm to any man; when, having vainly ſought a man, I was at laſt obliged to put out my candle, and cry out, They are all gone; then I began to find myſelf alone on the earth, and I underſtood my cotemporaries were, with reſpect to me, but mechanical beings, who acted but by impulſe, and whoſe action I could not calculate but by the laws of motion. Whatever intention, whatever paſſion I was able to ſuppoſe in their ſouls, they would

never have explained their conduct, to me, in a manner I could underſtand. 'Twas thus their internal diſpoſitions ceaſed to be of any conſequence to me. I no longer ſaw them but as maſſes moved in different directions, deprived, in reſpect to me, of all moral reflection.

In all the ills which befal us, we look more at the intention than the effect. A tile which falls from the houſe may hurt more, but does not vex us ſo much as a ſtone thrown deſignedly by an ill-natured hand. The ſtroke miſſes ſometimes, but intention is ſure of its blow. Material pain is leaſt felt amidſt the ſtrokes of fortune, and when the unfortunate is at a loſs for the author of his miſery, they accuſe deſtiny which they perſonate, and to which they lend eyes and intelligence on purpoſe to torment themſelves. 'Tis thus a gameſter, enraged at his loſſes, grows furious without knowing at whom. He ſuppoſes a fate let looſe on him on purpoſe to torture him, and, finding an aliment for his paſſion, is animated and enflamed againſt the enemy he himſelf has created. A wiſe man, who ſees no more in all his diſaſters than the ſtrokes of blind neceſſity, has not theſe wild agitations; he weeps under affliction, but without anger, without paſſion; he feels no more of the evil of which he is the prey, than the material pain; and the blows he receives may fall as they may on his perſon, not one of them reaches his heart.

To arrive ſo far is a great deal, but it is not all: if you ſtop, 'tis having cut down the evil but left the root; for this root is not in beings foreign

ſoreign to us, it is in ourſelves, and 'tis there we muſt work entirely to tear it up. This I perfectly found, as ſoon as I returned to myſelf. My reaſon ſhewing nought but abſurdity in every explanation I ſought out on what had happened to me, I found that the cauſes, the inſtruments, the means of the whole, being to me unknown and inexplicable, ought to be of no conſequence to me; that I ſhould regard all the particulars of my deſtiny as ſo many acts of pure fatality, where I muſt ſuppoſe neither direction, intention, nor moral cauſe; that I ſhould ſubmit without reaſoning or grumbling, becauſe it would be uſeleſs; that, all I had yet to do on the earth being to regard myſelf purely as a paſſive being, I ſhould not, by vainly reſiſting my deſtiny, wear out that ſtrength which remained to ſupport it. This I told myſelf, my heart and reaſon acquieſced, and nevertheleſs I felt this heart of mine ſtill murmur. Whence came this murmur? I ſought, and I found it; it proceeded from ſelf-pride, which, having been irritated at mankind, roſe up alſo againſt reaſon.

This diſcovery was not ſo eaſily made as imagined; for a perſecuted innocent man long takes for pure love of juſtice the pride of his trifling individual. But then the true ſource, once well known, is eaſily dried up, or at leaſt its courſe is changed. Our own eſteem is the greateſt mover of elevated minds: ſelf-pride, fertile in illuſion, diſguiſes itſelf, and paſſes itſelf on us for eſteem; but when the fraud is at laſt diſcovered, and ſelf-pride can

no longer hide itſelf, from thence it is no longer to be dreaded, and, though we ſtifle it with trouble, we at leaſt bring it under with eaſe.

I never had a great propenſity to ſelf-pride; but this factitious paſſion had raiſed itſelf in me among men, and particularly when I wrote: I had, perhaps, leſs than others, but I had it prodigiouſly. The terrible leſſons I have received ſoon ſent it back to its proper limits; it began by revolting againſt injuſtice, but it ended by diſdaining it: in returning to the protection of my mind, in cutting off external relations which render it importunate, in renouncing compariſons and preferences, it was ſatisfied I ſhould be juſt to myſelf; then becoming ſelf-love again, it returned to the order of nature, and has delivered me from the yoke of opinion.

Then I found peace of mind and almoſt felicity; for in whatever ſituation we may be, it is through the mind only we are conſtantly unhappy. When that is ſilent, and reaſon ſpeaks, it brings us comfort at laſt for all the evils it did not depend on us to avoid. It annihilates them too, ſo far as they do not act immediately on us; for we are ſure then to avoid their ſharpeſt ſtings in ceaſing to employ our attention on them. They are nothing for him who does not think of them. Offences, revenge, affronts, or injuſtice, are nothing for him who feels no more than the pain of his diſaſters, without feeling the intention; for him whoſe ſituation does not depend, in his own eſteem, on what others think proper to grant him. In whatever light mankind

kind chuſe to ſee me, they cannot change my being; and however great their power, and whatever be their ſecret cabals, I ſhall continue, do what they may, to be, in deſpite of them, what I am. It is certain that their diſpoſitions, in reſpect to me, influence my real ſituation. The barrier they have raiſed beween them and me, deprives me of all means of ſubſiſtence and aſſiſtance in the wants of old-age. It makes even money uſeleſs to me, ſince it cannot procure me the ſervice I want; there is no longer a reciprocal connection, or ſuccour, or correſpondence, between them and me. Alone amidſt them, I have but myſelf for reſource, and that is a weak reſource at my age, and the ſtate I am in. Theſe are great ills; but they have loſt all their power on me, ſince I have learnt to ſupport them without fretting. The points in which want is truly felt, are ſcarce. Foreknowledge and imagination multiply them, and 'tis by this continuity of ſenſe we make ourſelves uneaſy, and render ourſelves miſerable. For my part, it does not ſignify that I know I ſhall ſuffer to-morrow; it ſuffices to make me eaſy I do not ſuffer to day. I am not affected at the ills I foreſee, but ſolely at thoſe I feel, and that reduces them to a very trifle. Forlorn, ill, and left alone in my bed, I might die there of indigence, without its troubling any one. But what does that import, provided it does not trouble me neither, and that I am as little affected as others at my fate, whatever it be. Is it nothing, particularly at my age, to view life and death, ſick-

neſs and health, riches and want, glory and defamation, with the ſame indifference? Every other old man is uneaſy at every thing, I am uneaſy at nothing: let what may happen, all is indifferent to me; and this indifference is not the work of prudence, it is that of my enemies, and is become a compenſation for the evil they have done me. By making me inſenſible to adverty, they do me more ſervice than by ſparing their ſtrokes. By not experiencing it, I might fear; but by conquering, I fear it no more.

This diſpoſition leads me to the accompliſhment of my natural propenſities almoſt as completely as if in the greateſt proſperity. Except the ſhort inſtants which bring back, by the preſence of objects, the moſt painful uneaſineſs, the remainder of my time, abandoned by inclination to affections which attract me, my heart ſtill feeds on ſentiments for which it was created, and I enjoy them, and thoſe imaginary beings which produce and partake of them, as if ſuch beings really exiſted. They do exiſt for me who created them; and I do not fear they will betray or abandon me. They will laſt as long as my miſery, and will ſuffice to make me forget it.

Every thing brings me back to that mild and happy life for which I was born; I paſs two-thirds of my days, either employed on inſtructive objects, and agreeable too, into which my mind and ſenſes give with pleaſure; or with the beings of my fancy, which I created to my wiſh, and whoſe company feeds its feelings; or by myſelf, ſatisfied and filled with that happineſs I feel is my due. In all this, ſelf-

ſelf-love does the whole buſineſs, ſelf-pride has no ſhare. It is not thus in the tireſome moments I ſtill ſpend among mankind, the ſport of their treacherous careſſes, their flattering and deriding compliments, of their ſugar'd malignity. Which way ſoever I am able to take it, ſelf-love preſerves its action. The ſpite and animoſity I perceive in their hearts through this clumſy covering, tears mine to pieces with pain; and the idea of being thus ſtupidly taken for a dupe, ſtill adds to this pain a childiſh anger, fruits of a ridiculous ſelf-pride, whoſe ſtupidity I am very ſenſible of, but am not able to vanquiſh. The efforts I make to accuſtom myſelf to theſe mocking and inſulting looks, are incredible. An hundred times I have paſſed the public walks, and the moſt frequented places, with the ſole intention of exerciſing myſelf in theſe cruel ſtruggles. I not only could never arrive at it, but have not made the leaſt progreſs towards it; and all my painful but uſeleſs efforts have left me full as open to perturbation, fretting, and heart-woundings, as before.

Governed by the ſenſes, whatever I have been able to do, I never could reſiſt their impreſſions, and ſo long as the object acts on them, my heart continues affected; but theſe paſſing affections laſt no longer than the ſenſations which cauſed them. The preſence of a ſpiteful man violently affects me; but ſo ſoon as he diſappears, the impreſſion ceaſes; the inſtant I no longer ſee him, I think no more about him. In vain I know he is going to employ himſelf on me, I cannot employ myſelf on him. The ills I do

not abſolutely feel, in no wiſe affect me; the perſecutor I do not ſee, is nothing to me. I am ſenſible of the advantage given by this poſition to thoſe who diſpoſe of my deſtiny. Then let them diſpoſe of it at pleaſure. I had much rather they torment me without reſiſtance, than, by parrying the blow, be obliged to think of them.

This action of the ſenſes on my heart cauſes all the torment of my life. In places where nobody is ſeen, I never think of my deſtiny. I feel it no more. I no longer ſuffer. I am happy and contented, without diverſion or obſtacle. But I rarely eſcape ſome ſenſible blow; and when I leaſt think of it, a nod, a croſs look which I perceive, an irritating word I hear, an adverſary I meet, ſuffices to diſorder me. All I can do in a like caſe, is to forget as ſoon as poſſible, and get away. The trouble of my mind diſappears with the object which cauſed it, and I grow calm the moment I am alone: or, if any thing makes me uneaſy, 'tis the fear of meeting, in my road, ſome other ſubject of pain. Theſe things are all which trouble me; but they are ſufficient to diſturb my happineſs. I lodge in the middle of Paris. On going out of doors I long for the country and ſolitude; but I muſt go ſo far to ſeek them, that, before I am able to breathe at my eaſe, I ſee on the road a thouſand objects which oppreſs my heart, and half the day is ſpent in anguiſh before I have attained the aſylum I ſeek. Happy, however, when they let me finiſh my journey! The moment I leave the company of the wick-

ed

ed is delightful, and ſo ſoon as I find myſelf under the trees, amidſt verdure, I think I ſee myſelf in the terreſtrial Paradiſe, and I taſte an internal pleaſure as lively as the happieſt of mortals.

I perfectly recollect, that, during my ſhort proſperity, theſe ſolitary walks, which are now ſo delightful, were inſipid and tireſome. When I was at any one's country-houſe, the neceſſity of exerciſe, and breathing a free air, cauſed me often to go out alone; and, eſcaping like a thief, I ſauntered about the Park or in the fields: but, far from taſting the happy calm I now taſte, I carried with me the agitation of the vain notions which employed us in the parlour; the remembrance of the company I left there followed me: in my ſolitude, the vapours of ſelf-pride, and tumult of the world, tarniſhed, in my eyes, the green thickets, and troubled the peace of retirement. 'Twas in vain I ran into the midſt of the woods; an importunate crowd was every where with me, and veiled all Nature from me. 'Twas not until diſengaged from ſocial paſſions and their troubleſome attendants, I found her again with all her charms.

Convinced of the impoſſibility of reſtraining theſe firſt involuntary movements, I diſcontinued every effort for that purpoſe. I ſuffer my blood to riſe at each attempt, and paſſion and indignation to overcome my ſenſes; I cede to Nature this firſt exploſion, which all my power cannot ſtop or ſuſpend. My eyes ſparkle, my face reddens, my trembling joints, and ſuffocating palpitations, all depend on

phyſic alone, and reaſoning can do nothing. But having permitted Nature its firſt exploſion, we can become again our own maſters in recovering our ſenſes by degrees: this I long endeavoured at without ſucceſs, but at laſt more happily; and ceaſing to uſe my ſtrength in a vain reſiſtance, I wait the moment of conquering in letting my reaſon act, for it never ſpeaks but when it can be heard. Ah! what do I ſay, alas! my Reaſon? I ſhould ſtill be wrong to give her the honour of this victory, for ſhe has very little ſhare in it: the whole equally proceeds from a verſatile conſtitution, which an impetuous wind agitates, but which becomes calm as the wind abates; 'tis my natural ardour which agitates me, 'tis my natural indolence which appeaſes me. I cede to every preſent impulſe; every ſhock gives me a quick and ſhort movement; as ſoon as the ſhock is paſt, the movement ceaſes; nothing communicated can remain with me. Every event of fortune, every engine of man, have very little hold on a man thus compoſed. To affect me by durable pain, the impreſſion muſt be renewed every inſtant; for intervals, though never ſo ſhort, ſuffice to make me myſelf. I am whatever men pleaſe, while they act on my ſenſes; but the firſt moment of relaxation, I am again that which Nature meant me: that is, whatever they may do, my moſt conſtant ſituation, and that through which, in deſpite of fortune, I taſte an happineſs for which I know myſelf formed. I have deſcribed this ſtate in one of my Reveries; it is ſo agreeable to me, I wiſh nothing ſo much

much as its continuance, and dread nothing ſo much as ſeeing it interrupted. The ills men have done me in no wiſe touch me; the dread only of what they may ſtill do is able to diſturb me: but, certain they have no new method by which they can affect me by a permanent feeling, I laugh at all their inventions, and enjoy myſelf in ſpite of them.

NINTH WALK.

HAPPINESS is a permanent ſtate which does not ſeem intended for man here below. All things on earth are in a continual motion, which does not permit any thing to take a conſtant form. Every thing around us changes. We change alſo, and no one can be certain that what he loved to-day he ſhall love to-morrow. Thus all our projects of felicity in this life are chimeras. Let us benefit by the contentment of the mind when we have it; let us take care not to loſe it through our fault; but let us form no projects to force it, for ſuch projects are pure follies. I have ſeen few happy men, perhaps none; but I have often ſeen contented minds, and of all the objects which have ſtruck me, 'twas that which moſt contented me. I believe it a natural conſequence of the power of ſenſation on my internal feelings. Happineſs has no external ſign; to know it, we muſt read the heart of the happy man: but contentment is read in the eyes, the countenance, the accent, and in the gait, and ſeems to communicate itſelf to him who perceives it. Is there ſo ſweet an enjoyment as to ſee a people give themſelves up to joy on a holiday, and every heart open to the expanſive rays of pleaſure which rapidly, but in a lively manner, paſs through the clouds of life? . . . . . .

Three

Three days ago M. P. came in an extraordinary hurry to ſhew me an elogy on Madame Geoffrin, by M. D. His reading it was preceded by great burſts of laughter on the new-fangled phraſes of this piece, and on the waggiſh playing on words with which he ſaid it was filled. He began reading, but ſtill laughed. I liſtened to him with a ſeriouſneſs which calmed him, and, ſeeing I did not imitate him, he at laſt ceaſed laughing. The longeſt and moſt laboured article of this piece ran on the pleaſure Madam Geoffrin had taken in ſeeing children and making them prattle. The author juſtly drew from this diſpoſition the proof of a good heart. But he did not ſtop there, and he deciſively accuſed of a bad heart and villainy, all thoſe who had not the ſame propenſity, ſo far as to ſay, that, if thoſe who went to the gallows and the rack were queſtioned on that head, they would all agree they never loved children. Theſe aſſertions had a ſingular effect where they were placed. Suppoſing all that true, was that the proper opportunity for ſaying ſo; and muſt the panegyric of an eſtimable woman be polluted by the deſcription of executions and malefactors? I eaſily comprehended the motive of this dirty affectation; and when M. P. had done reading, in repeating that which ſeemed clever in thoſe encomiums, I added, the author, in writing it, had in his heart more malice than friendſhip.

The next day, the weather being pretty fine, though cold, I took a walk as far as the

the military ſchool, expecting to find ſome moſs in full bloom: going there I thought on the evening's viſit, and on M. D.'s book, where I very much believed the plaiſtered epiſode was not placed without intention; and the affectation only of bringing the pamphlet to me, from whom every thing is hid, very well told me its object. I had ſent my children to the aſylum. This was ſufficient to deſcribe me as an unnatural father; and from thence extending and careſſing the idea, they had almoſt drawn the evident conſequence of my hating children. In following by thought the chain of theſe gradations, I admired with what art human induſtry can change things from white to black: for I don't believe any man ever loved more than I to ſee little creatures toying and playing together, and often, in the ſtreet and in my walks, I ſtop to look at their pranks, and their little plays, with an intereſt I ſee no one partake. The ſame day M. P. came, an hour before his viſit I had that of the two little Souſſoi, the youngeſt of my landlord's children, of which the eldeſt is about ſeven years old. They had been to embrace me ſo heartily, and I had ſo tenderly returned their careſſes, that the diſparity of age did not ſeem to prevent them from being ſincerely pleaſed with me; and, for my part, I was tranſported with joy to ſee that ſo old a figure had not diſguſted them: the youngeſt ſeemed to come to me even ſo willingly, that, more a child than they, I felt myſelf already more engaged with him, and ſaw him depart with as much regret as if he had been mine.

I un-

I underſtand that the reproach of having ſent my children to the aſylum, has eaſily degenerated, with a little art, into that of being an unnatural father, and of hating children. It is, however, certain, that the dread of a fate a thouſand times worſe, and almoſt inevitable any other way, determined me to this ſtep. More indifferent on what would become of them, and not in a ſtate of bringing them up myſelf, it would have been neceſſary, in my ſituation, to leave them to their mother's care, who would have ſpoiled them, or to her family's, who would have made them monſters. I yet tremble at the thought. That which Mahomet made of Saide, was nothing when compared to what they would have made of them in reſpect to me; and the traps laid for me afterwards, on that point, ſufficiently convinced me the project was formed. I was, indeed, far from foreſeeing theſe atrocious plots; but I knew the education the leaſt perilous to them was that of the aſylum, and I put them there. I would do it again, and with much leſs ſcruple too, was it to be done again; and I know that no father is tenderer than I ſhould have been, had habit in the leaſt aſſiſted Nature.

If I have made any progreſs in the knowledge of the human heart, 'twas the pleaſure I had on ſeeing and obſerving children which gave me this knowledge. The ſame pleaſure in my youth was a kind of obſtacle; for I played ſo heartily and ſo gaily, I thought little of ſtudying them: but when growing old, I ſaw my decaying viſage cauſed them un-

uneaſineſs, I abſtained from importuning them; I choſe rather to deprive myſelf of a pleaſure than to trouble their happineſs; and, contented to ſatisfy myſelf in obſerving their play, and all their little tricks, I found a return for the ſacrifice in the inſtructions theſe obſervations gave me on the firſt and real movements of Nature, of which all our learned men know nothing. I have committed to my works the proof of my being too carefully employed in this reſearch not to have made it with pleaſure; and it would certainly be, of all things in the world, the moſt incredible, that Eloiſa and Emilius ſhould be the productions of a man who did not love children.

I never had preſence of mind or facility of ſpeech; but ſince my misfortunes my tongue and my brain are more and more embarraſſed. The proper idea and word equally ſhun me, and nothing requires greater diſcernment and choice of juſt expreſſion than the diſcourſe we hold with children. That which ſtill increaſes this embarraſſment in me, is the attention of liſteners; the interpretations and the weight they give to every word which comes from a man, who, having written expreſsly for children, is ſuppoſed obliged to ſpeak to them but by inſpiration. This extreme reſtraint, and the unaptneſs I feel, trouble and diſconcert me; I ſhould be much more at my eaſe before a monarch of Aſia, than before a baby one muſt make prattle.

Another inconvenience keeps me ſtill farther from them, and ſince my diſaſters I ſtill ſee them

them with the ſame pleaſure, but I am no longer ſo familiar with them. Children don't love old-age. The aſpect of decaying Nature is hideous in their eyes. Their repugnance, which I perceive, hurts me; I had rather abſtain from careſſing them, than give them conſtraint and diſguſt. This motive, which acts only on ſouls truly tender, is nothing to all our doctors and doctreſſes. Madam Geoffrin gave herſelf little trouble about children's being pleaſed with her, provided ſhe had pleaſure with them. But to me ſuch pleaſure is worſe than none; it is negative when not divided, and I am no longer in the ſituation or age when I ſaw the little heart of a child open itſelf with mine. Could that happen to me again, the pleaſure, grown more rare, would be to me but more lively: I experienced this well the other morning by that I took in careſſing the two little Souſſoi, not only becauſe the preſence of their maid, who brought them, did not much impoſe on me, and that I found leſs occaſion to watch myſelf, but, alſo, becauſe the jovial air with which they came to me never left them, and that they appeared not diſpleaſed or tired of me.

Oh! had I ſtill a few moments of pure kindneſs from the heart, was it but from a child in coats, could I yet perceive, in ſome eyes, joy and contentment at being with me, for how many troubles and misfortunes would not the ſhort but delightful effuſion of my heart be an ample reward? Ah! I ſhould not be obliged to ſeek a kind look from animals, which is now refuſed me by human beings. I can judge of

it

it by very few examples, but always dear to my memory. Here's one of them, which in any other ſituation I had nearly forgot, and whoſe impreſſion on me ſtrongly deſcribes my miſery.

About two years ago, taking a walk towards New France, I went on farther; then inclining to the right, in order to turn round Montmartre, I went through the village of Clignancourt. I went along heedleſs and meditating, without looking around me, when, all at once, I felt myſelf claſped round the knees. I look, and ſee a little child, about five or ſix years old, who ſqueezed my knees with all his power, in looking up at me with an air ſo familiar and lovely my bowels yearned. I ſaid to myſelf, 'Tis thus my own had done. I took the child in my arms, I kiſſed him ſeveral times with a kind of tranſport, and continued my road. I found on walking along ſomething was wanting. A growing neceſſity carried me back again. I upbraided myſelf on having ſo ſuddenly quitted the child. I thought I perceived in his action, without an apparent cauſe, a ſort of inſpiration not to be diſdained. In fine, ceding to the temptation, I go back again; I run to the child, embrace him again, and give him wherewithal to buy ſome Nanterre loaves, the man who ſold them happening to paſs by at the ſame time, and I began to make him prattle; I aſk him who was his father? He pointed to him, as he was hooping ſome tubs; I was juſt leaving the child to go and talk to him, when I ſaw myſelf prevented by an ill-looking fellow, who ſeemed one of thoſe ſpies they inceſſantly keep at my heels. While this

this fellow was whiſpering him in the ear, I ſaw the cooper fix his eyes attentively on me, with an air which had nothing friendly. This object inſtantly reached my heart, and I quitted the father and child in greater haſte than I had returned there, but in a trouble leſs agreeable, which changed every diſpoſition. I have, nevertheleſs, felt them often return ſince then; I ſeveral times went through Clignancourt, in hopes of ſeeing the child again, but I never more ſaw him or his father; and nothing more remains of this affair than a pretty lively recollection, always mixed with pleaſure and ſadneſs, as every emotion is which, ſometimes, ſtill penetrates as far as the heart.

All is compenſated; though my pleaſures are ſhort and ſcarce, when they preſent themſelves I taſte them to a greater degree than were they more frequent: they return, in a manner, by the recollection of them; and, however ſeldom I am bleſſed with them, were they pure and without mixture, I ſhould, perhaps, be happier than in my proſperity. In extreme want a trifle is riches. A beggar who finds a crown is more affected than a rich man in finding a purſe of gold. You would laugh, could you deſcend into my heart, and ſee the impreſſions the leaſt pleaſure of this ſort produces, which I am able to hide from the vigilance of my perſecutors. One of the ſweeteſt was about four or five years ago, which I never recal without feeling myſelf raviſhed with delight at having profited ſo much by it.

One Sunday my wife and I went to dine at the Porte Maillot. After dinner we croſſed Boulogne

Boulogne wood to the Muette. We there ſat down on the graſs in the ſhade, until the ſun was lower, in order to return gently through Paſſy. About twenty little girls, led by a kind of nun, came ſome to ſit and others to wanton round us. During their amuſements, a man who ſold cakes came by with his drum and his lottery-board, ſeeking cuſtomers. I perceived the children very much wiſhed for ſome cakes, and two or three of them, whom I ſuppoſe had a few farthings, aſked permiſſion to play. While the governeſs heſitated and diſputed, I called the lottery-man, and ſaid to him, Let each of the young ladies draw in their turn, and I will pay you for the whole. This ſpread a joy over all the little company, which alone had more than repaid my purſe, had I entirely emptied it for them.

As I ſaw they preſſed on in ſome confuſion, with the governeſs's conſent, I placed them all on one ſide, and when they had drawn their ticket, I made them paſs on the other. Though there were no blanks, and each one that loſt had at leaſt one cake, that none of them might be abſolutely diſcontented, in order to render the feaſt ſtill more joyful, I privately told the lottery-man to uſe his accuſtomed addreſs in a contrary ſenſe, in cauſing as many prizes as poſſible to be drawn, and I would account with him for it. By means of this arrangement, there were near an hundred cakes diſtributed, though the little things each drew but once only; for on that point I was inexorable, not allowing abuſes to be favoured, or preferences obſerved, which might produce

produce diſcontentment. My wife inſinuated to thoſe who had good prizes to impart to their companions, ſo that the ſhares by theſe means were nearly equal, and the joy more general.

I begged the nun to draw in her turn, greatly dreading ſhe might diſdainfully reject my offer: ſhe readily accepted it, drew as her boarders, and took without reſtraint that ſhe had won. She in that made me infinitely happy, and I found a kind of politeneſs in it which greatly pleaſed me, and which at leaſt equalled, I think, that of affectation. During theſe operations diſputes aroſe, which were brought to my tribunal; and theſe little creatures coming by turns to plead their cauſe, gave me an opportunity of remarking, that, though none of them were pretty, the ready conceit of ſome of them cauſed their deformity to be paſſed by.

We parted at laſt well ſatisfied with each other, and this afternoon was one of thoſe of my life whoſe remembrance I recal with the greateſt ſatisfaction. The feaſt, beſides, was not ruinous. For thirty ſols it coſt me at moſt, there was more than a hundred crowns worth of contentment; ſo true it is, pleaſure is not to be meaſured by its expence, and that joy is more the friend of farthings than guineas. I ſeveral times returned to the ſame place, and at the ſame hour, hoping again to meet the little band, but it happened no more.

This recals another amuſement of the ſame ſort, whoſe remembrance, though much farther back, ſtill remains. 'Twas in thoſe unhappy times, when, being among the rich and

men

men of letters, I was ſometimes reduced to partake of their tireſome pleaſures. I was at la Chevrette at the time of its proprietor's birth-day; the whole family was united to celebrate it; and all the powers of noiſy pleaſure were put in motion to this purpoſe. Plays, feaſtings, fireworks, nothing was ſpared. You had not time to breathe; 'twas ſtunning inſtead of amuſing. After dinner you went to take the air in the avenue, where was held a kind of fair. You danced; gentlemen deigned to dance with peaſants, but the ladies preſerved their dignity. Gingerbread was ſold there. A young man of the company took it in his head to buy ſome cakes, to throw them one after the other among the crowd; it ſo much delighted all to ſee theſe poor clowns ruſh on each other, fight, throw each other down to catch hold of ſome, that every one would procure themſelves the ſame pleaſure. Cakes of gingerbread flying on all ſides, men and women running, piled on each other, laming one another; it appeared to every one charming. I, from ſhame, did like others, though inwardly I was not diverted ſo much as they. But ſoon wearied of emptying my pockets to get people cruſhed to pieces, I left the genteel company there, and took a walk in the fair alone. The variety of objects long amuſed me. I perceived, among others, five or ſix Savoyards around a little girl who had ſtill in her baſket a dozen ſorry apples ſhe much wanted to get rid of. The Savoyards, on their part, would have been as willing to diſengage her from them, but they had

had but two or three farthings among them all, and that was not ſufficient to make a great breach in the apples. This baſket was to them the garden of the Heſperides, and the little girl the dragon which guarded them. The farce long amuſed me; I at laſt unravelled it, by paying the little girl for the apples, and cauſing her to divide them among the little boys. I then beheld the fineſt ſight that can flatter the human heart, that of ſeeing joy united to the innocence of youth ſpread itſelf all around me: for the by-ſtanders, on ſeeing it, partook of it likewiſe, and I, who partook at ſo cheap a rate of this joy, had alſo that of feeling 'twas my own creating.

On comparing this amuſement to that I had juſt left, I ſaw with ſatisfaction the difference of ſound taſte, and natural pleaſures, oppoſed to thoſe opulence gives birth to, which are little more than pleaſures of mockery, and excluſive taſtes engendered by contempt: for what ſort of pleaſure could one take in ſeeing bands of men, which miſery had abaſed, heaped on each other, choaking each other, laming one another, greedily to tear from each other's hands a few pieces of gingerbread, trampled under foot, and covered with mud?

On my part, when I profoundly reflected on the ſort of pleaſure I taſted on theſe occaſions, I found it did not ſo much conſiſt in a ſentiment of benevolence as in the pleaſure of ſeeing a contented countenance. This ſight has, for me, a charm, which, though it reaches my heart, ſeems to be ſolely of ſenſation. When I do not ſee the ſatisfaction I cauſe, though I

am

am certain of it, I only half enjoy it. It is even to me a diſintereſted pleaſure, which does not depend on the ſhare I have in it: for, among the diverſions of the people, that of ſeeing joyful countenances has always ſtrikingly affected me. This expectation has been, however, often fruſtrated in France, where this nation, who pretend to ſo much gaiety, ſhew very little of it in their amuſements. I uſed formerly to go often to the public places to ſee the common people dance; but their dances were ſo diſagreeable, ſuch doleful, ſilly faces, I always came away more ſorrowful than joyful. But at Geneva, and in Switzerland, where the laugh does not inceſſantly evaporate into wanton malignity, every thing breathes contentment and joy in their amuſements. Miſery never ſhews its head there. The inſolence of oſtentation is likewiſe ſhut out. Good cheer, brotherhood, and concord, diſpoſe every heart to mirth, and in the tranſports of innocent joy, ſtrangers ſometimes accoſt, embrace, and invite each other to partake in concert of the pleaſures of the day. That I might alſo enjoy theſe lovely amuſements, it was not neceſſary to be of them: it ſufficed me to ſee them; on ſeeing I enjoy them; and, among ſo many joyful countenances, I am certain there is not a heart merrier than mine.

Though there is nothing in this but the pleaſure of ſenſe, it has certainly a moral cauſe; the proof of it is, that the ſame aſpect, inſtead of flattering, can rend me with pain and indignation, when I know theſe ſigns of joy and pleaſure in the countenances of vil-

lains

lains are only marks their malice is ſatisfied. It is only innocent mirth whoſe ſigns flatter my heart. Thoſe of cruel and ſneering mirth wound and afflict it, though they may not be intended for me. Theſe ſigns cannot, doubtleſs, be exactly the ſame, proceeding from principles ſo different; but, in fine, they are equally ſigns of joy, and their ſenſible difference is not, aſſuredly, proportioned to thoſe of the movements they excite in me.

Thoſe of pain and affliction hurt me ſtill more; to a degree of making it impoſſible to ſupport them, without being myſelf agitated with emotions perhaps livelier than thoſe they repreſent. The imagination, ſtrengthening ſenſation, incorporates me with the ſuffering being, and often gives me more anguiſh than he himſelf feels. A diſcontented countenance is another ſight impoſſible for me to ſupport, particularly if I have any cauſe to think this diſcontentment regards me. I don't know how many half-crowns the murmuring, ſheepiſh look of footmen has coſt me, who doggedly ſerve in thoſe houſes where I had formerly the ſtupidity to ſuffer myſelf to be dragged, and where their attendants have often made me dearly pay the maſter's hoſpitality. Always too much affected at ſenſible objects, and particularly thoſe who bear ſigns of pleaſure or pain, benevolence or averſion, I am drawn in by theſe external expreſſions, without ever being able to extricate myſelf from them, but by retiring. A ſign, a nod, a look from a ſtranger, ſuffices to diſturb my pleaſures, or calm my uneaſineſs. I am myſelf but when I

am alone; when not ſo, I am the mockery of all thoſe around me.

I formerly lived with pleaſure among people when I ſaw nought but benevolence in every eye, or at moſt indifference in thoſe to whom I was a ſtranger; but now that as much pains is taken to delineate my features to the people as to conceal from them my natural diſpoſitions, I cannot ſet my foot in the ſtreet without being ſurrounded by afflicting objects. I haſte with ſwift ſteps to reach the country; the moment I ſee verdure, I begin to breathe. Can it ſurpriſe that I love ſolitude? I ſee nothing but animoſity on the countenance of man, and Nature ſmiles at me always.

I, however, ſtill feel, I muſt own, a pleaſure in living with mankind while my features are unknown to them; but this is a pleaſure I am ſeldom granted. I was yet fond, a few years ago, of going through villages, and ſeeing the countrymen in the morning mending their flails, or the women with their children at the door. This ſight had ſomething of I don't know what in it which touched my heart. I ſometimes ſtopped, without thinking, to look at the little arrangements of theſe good people, and often found myſelf ſighing without knowing at what. I don't know whether my ſenſibility to this pleaſure has been perceived, and that they would deprive me of this too; but, from the change I obſerve in looks as I paſs, and the air with which they regard me, I am forced to comprehend great care has been taken to deprive me of this incognito. The ſame thing happened, but in a more conſpicuous manner, at the

the hoſpital of invalids too. This noble inſtitution has always intereſted me. I never ſee without fondneſs and veneration thoſe groups of good old men, who may ſay, with thoſe of Lacedemon,

> We were, in times of old,
> Young, courageous, and bold.

One of my favourite walks was around the military ſchool, and I met here and there an invalid, who, having preſerved ancient military civility, greeted me as he paſſed by. This greeting, which my heart returned an hundred fold, made me happy, and increaſed the pleaſure of ſeeing them. As I can hide nothing which touches me, I often ſpoke of the invalids, and the manner their ſight affected me. That was enough. Some time after I found I was no longer unknown to them, or, rather, that I was ſtill more ſo, ſince they looked on me with the ſame eye as the public. No more civility, no more greetings. A diſdainful air, a look of ſeverity, ſucceeded their former courteſy. The ancient frankneſs of their profeſſion not permitting them, as others, to hide their animoſity with a ſneering, treacherous maſk, they quite openly ſhewed me the moſt violent malice; and ſuch is the exceſs of my miſery, I am obliged to diſtinguiſh in my eſteem thoſe who leaſt diguiſe their fury.

Since this I walk with leſs pleaſure towards the hoſpital of invalids; however, as my feelings for them do not depend on thoſe they have for me, I never ſee without reſpect and intereſt thoſe ancient defenders of their coun-

try; but it is very hard to ſee myſelf ſo ill repaid for the juſtice I do them. If, by chance, I meet one who has eſcaped the general inſtructions, or who, not knowing my perſon, ſhews me no averſion, the kind greeting of him alone is a ſatisfaction for the crabbed looks of the reſt. I forget them to think of him only, and I ſuppoſe he has a ſoul like mine, where hatred cannot penetrate. I enjoyed this pleaſure laſt year on croſſing the water to take a turn in the iſland of Swans. A poor old invalid, in a boat, waited for company to paſs over. I came up, I told the waterman to puſh off. The water was high, and the paſſage long. I hardly dared ſpeak to the invalid, for fear of being roughly treated, and diſdained as uſual; but his honeſt countenance encouraged me. We chatted. He appeared a man of ſenſe and morals. I was ſurpriſed and charmed at his open and affable manner. I was not accuſtomed to ſo much kindneſs. My ſurpriſe ceaſed on hearing he was juſt come from the country. I comprehended he had not yet been made acquainted with my perſon, or received his inſtructions. I took the advantage of this incognito to converſe, for a moment, with a man, and ſaw, by the ſatisfaction I found in it, how much the ſcarcity of the moſt common pleaſures is capable of increaſing their value. On coming out of the boat, he was preparing his poor halfpenny. I paid the fare, and begged him to keep it, but trembling to ſtartle him. That was not the caſe; he, on the contrary, ſeemed ſenſible of my attention, and particularly to that likewiſe, as he was older than I, of aſſiſting

ing him to get out of the boat. Who would believe I was child enough to cry with joy? I had given the world to have put a ſhilling into his hand to buy ſome tobacco; I did not dare. The ſame baſhfulneſs which prevented me, has often withheld me from good actions which would have overcome me with joy, and from which I abſtained but in bewailing my ſtupidity. This time, having quitted the poor old invalid, I ſoon conſoled myſelf on reflecting that I ſhould have, in a manner, acted againſt my own principles, by mixing, with actions of civility, vile money, which degrades their excellence, and tarniſhes their diſintereſtedneſs: We ſhould haſten to the ſuccour of thoſe who want it; but, in the ordinary courſe of things, let natural benevolence and kindneſs do each their duty, without any thing venal or mean daring to approach ſo pure a ſource to corrupt or change it. It is ſaid the people in Holland inſiſt on being paid for telling the hour of the day, or ſhewing you the road. Theſe muſt be a very contemptible people, who can thus make a traffic of the reciprocal ſervices of humanity.

I have remarked that Europe alone ſells hoſpitality. All over Aſia you are lodged gratis. I comprehend that conveniences are not ſo eaſily to be had there. But is it nothing to ſay, I am a man, and am received by humanity? 'Tis pure humanity which gives me a covering. Little privations are eaſily endured, when the heart is better treated than the body.

TENTH

TENTH WALK.

THIS day, Palm-Sunday, it is preciſely fifty years ſince my firſt acquaintance with Madam de Warens. She was then eight-and-twenty, being born with the age. I was not quite ſeventeen, and my riſing conſtitution, which then I was ignorant of, added freſh heat to a heart naturally full of vigour. Though there may be nothing ſurpriſing in her conceiving a kindneſs for a young man, lively, but mild and modeſt, and whoſe perſon was agreeable enough, it was ſtill leſs ſo that a charming woman, of extreme wit and beauty, inſpired, with gratitude, other feelings more tender, between which I could not diſtinguiſh. But that which is leſs common, this firſt moment diſpoſed of me for my whole life, and produced, by an inevitable connexion, the fate of my remaining days. My mind, of which my organs had not unfolded the moſt precious faculties, had not yet received any determined form. It waited, with a ſort of impatience, the moment which was to announce it, and that moment, accelerated by this meeting, did not, however, ſo ſoon arrive; and, in the ſimplicity of manners education had given me, I ſaw this delicious but rapid ſtate extremely prolonged, where love and innocence dwell in the ſame ſoul. She ſent me away. Every thing told me to come back again. I was obliged to return. This return fixed my

my deſtiny, and long before I poſſeſſed her I lived but in her and for her. Ah! had I been ſufficient to her heart, as ſhe was to mine! What peaceable and delightful days had we not gently paſſed together! We had ſome ſuch, but how ſhort and ſwift they were, and what a fate has followed them! There is not a day I do not recal with melting joy this only and ſhort time of my life where I was wholly myſelf, without allay or obſtacle, and where I can truly ſay, I lived. I may almoſt ſay with the Prefect of the Pretorium, who, diſgraced under Veſpaſian, retired to end his days peaceably in the country, *I have been ſeventy years on the earth, and have lived ſeven.* Without this ſhort but precious ſpace, I had perhaps remained uncertain of myſelf; for all the reſt of my life, eaſy and without reſiſtance, I have been ſo much agitated, toſſed about, teazed by the paſſions of others, nearly paſſive in ſo tempeſtuous a life, I ſhould be troubled to diſcover what part of my conduct is my own, ſo much has dire neceſſity continually kept me under. But during thoſe few years, beloved by a woman who was nought but complaiſance and ſweetneſs, I did that I wiſhed to do, I was that I wiſhed to be, and, from the uſe I made of my leiſure, aſſiſted by her leſſons and example, I knew to give to my mind, then ſimple and unexperienced, that form it was beſt intended for, and which it has always retained. A taſte for ſolitude and contemplation grew up in my heart with thoſe expanſive and tender feelings created to feel it. Tumult and noiſe oppreſs and ſtifle them, calm and peace

peace enliven and exalt them. I want retirement to love in. I engaged Mamma to live in the country; a lonely houſe on the decline of a valley was our refuge, and 'twas there that, in a ſpace of four or five years, I enjoyed an age of life, and a happineſs pure and full, which hides with its charms all the horrors of my preſent ſtate. I wanted a friend according to my heart; I had her. I wiſhed for the country; I obtained it. I could not bear ſubjection, I was perfectly free, and more than free; for, ſubject to my own attachments alone, I did that only I wiſhed to do. My whole time was employed in affectionate attentions or rural occupations. I had nothing to deſire but the continuation of ſo charming a ſtate; my only trouble was the dread it would very ſoon end, and this dread, ariſing from the narrowneſs of our circumſtances, was not without foundation. I then ſought at the ſame time to endeavour to divert this uneaſineſs, and find ſome reſource which might prevent its effects. I thought to lay in a ſtock of talents, was the ſureſt reſource againſt want; and I reſolved to employ my leiſure to put myſelf in a ſituation, if poſſible, one day or other, to render the beſt of women that aſſiſtance I had received of her. * * * *

* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

30 AU 65

THE END.